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THE OLD LIQUOR STORE

UNCLE SAM'S PALACE;

OR,

THE REIGNING KING.

BY

EMMA WELLMONT.

ILLUSTRATED BY BILLINGS.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:
BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY AND COMPANY.
1853.

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PREFACE.

A DARK cloud in the south-west betokens a heavy shower. Shrinking hearts would be dismayed at its terrific approach, were it not for the sense of security which the lightning conductor gives.

A ship is telegraphed as having several cases of malignant disease on board; but we know she will be detained in quarantine until her passengers are examined, and precautionary measures are taken for their removal to the island set apart for their benefit. A sense of security is every where apparent.

But there is a wail in yonder hovel. A man has yielded to the debasing influences of a perverted appetite, and become furious and uncontrollable.

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Officers are called in, and he is removed to the watchhouse, there to await a sentence which shall doom him to the penalty of a temporary home in the penitentiary. The sense of security does not pervade this household.

In yonder palace, the princely proprietor thereof has fallen asleep upon a damask couch. It is not like common rest, which invigorates toil-worn bodies, but a heavy, deep slumber, such as comes from perverted indulgence which knows no laws of self-control. He claims the right to partake as freely as he desires of whatever contributes to his gratification; and society concedes it to him. There is a *false security* here, the great standard of *wealth*, not *character*, being the observatory from which men have looked out.

If, therefore, in our utterances from the palace, we have shaded our picture too dark, — if in the background there seem indications of a tremendous tornado, — do but turn your gaze to the opening blue between those parted clouds, and you will be relieved to know that we shall soon find ourselves in

a clear, genial atmosphere, which the bright sun is irradiating with his loveliest splendor.

Hope on, work on, ye brave and courageous philanthropists. The victory is well worth the sacrifice of all your toil; and the result will open a new paradise, where the serpent shall be lifted up, that, as in olden time, those who look upon it may live.

Boston, July 6, 1853.

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UNCLE SAM'S PALACE;

OR,

THE REIGNING KING.

CHAPTER I.

The old Liquor Store and its Occupant. — The early History of Samuel Beals, Jun. — His Marriage, and Death of his Wife.

Mr. Samuel Beals, Jun., is a wholesale liquor merchant, whose place of business is on one of the most central wharves in the city of ———. The store in which he traffics has no very inviting exterior — it is a low, odd-shaped building, one corner of which was cut off several years since to widen the street upon which it stood. It has a figure of six sides — hence it is sometimes called the "hexagon building." There are no showy glass windows, no high ceilings, no carpeted counting rooms, no outward or inward attractions, as common-visioned people account an "inviting aspect." The sign over the door has lost much of its freshness,

for it has hung there exposed to the salt water breezes for years, and only when the sun throws a slanting ray across it does it seem to show the once gilded letters of the name "Samuel Beals, Jun., wholesale dealer in choice spirits, importer of wines, teas, &c."

Now, walk inside the store with me, and let us see wherein the attraction lies, for certainly there *is* a charm which draws multitudes, and it has been said no man in the city is doing so extensive and lucrative a business as Mr. Beals. But how can we wedge our way within? The entrance seems completely blockaded by puncheons, pipes, barrels, and quarter casks. Still, by running the risk of snagging your overcoat and encountering the damp rust which surrounds the cask hoops, by carefully threading in a zigzag course, or following that dapper-looking young trader who knows *how* to enter this place, you, too, may find your way safely. Upon entering the store, you will find the plank floor damp and blackened —a sort of steam in a hot day seeming to ascend, so that your olfactories are tingled with the unmistakable odor of a liquor store; and as you are still surrounded by the standing casks, (all duplicates of what we have just seen at the door,) you are perfectly aware this *is* a place of extensive business. In yonder dingy counting room two men are standing, apparently settling a bill. A clerk, with a pen behind his ear, is retreating from his leger, and the two gentlemen are intently turning over the

"account of sales." Let us wait a moment, and look at the busy truckmen who are so lustily rolling into the cellar those heavy pipes, and at those stalwart men who are hoisting with their tackle the great butts, which are of a particular stamp, and designed only for the upper story. Well, there is no end to this work: more trucks are at the door; more liquors are to be landed; and there is a greater difficulty than ever to force an ingress to the premises; yet still the customers come continually.

As that business in the counting room seems to be adjusted, we will walk in, and, at the first moment's leisure, reintroduce you, my friend, to Mr. Beals, the proprietor of this store. He, in turn, will introduce us to Mr. Tims, the retail grocer, who buys rather heavily, being himself in the city trade, having gained great celebrity by the sale of "choice liquors, of Beals's importation."

Mr. Samuel Beals is no dandy in appearance. He wears a slouching oversack; his pantaloons are shockingly spotted; his vest, being a light buff, is somewhat dingy; and his large-checked handkerchief upon his neck is tied very carelessly, with the long ends floating, considerably soiled from being frequently tucked within the shirt bosom.

The countenance of the man could never be correctly taken by the daguerreotypist, and pronounced "a perfect likeness." The trouble lies here: he changes his expression so often, that you at times hardly recognize him as the same man. The bland look with which he meets his

best customers; that hearty shake of the hand he gives them; that winning accent with which he inquires, "Do you take a heavy amount to-day?"—is altogether different from the manner with which he greets that old delinquent debtor who is munching an apple behind a quarter cask, who receives a very indifferent nod, and only in passing hears the interrogatory, "Can we settle our account to-day, Mr. Whisk?" And then there is another expression for the bookkeeper — that poor fellow who is goaded with labor which is *never* done; who sits up till past midnight half the year, to bring out his trial balances, and draws off such long accounts of liquors sold, that he sometimes fancies the strange buzzing sensation in his head, and the inflammatory state of his vision, is essentially impaired by the fumes of the article he writes about.

But then the month's settlement makes all right. "A thousand dollars salary," "the good will" of Samuel Beals, and some extra perquisites occasionally, relights his countenance, takes the paralysis out of his fingers' ends, wipes the inflammation out of his eyes, and he is heard to declare "he would not exchange his situation for any other in the city."

Day in and out, week in and out, year in and out, this business is steadily carried on, without interruption or change. The same shipmasters and shipowners convey the precious liquors across the briny waves, and bring them up safely into the harbor, so that they are speedily landed

in the custom house, "pure and unadulterated." But how long, think you, they remain so? for be assured all the profits of the sales do not come from simply drawing out the article, and transferring it to the buyer's account. When you went into the cellar of this old store, did you notice, in a back corner, a *pump?* That is the most serviceable article in the place; and Mr. Beals would no sooner suffer the pump to remain one day out of order, than he would give up his best customers. There are men, too, employed very near this spouting spring; but we have no fault to find with the introduction of the *water*, our preference being for filling the casks entirely with the liquid, only we were questioning about Mr. Beals's warrantee statements that what he sold was the "*genuine, unadulterated article;*" but this he explained well enough to quiet his own conscience, by the assertion, "he was no professor," as if herein lay a license to traffic just as he pleased.

Yet Samuel Beals was accounted an honorable merchant, a good citizen, a shrewd fellow, and altogether a respectable, common-sensed, fair individual. At the time of our introduction to him, his trade was considered just as reputable as any other calling; indeed, it was highly prized as the most desirable business, if one put into account its lucrative advantages. It took but a few years to make a poor man a rich one, if he understood his business. He must be a man, however, who could *read customers* —

one who had sagacity enough to tell who would pay promptly, and who would be a delinquent; and one of the main principles upon which such a decision was acquired consisted in ascertaining how freely they used the article *individually;* and if it were proved *themselves* were the best customers, Mr. Beals always sold rather cautiously; for, even at that time, the effects were certain, although nobody ever thought of prohibiting the sale, or discountenancing the moderate use of the poison.

Mr. Beals, however, arrived at his present lucrative position by rather slow degrees. He came to this city a poor boy, the son of a respectable farmer in Vermont, who seemed to have some boys to spare, and "Sam" was resolved to try his fortune. He first worked as a common "lumper" — beat up sugars, hoisted casks, carried parcels, and did all kinds of odd jobs; but being remarkably faithful, he was, in less than a year from the time he deposited his small bundle upon the counter, taken as a salesman to stand behind it. He used to say the day he accepted this situation was the proudest one in his life. He then threw away his overalls, dressed himself in a suit of satinet, and felt he was a man. His master was a wealthy merchant; but the methods of doing business then so materially varied from the present time, that the small retailer would now hardly feel he had any position unless it offered more attractions than the wholesale dealer could then make available. The small store in which this man

traded rented for four hundred per annum; the dwelling house above was occupied by the "storekeeper," and Sam Beals boarded in his family. It was then he secured the affections of his master's eldest daughter, which was the foundation of his worldly success. In long process of time, the old man retired, Sam was married, and succeeded to all the privileges and appurtenances belonging to the late stock and stand of the former proprietor.

At first, he lived frugally, and young Mrs. Beals managed to superintend her domestic concerns unaided; and a neater dwelling could not be found. But with all her painstaking, she could never make a gentlemanly air in her husband. His rustic habits would cleave to him; his business was his all-engrossing theme; consequently, the main care of housekeeping devolved upon his wife.

By this union they were blessed with but three children: the first died in infancy; the other two, Thomas and Eunice, survived their mother. Mrs. Beals was a woman of peculiar organization. She had great frailty of constitution, but great energy of character. She was mild and serene amidst all perplexities; always saw a bright side to every thing; was devoted in her friendships; a lover of good order; a meek, amiable, pious lady, who often regretted the worldly courses of her husband, and often threw in a mild reproof which worked its way into his heart as no other counsel would. She particularly deprecated the ruin which followed in the pursuit of his traffic,

and might emphatically be called one of the first-convicted subjects, who would gladly have joined hands with modern reformers; but alas! no such class of persons then existed. She had seen a great deal of evil, in her time, from the excessive use of ardent spirits; and it may have been that she prevented her husband from becoming an inebriate, by the delicacy, yet firmness, with which she denounced the common use of them as a beverage. She was often melted by the hardheartedness to which the trade gave rise. She pitied the poor, besotted victims, and frequently prevented her husband from being accessory to their final ruin; but just as he needed her counsel to check him, and her judicious advice to control him, she was seized with a disease, which wasted her frame, and left her a prey to that incurable malady, consumption.

Even then she used to feel that she should die a happier death could she but emancipate her husband from the thraldom which she saw inevitably must come upon him as he progressed in his business. Money was not *her* god. She felt that we were accountable how we *secured it*, and how we *appropriated it;* yet the future looked dark and dreary to her. She had, at times, indistinct foreshadowings of a change which must come upon society; and she continually uttered a prayer for a release from the terrible bondage with which intemperance enslaved its victims. She prayed, too, for the redemption and salvation of her husband; for she felt he was far from the kingdom, with all his worldly integrity.

In her last days, she committed the care of her two children to an elderly friend, with strict charge to watch over their education, and train them in the ways of wisdom. To her husband she bequeathed a long and minute detail, with which we fear he did not strictly comply; yet a bystander at her death bed remarked, "she felt assured that last fervent prayer for her husband *would be heard.*"

For a time the family remained unchanged, save by the loss of the maternal head, which may ever be chronicled as the greatest of all possible bereavements, when it falls, as in this instance, and removes the shield, protector, and director of the household. At length the housekeeper became feeble, and incompetent to her task; the family were broken and separated, the children put to boarding schools, and Mr. Beals was left to pursue his way a lone widower, with nothing to supply his daily happiness but the profits which accrued from his traffic. Indeed, he tried to wear off his heavy bereavement by plunging more intensely into his business. He now engaged in new schemes. He purchased parts of vessels, in which he could bring his cargoes with more profit; and as he could then number many surplus thousands, he cared, apparently, for little else but his worldly gains, feeling his children were well schooled, their bills promptly paid, and their wants faithfully attended.

For years he pursued this traffic, until he became a perfect Shylock. His invested money rapidly accumu-

lated; he was constantly taking mortgages upon ruined families — not their lands and houses merely, but to him they were literally mortgaging their *characters;* and, strange to say, he evaded all the questionings of his conscience in these matters.

But travel along the pathway of life as we will, by and by there will be turning points, and we are forced out of the old beaten road into grassy lanes, or in bleak, rocky, uninviting cross ways, which conduct us to our journey's end.

CHAPTER II.

A Change. — The Daughter grown to Womanhood. — The new Phase of the Temperance Question. — The old Store rebuilt. — Uncle Sam proposes a Partner in the Firm. — Plans to build a Palace. — The Brown Family. — Their hard Struggles and hopeful Trust.

Mr. Beals had little gallantry about him; yet we cannot but believe that the soft and gentle influences of her with whom he was many years so intimately connected did wear off some of those rough and graceless manners which early characterized him in his intercourse with the ladies. For one thing we will give him credit; that is, *a certain kind of respect for the female sex.* He was often hardhearted in his business transactions with those who had no exterior polish — to the hard-handed working women, ungloved and slipshod in appearance; yet he never passed a lady associate without the most profound bow, with a tip of the beaver a minute or so after the recognition, when he *did not forget it.* That he was often joked upon the subject of a second marriage admits of no doubt; and that he sometimes used to have "revery fits," while indulging private thoughts upon the subject, helped to explain some eccentricities to the landlady with whom he boarded. He occasionally dined or took tea

with a friend pleasantly situated in domestic life, and the charm of such an interview always turned his attention to the subject of again securing a home of his own; but then he had a shrinking from the *step-mother*. He felt he might possibly select a partner for *himself;* but who would assimilate and be to his daughter a true mother? He never seemed to think it would be possible to keep his son at home, he was of such a wayward disposition.

And then how often was he told by managing ladies, "Any body will marry you, Mr. Beals, on account of your money"! So that when Nabby Fields, the spinster, and Mrs. Dawson, the spruce young widow, spoke most feelingly to his daughter, and kindly took her hand, and inquired, "How is your father's health now, dear?" he always wondered if there were not some sinister motives at the bottom; and so this drove out all reflections whether it would not be better to have somebody who felt interested about mending his coats, and sewing buttons on his shirts, and darning his stockings, not to speak of the higher offices of counselling him about the miserly, greedy, avaricious spirit into which he was sinking; for, say what we will about it, the mark of a good, discreet wife is always visible in her husband. There is a *controlling*, as well as subduing, influence; and if Mr. Beals had married the maiden lady or widow, undoubtedly he would have become more pliant and yielding in his future character. But he used to talk about marriage in mercantile

phrases; always spoke of "taking a risk," and feared he might not get a "prime article," there were so many "below par," in his estimation. To the best of our knowledge, he was never known to have made direct overtures to any lady since he had been a widower, unless Mrs. Flutterbug, the rich southern widow, who spent one summer at the north, and boarded at the same house with him, received some proposals. We are certain she used to advise with him about his daughter's education, and actually selected a harp for her, on which she learned to play most exquisitely, only her father had no ear for musical sounds, save the clink of the dollars, and the child used to feel nobody appreciated her efforts, and then she wished she had somebody besides an antiquated boarding-house keeper to speak to, who only knew a couple of tunes, which were Old Hundred and Corinth.

But years have now gone by. That daughter has arrived at womanhood. A graceful, accomplished, lovely girl rises before us. She opens a new gleam of sunlight in her father's heart; she reawakens those happier days when, by his own fireside, he heard a voice which seems to be reringing in his ears, as that young creature discourses to him of themes far outreaching her years. The recollection checks the father in his career. It is but a momentary pause; but who can tell the blessed effects of a transient emotion? There is, too, another cry from

strange quarters. The inebriates themselves are determined upon emancipation. They are knocking off their old fetters, and the great temperance reform commences. It has long been unheard by the traffickers in the deadly drugs. They have called it "a fanatical excitement," a determination to put down the trade by which they have acquired their wealth. But the voice waxes louder; it *is* heard; it rings like an unceasing vibration occasioned by a bell tolling; and it has now reached the pitch which is carried out by waiting thousands, and its reverberations will never cease till it has accomplished its whole work.

We are compelled to pass over a period of some years, during which time Mr. Samuel Beals has attained the cognomen of "Uncle Sam." He is known far and wide as the "extensive importer," and his wealth is reckoned not less than a million of dollars. He still lives with his daughter in a most comfortable style of housekeeping, but is evidently much troubled by the reformatory measures of the temperance party.

There are times when he has serious doubts whether he had better remain any longer in the business. It is not reputable, as formerly. *This statement* meets him every where; yet he has a position to fill, and he will not yield it, and desert a party who regard him as the champion and leader in all anti-reform movements. But he is advancing in life; he feels the effects of age, which he disguises from himself. He is careworn. There are deep

furrows upon his cheek; his form is not as erect as formerly; and, to say the least, he needs a change in his business.

For many months his eyes have rested on Tims, the man whom we met in the counting room of Uncle Sam's store; but that old building has long since been demolished, and given way to one of massive stone structure, five stories in height, and Uncle Sam is owner of the whole block, and for many months, we were about remarking, he has been on the point of broaching the subject of a partnership to Tims, who is a smart business man, largely indebted to him, and who, he desires, should become interested in his wholesale traffic. *But* this very man has become rather tired of his business — rather sceptical whether it is a strictly moral one; and loaferism and drunkenness, and ruin and wretchedness, have been quite faithfully depicted before him in the "retail trade," and he is resolved to work his way out of the business, only he hesitates about the heavy debt which he owes to Uncle Sam. He sees no way he can liquidate it, and yet discontinue the business; and he sees no way he can still prosecute it without compromising with his aroused conscience.

Uncle Sam has indirectly hinted at his plan for a partnership several times to Tims; yet he has never appeared to understand his meaning. He is now resolved to break the subject directly; so he called upon Sims, the lawyer,

to whom he has already intrusted much of his business, and informed him he should put into his hands sundry accounts for collection, which would yield to him a fair percentage.

He now openly declared his plans to his legal friend, which were, to erect a sort of palace in the suburbs of the city, the building of which would give employment to many who have been catalogued long on the "old score," and thus he could consummate his plans, wipe off his debts, partially retire from business, and become a more sedentary man.

Just at this stage of the conversation, Tims came in. He was in a profuse perspiration, much agitated about the foreclosure of a mortgage which he held upon the Brown estate. Brown, it seems, had just been pleading with him not to cut him off from his equity of redemption; and as Sims was an office seeker, bound for Washington at an early date, he could listen to no such "declamation," but proceeded forthwith to coerce all his legal measures.

This would necessarily put the Brown family into terrible straits. Tims felt he had been accessory to their downfall, and his conscience came in and pleaded powerfully; but there was no time to be lost. The legal gentleman could not be dictated upon such "petty matters as *turning a family out of doors;*" he therefore coolly dismissed the subject by saying to him, "As you have

taken possession, and the right of redemption has expired, you may put in a tenant as soon as you please."

Uncle Sam here gave a severe thrust to Tims upon his cowardice; so, to escape the imputation of effeminacy, he boldly marched out, and the furniture of the Brown family was that evening taken over to two vacant rooms which a particular friend of Mrs. Brown had secured for her. To show the blighting effect of this avaricious spirit, Mrs. Brown had been to Tims a most kindhearted, neighborly woman, and had often pleaded with him not to furnish her husband with more liquor. Still, he did so; and, as an equivalent for his evil work, he now secured his services as a master workman upon Uncle Sam's Palace; but as liquor freely circulated here, Brown was unable to discharge his duty; yet he was not regarded as a degraded, ruined wretch. But Tims never wished to remember him, only there were some transactions he never *could* forget.

Brown was a man of tremendous energy. He worked with all his might, and he drank with all his might, and he fell as few fall; for there always seemed recuperative energies about him when he slept off the inebriating draught. Moreover, he was a man of good education, and every body seemed to pity him rather than despise him; yet the fate of the drunkard's family seemed for a short time to be his. An eclipse came over Mrs. Brown's

cheerful, trustful spirit. She looked upon her lovely daughters, doomed to perform stated tasks; she grieved that she could not procure more eligible situations for her children; and she saw what is most withering to a sensitive spirit, the "cold shoulder" among those whom she esteemed as her most valued friends.

A few days, however, and Providence seemed to graciously smile when mortals frowned. She — that is, Mrs. Brown — was an English lady by birth, a Bateman by name; and she had long expected a remittance from her attorney in London, who had previously assured her that a sum answering in our currency to five thousand dollars would be forthcoming. A letter, English postmarked, arrived the very week of her ejectment from her old home; so, had Tims but listened to her entreaties, he would have been the gainer after all.

To describe the joy which was thus diffused in this family would be no easy detail; but alas! there was one impediment, one drawback, to all domestic bliss. The husband was still intemperate; and often as that crushed and blighted heart had pleaded with and for him, she yet saw but a faint glimpse that favored amendment. Yet hope somehow always solaced her. There seemed a foreboding that a brighter day was about to dawn; and much as she prized the amount which had just accrued to her from her father's estate by a rise on a small piece of land, she felt there was a stain, a foul spot, a blemish, she

would rather have removed than be possessed of all the wealth of a mine of gold.

Mrs. Brown was now looking for more eligible apartments, when, returning home after a fruitless search, she found her husband sitting by the fireside in a more thoughtful mood than usual. As her eyes met his gaze, "Marcus," said she, "I have been running over in my mind the contrast in our past and present condition. You remember the first year of our marriage, how smoothly every thing went on. Every body was then congratulating me upon the fortunate circumstance of my choice. But I was proud then, foolishly so; and with your name I hated to have the word 'mechanic' associated. I always felt that a tradesman was a much more reputable calling. Now look at my present cause for blushes. This whole afternoon I have been in pursuit of a few rooms; and whenever I gave my address, there was a shrinking, a falling back from a partial agreement to let me the premises. There seems a stigma, a reproach resting upon me, and it does seem to me *you* can yet wipe it off. With the small inheritance which will now fall to me, it would give us a renewed starting point. We might purchase a cottage which would exceed in domestic felicity all the palaces built upon wrecked men who have fallen a prey to intemperance. Our children would then be so happy in feeling that no tinge of shame disgraced

their position in society, and I — why, I would lift mountains of difficulty." The tear trembled in her hopeful eye, and her tones of encouragement carried a deep conviction to her husband's heart.

Marcus Brown looked in the mirror. He went into an adjoining room, and took down his best clothes, put on a clean dickey, brushed up his rusty boots, put a clean handkerchief in his pocket, mounted his best beaver, and walked out, saying "he had an engagement, and should be back at nine o'clock that evening."

The heart of that wife died within her. She knew the military company to which he belonged gave a supper that evening; that Tims, the grocer, was one of the officers, and would be at the festal board. She looked with her straining, tearful eyes after her husband. How well, thought she, he looks! How swiftly he walks! and she thanked God all his manliness had not yet died out; and the remembrance of what he *was* somehow inspired a hope of what he might yet *become;* and she fell into a pleasant revery, almost forgetful of the slights and stings she had incurred in house hunting that afternoon; for she was buoyed up with the fact that she could any time pay her quarter's rent in advance, which would soften the rigor of the hardest landlord.

Thus cheered, she set herself about her usual tasks of repairing and restoring what time had effaced, and knew not why, yet there seemed a presage of good before her.

It was now nearly nine o'clock. Her children were at their different homes, and she was alone. She raked open the bright embers upon the hearth. She dreaded to watch for her husband's footfall, lest some one should lead him home intoxicated; but presently a brisk step, not to be mistaken, was heard on the stairs, and Marcus Brown returned in his right mind. He had refused to be present at the military supper, and, instead, had been out in the suburbs and engaged a neat little cottage, stopped at a temperance lecture, and manfully *signed the pledge.*

We are often called to witness excessive grief, but more seldom ecstatic joy. Its manifestations differ in different temperaments. Mrs. Brown's heart overflowed with gratitude; yet she had few words. She could neither sleep nor eat. Her usual labor fatigued her. She felt a frantic wildness which coursed the lifeblood rapidly through her veins; and were it not for a sense of misgiving that the pledge *might* not be *kept*, who can tell to what height her transport might have risen? Yet she made no open proclamation of her joy. Her cup was full. She dared not crave a sympathizing friend to share it, lest it should be again dashed to earth.

The next morning, her husband went off blithely in search of employment. He had no difficulty in procuring it, as he was one of the best of workmen, and returned that night as regular as a clock, having engaged a job which would hold out for the three succeeding months.

It was a full week before Mrs. Brown acquainted her children of the extent of her improved condition. She was then on the eve of removal, and was about to gather again together the scattered household; and when she left the city, Mrs. Godfrey, the newsmonger of the neighborhood, declared "it was her firm belief, that ten women as righteous as Mrs. Brown would save any Sodom." Who, then, could doubt her influence over her husband and family, when they yielded to her undivided sway?

Tims and Brown had a long conversation about this time. The former was terribly harrowed by some remarks which were made to him. There were dark deeds and sombre circumstances which could not be explained away; and really we may well question whether Tims rejoiced at the bright prospect which was dawning upon this family, since it had been recently suggested that Brown was admirably fitted for a temperance lecturer, and, if true to his pledge, would probably soon be actively engaged in the cause.

CHAPTER III.

Broken Threads. — Discussing Copartnership. — Office Seeking and its Consequences.

BROKEN threads! In an operative's room stood a dark-haired girl intently watching the lightning velocity of her shuttle, as, like a thing of life, it darted ever and anon before her wishful gaze. It seemed, at first sight, as if no impediment ever arrested the busy weaver; when suddenly there was a pause. *A thread had broken;* and the machinery was stopped but a moment for repairing it, and again its busy movement went on as before. In a moment after, when in the full tide of activity, another broken thread required adjustment. The maiden, observing my watchful attention, exclaimed, "But for these broken threads, I could accomplish a double task."

How significant, thought I, is the similitude between this machinery of man's ingenuity and the mighty loom in which Providence permits us to weave our life's eventful tasks! *But* for the broken threads, how prone are we to believe the fabric of our existence would be of a more enduring texture, and a more desirable finish!

But is it so? Let us look at it, and see. In the human machinery no skill can avert certain interruptions

which compel us to stop a while, and repair the slight breakages which are incident to all human labors. Were that shuttle to continually ply back and forth, never *needing* its celerity to be checked, where would be the want of her who so patiently watches and tends it? Just so it is in our life's experience. Broken threads help us to keep more diligent attention to the woof and warp of our being, if we would make a symmetrical finish to our labors.

I looked upon that household. There were children, and bright hopes, and eager expectations, and a mother's assiduous care watched over their destiny. But there was a broken thread. The father was an inebriate. Day by day had he drank in the destructive poison, and by gradual processes had it destroyed the vitality of his being. His manliness was sacrificed. The stamp of the divine lineaments was obscured. Still carefully did that mother plan, exquisitely she wrought, or on fabrics of a coarser texture would she fill up all the little gaps of daily life, as if to make reparation for that part of the machinery which was not in a sound condition.

Few hearts were made acquainted with that daily sacrifice. The world looked coldly on, reiterating the expression that "a notable housewife can supply the wasted energy of him who should stand at its head;" and so she was left to struggle with those conflicts which only those who have suffered can realize, but which *they* can never

portray, since there is a delicate privacy amidst a wreck of buried hopes, when the sun of existence is eclipsed, which appeals only to Heaven for its succor and deliverance.

Now, let the broken threads of such an existence be repaired; set the machinery once more in motion; put a cheerful glow upon that late haggard countenance, a light step upon those toilworn feet, a song such as only comes from a merry heart; let this change be effected by the redemption of that husband and father, and who shall say but for *those broken threads* the present zest of life would never have been so keenly realized? Not that Mrs. Brown (whose history has all along run in our thoughts) would have undergone such a fiery ordeal to attain such an issue, but that Providence *does* so purify the soul by bitter experiences, that the sweet sunshine of life seems afterwards to beam out from those parted clouds all the more radiant for its obscuration.

All this while, the world, to Mrs. Brown, had been a panorama. She had seen pass before her its hollow-heartedness. She had marked how one companion after another had relaxed their intimate hold upon her friendship when she labored alone in obscurity; and when the voice of cheer entered her apartment, the ringing expression of gladness was wanting; rather monotone utterances, bidding her hope on, seemed the tender expressions

of friends; for alas! these were not her "prosperous days."

But again the scene shifted. Since her husband had become a man pledged to abstinence, and adhering thereto, she had learned to live without the fond friendships of her former associates; yet now how kindly and tenderly was she urged to renew such intimacies! And when the crowning grace which *money confers* was added, and she once more lived in a "genteel way," how many suddenly remembered "what an agreeable woman Mrs. Brown once was!" Her daughters were now intelligent and talented young ladies. She who stood at the loom watching the shuttle was surrounded by admirers, and declared to have a mind above her circumstances, which was not realized before.

But Mrs. Brown was a woman of rare discernment. She suffered the present aspects to pass before her, and learned therefrom a salutary lesson. A few choice friends were selected, with whom she was on familiar terms; but the blandishments of fashion, of luxury, and idleness had no attractions for her. It was even a matter of most serious inquiry with her whether what the world calls more "eligible situations," which did not now require so much positive exertion as her former lot, were, after all, as well fitted to develop the true essentials which lie at the basis of all worthy enterprise and exalted character. So she carefully trained her children, as a skilful gardener

his choicest hedges, endeavoring to lop off all excrescences, and restrain all enervating indulgences.

Then, too, she lived in daily fear lest, in some moment of temptation, her husband should yield to its fascinating spell; and how judiciously was she here called on to minister words of gentleness and gratitude for his deliverance, knowing, as few women *seem* to know, that the affectionate, yearning love of a wife will often stand as a talisman to ward off the impending trial of temptation, when all other influences are weak! Had Mrs. Brown been appreciated, she would have been considered little else than a guardian angel, such as no "spiritual rappings" would bring out from the dreamy land, but a living personification of a Christian wife and mother.

Her children were now all gathered in one home, schooled, disciplined, and usefully employed. Their father was a repentant man, but perhaps not so happy a one as if he had never fallen; for can we wipe out the spots which have ever tarnished our well being? At all events, he was an industrious, reclaimed man, who sought to make amends for all the errors of the past by uttering the warning voice, "Beware: touch not, taste not, handle not," to all who fell within the scope of his influence; and Tims, the grocer, and he had lately had a long conversation, after which Brown never expressed himself so harshly as before concerning his ejectment from his house. So, having arrived at a convenient stopping place to take

a present leave of the fortunes of the Brown family, we will take a glance at Uncle Sam, his attorney, and Tims, the grocer, who are discussing the grounds of copartnership, and the liabilities of all the parties interested.

"What," exclaims my indignant reader, "Uncle Sam has not prevailed, and poor Tims broken his resolution, and about to enter the firm as originally proposed!" Let us listen a moment to some previous conversations: —

"The indentures must be drawn up before you leave us, Mr. Sims," remarked Uncle Sam. "They may be made to run for the term of five years. I feel active and sprightly enough to hold on that time in a silent capacity, and maintain my seat in the counting room. You, Mr. Tims, may attend the customers, and in a short time you will accumulate sufficient to change your style of living. That will satisfy the ambition of your wife. I suppose most women can be bought with a granite front, and damask, and tapestry," he playfully remarked. Still Tims looked moody. He did not feel quite sure he could enlist in the trade. He wanted further time for consideration.

Uncle Sam was terribly imbittered by this untoward remark, and appealed to Sims to sustain him; and to show how deeply interested his legal adviser felt in the matter, he replied by inquiring "whether either of the gentlemen had read the article in the Morning Journal

under the signature of '*Ajax.*' That," said he, "embraces my views of the political state of our country. I find it proves a taking article, and I suppose it may lend me more influence in securing an appointment than all I have ever done or said in my lifetime."

Uncle Sam was vexed beyond endurance, and the venom was discharged by a free use of language. The idea that he had been making such important statements as to the manner in which he could draw up the copartnership, added to Tims's desire to postpone the affair, and Sims's interrogatories about the written document signed "Ajax," so completely nettled the old man, that had he not intrusted so many important documents to Sims, he would have rushed out of his office, and left him forever. As it was, he could effect nothing but simply append his name to a check for three hundred dollars in favor of Sims, to enable him to prosecute the business of office seeking at Washington.

We may as well here subjoin a short history of John Sims's political career, as it helps us to explain some of the eccentricities of his character. For many years the love of office seemed to be the ruling passion of his life; consequently he had studied the arts of stump oratory to the exclusion of "Coke" or "Littleton." He was therefore an eminent politician, rather than a profound lawyer. In three successive campaigns he had been a foremost leader. He declaimed at home and abroad, and never

wanted for political "backers" who were ready to acknowledge his claims for preferment; yet he was continually destined to be defeated; and had John Sims been any thing but an unflinching man, he would have left his party, many a time, in utter disgust. For had he not been promised a seat in Congress again and again, yet failed of securing a nomination? And when his own clique proved recreant to their most solemn asseverations to support him as their candidate, was he not told his defeat was all attributable to a set of "bogtrotters;" and was not this the secret of his newspaper articles upon "the political effects of emigration?"

Yet the hopeful spirit of Squire Sims did not forsake him. His party still acknowledged his claims. Could they have forgotten them, when the hospitable treatment they had received at his hands rose so vividly before them? When other people wondered how it was that Sims never had accumulated any more, could they not have explained it by referring to the oyster suppers and the sea of champagne that so often and so freely flowed at his expense? Depend upon it, my friends, this office seeking has some "items" attached to it which make sad inroads upon a professional gentleman's pockets. Millionnaires like Uncle Sam do not always foot the bills, although they often furnish the principal entertainment "at cost."

And now the old party with whom our legal counsellor had conferred for years had lost their power,

and, for the first time in his life, Squire Sims began to think about a change in his political views. Of course, this had led to much distrust and bad feeling in those to whom he had been zealously attached; and it was only by a vigorous series of articles in the leading journals of the day, which were devoted to the new administration, could he seek to gain popular favor.

Still, at this time, "Ajax" was in no very enviable situation. The surmisings which attend a "turncoat," the distrust with which they are early considered, the neglect of old politicians who have been fed and toasted at the expense of him who has forsaken them, the invectives which are hurled at him, the loss of confidence which manifests itself in withdrawal of legal patronage, the obliteration of the past, with its many favors — all are forgotten when the new views are embraced which have led to a change in the administration of government; and Squire Sims was just now passing through this dilemma. Yet he had espoused a few warm friends — had taken the field, and boldly defined his present position; and, of course, not a few promises had been made him that he would be selected for some eligible post in governmental affairs.

And now how his old associates branded his withdrawal from their party as being influenced by sinister motives! how retentive were their memories to bring to light some mean acts of which he was guilty while

identified with them! how they recollected about bribe money to secure votes, and of intimate friendships founded on a desire to secure patronage! and nobody remembered the slavish work he had done, and what remuneration they had promised, because they were defeated and despoiled of power.

Luckily, however, for Squire Sims, Uncle Sam was no rabid politician. If so, he would have at once withdrawn all intercourse with a man who had swerved from his party. As it was, he had expressed himself most freely upon the folly of office seeking, but always concluded by remarking "it was as natural for Sims to live on expectation as his daily food." There was, too, a kind of acknowledged affinity in the relationship of second cousin, which Uncle Sam and the Squire often talked about. This had led the liquor merchant to throw a great deal of business in his way; yet greatly to Uncle Sam's regret, he never could find his friend accumulated much.

The Squire was far from being a "Brummel," yet he led the fashion for his tailor, and defaced a great deal of nice broadcloth. Then he had an inkling for gentility in regard to a boarding house. He liked to be identified among "first-class people," and to associate with marriageable young ladies, who would occasionally accept of a ticket at an opera, when he had no engagement at "the club house;" and that he was by no means indifferent to his personal appearance was evident from his cultivating

a splendid goatee, and underbrush and whiskers to match, only they were of an iron-gray color, and the process of continually dyeing, when old father Time was forever demanding his due, caused him, at length, to issue a writ of ejectment, and cause his barber to give him a clean shave.

His credentials were now furnished him by his new party, attesting his eligibility for any office within the gift of the president; and just at this untimely hour of preparation for starting for Washington, how could he be expected to be interested in drawing up the terms of Uncle Sam's new copartnership! How could his eyes be forced to rest on the old blank forms, "Know all men by these presents," or, "This indenture of two parts made and concluded," &c., when the tailor had just sent in his new suit of broadcloth, and the washerwoman his waxy, shining shirt bosoms and high dickeys, with an extra polish and stiffness; so that there was no chance of breaking down here, let what calamity follow that might, unless, by repeated friction, his ears wore away, from being constantly fretted against so sharp a surface as his highest dickeys presented! His landlady remarked this day, as he jumped into the carriage equipped for this experiment, "that a neater man than Squire Sims her eyes never rested upon."

But just think, for a moment, of his errand. A full-grown man, six feet high, reputed of sound mind, with

plenty of business in his dingy office, and in constant receipt of more; able to support himself independently; descending to ask his friends for credentials to state that what appeared upon the surface was true, with some hundred names certifying the fact, driving off to the seat of government to present his claims for some appointment within the gift of a man who himself might be dropped at the close of his first term. it looked unnatural; and, further, to find him actually on the spot, wedged into a crowded hotel, content to hang on a bare peg all night with his overcoat; to mingle with the hungry herd, all on the same errand; to be repulsed; told to wait; assured by some there was not the least chance of success; to crowd around the doors of the White House, unrecognized, save by a few equally eager and determinate seekers; and then, after all this severe and protracted trial, to read that the very appointment he sought has been given to another, every way his inferior — why, Mr. Sims, does not your pride revolt, and cause you to take passage on some underground railroad, so that your identity may not be recognized?

And then what a swarming summary of "items" rise before you of lost efforts — of hours devoted to scribbling political questions and answering them with acknowledged sagacity and forethought! So that, taking the clique or party with whom you are associated in question, you begin to fancy their ideas of your adaptation to office

actually secure you one. But we will let the man speak for himself: —

WASHINGTON, ——— —, ——.

MR. SAMUEL BEALS, — *Dear Sir:* I have now been in this place some six weeks, hoping, expecting, but not, as yet, *realizing*, any preferment. Yet I am not alone. Scores, who have spent their last cent to get here — who have hurrahed and shouted until bronchial tendencies are in their open throats; men who have forsaken their callings in quest of something more lucrative; men who at home demean themselves with dignity — are here in as low a capacity as the servants they leave behind, since *they* only occasionally make a strike for higher wages. A very respectably dressed man, of pleasing manners, accosted me just now. Said he, "I perceive, sir, you are a patient waiter. I have been here for the last six weeks; have left a thriving business in a mechanical line, with the expectancy of obtaining the post-office department in our little village; but I have just been told that a man whom I never suspected desired it has, by letter, obtained this post; and I am crowding my way to give the president a piece of my mind upon the subject."

A man behind us, happening to overhear him, burst into a hearty laugh, and giving my friend a heavy slap upon the shoulder, added, "Go home, sir, and attend to your machinery. The president cannot listen to your

petty details, even if you are slighted. Why, not less than *seven hundred* are this day seeking a personal interview with him." The man shortly after disappeared. *Women, too, are among this mighty throng.* Walk up Pennsylvania Avenue, some bright morning, and look upon forms clothed in brocade, who are leaning upon the arms of men with careworn countenances; and by and by, as they closely converse, you will see a richly embroidered handkerchief taken out to wipe away a *tear. They,* perchance, are waiting for a remittance to carry them back. Hundreds are in a similar case. Still, *I have some hope that I shall succeed.*

J. SIMS.

Infatuated man! A week after this date, we find the following epistle addressed to

SAMUEL BEALS, ESQ., — *Dear Sir:* I have expended the whole sum I brought with me. It is enormously expensive to support the bearing of a gentleman in this place. My efforts are defeated with regard to obtaining an office. There may, *however, be something in the future for me.* Please transmit to me, by mail, five hundred more, and oblige,

Yours truly,

J. SIMS.

P. S. — I shall return immediately.

Uncle Sam enclosed a draft with a note which ran thus: —

For Heaven's sake, Sims, return. You are playing the part of a madman.

S. BEALS.

Sims, soon after, returned rather crestfallen; but did not Solomon say, "If you bray a fool in a mortar, his folly will not depart from him"? "Ajax" still writes for the organ of his party, although he never bores Uncle Sam with reading his profound statements.

CHAPTER IV.

The Attorney returned from Washington, and investigates Uncle Sam's old Accounts. — A Discussion upon the Effects of the Law. — Uncle Sam demurs about abandoning the Trade.

AGAIN the office of the attorney is reopened, and Uncle Sam stands by his desk. He utters himself in a choleric tone of voice. "The major's account must be attended to. This family must be broken up. He has mortgaged me his entire property, and I must have possession. People that will drink, Squire, must pay the penalty. There's no friendship in trade; and there's Peter Mason, and Jim Sikes, and Theodore Lamb, and Cornelius Buckram, all stupefied with liquor — men who are on the verge of drunkards' graves — I must have from all of them such satisfaction as you can obtain. They've sold my liquors at a profit, and, had they not drank like fishes, might have been wealthy men."

"And what shall I do about old Nancy's portrait? It would not bring any thing if put in an auction room; and she pleads for it as the only relic of her drunken husband. Shall she keep it, Mr. Beals?"

"No," replied the old man with firmness. "She has accused me of continuing her husband in the traffic. I

don't stand that. Send the portrait to my house. 'Twill fit a fireplace in my attic."

"And what shall I do with old Nelly's cows, Mr. Beals?"

"Sell them for the most they will bring, and give me the balance."

"And with Johnny Brattle's account? He has been a hard-working man."

"Ajax" began to relent; yet he was ready to obey peremptory orders; and to all these questionings Uncle Sam invariably urged "an immediate settlement."

Now, one may inquire how so many petty accounts came to be inserted in a wholesale merchant's affairs; but the truth was, Beals was a man of ready cash — always had a surplus for investment; and so, when a loan of a few hundreds was required, he lent it upon good security; and thus a frequent recital from women of the cruelties and trials to which intemperance subjected them made Uncle Sam rather callous to their entreaties; and, besides, he was nervously sensitive upon the subject of the anti-liquor law, which threatened to impair his future gains; for a million of ill-gotten dollars did not satisfy the rapacious, miserly love of gaining yet another. Such are some of the results of the money lender, who thus encourages intemperance by every mortgage he takes upon an inebriate's premises, trusting to his promises for redemption.

"It's just as I have always said, Mr. Beals, that *the law* must meet such obstinate cases. You may preach forever to these old soakers; and unless you put the article out of their entire reach, you can never reform them."

"Well, I know it's so, Squire; and that's the reason I never would retail the stuff. Yet I've seen a mighty sight of difference in the working of the law to prohibit it. When it first passed, there was a kind of check put upon the retailers out of the city. They kind o' feared the temperance hands would complain on 'em, and so they didn't dare to buy much; but I used to tell my best customers, when they came in with their long faces, 'to go it: I'd face the bill. If you are prosecuted, I'll pay your cost,' says I. And most on 'em *did* try it; and when they got indicted, I used to send bail and stand costs of prosecution; and you know as well as I, Squire, *money* will do e'ena'most any thing."

Squire Sims bowed a cordial assent.

"You see the temperance folks are in a nice fix. The judges drink their wine, and the jurors do not all sign the pledge; and when they look to have their law executed, there is a loophole, or a 'license,' or some chink through which they crawl by paying a small fine; and then they make up in a day or two twice as much as the verdict, and go on, it may be, forever, without being again prosecuted."

The old liquor merchant here chuckled over a story. "There was Bent, the grocer, just out here, that sold an awful sight of liquor. It seemed as if every body got drunk in his village, he couldn't have retailed more. But the law nettled him somehow. There were one or two men who resolved to get him indicted. He came right to me about it; and I told him, 'Face 'em, my boy, and I'll stand consequences.' After a few days, he came in again, with the sweat standing in great drops on his forehead, and says he, 'Mr. Beals, what shall I do? They've got me indicted, and my wife is just about crazy. She says I shall give up the trade.' 'Go about your business, you silly dog,' said I. 'Didn't I tell you I'd face 'em?' It put new life into Bent; and, with tears in his eyes, he squeezed my hand, and says he, 'Mr. Beals, you shall be paid for all the liquor I buy of you, if I cheat every other creditor.' And, faith, he was as good as his word. I got every cent of *my* dues; but when he failed, Smiley & Co. took twenty cents on a dollar, and jumped at that. You see *wholesale business is* profitable. There's no rubbing out the fact, Squire. Where, but for this, should I have been? And now I have several thousand dollars in mortgages, besides a trifle more where the assessors don't snake it out." And here he crossed his legs and gave a look of defiance as he spoke of "tax gatherers."

"I don't understand why you wish to sell out and close

up such a lucrative business, Mr. Beals," remarked the Squire. "You are about as hale and hearty as ever, and your experience must profit you a great deal."

"Yes, I know it, Squire; but you see things have changed some. It ain't quite so 'reputable' as formerly to sell, even by wholesale. Some of my old acquaintances talk a good deal to me; and that thundering sprig of a minister we settled t'other day made it in *his* way to kind o' reprove me over somebody else's back. He drawled out something after this fashion: says he, 'Mr. Beals, if Mr. Nettleton is so reprehensible for selling his drams by the *glass*, won't you explain to me the less heinous sin of selling by the *pipe?*' He was a barefaced scamp, to say this to me. I would like to ask him how he would get along without the seventy-five dollar tax I pay him. He'd better take care how he throws stones in his glass house. As you say, however, I'm about as faculized now as ever I was; but, you see, I've made enough; and now I'm willing to give a chance to somebody else to live. There's Budd, my clerk. I've promised him an interest when I sell out. I think the firm will be 'Tims, Budd, & *Co.*;' and this will include in the *Co.* something of a capitalist, I reckon."

"O Mr. Beals, I see through you now. You are to be the Co., and, at the same time, live in your splendid mansion, just in the suburbs."

"But you know, Squire, I must have all the old accounts settled. I'll show you my other books at my house any evening you may fix upon."

"Well, sir, if I am not called from home, I will set next Monday evening. I may be ordered to Washington again. I have an *expectation.*"

The merchant buttoned up his coat, tried the bandage on his gouty leg, felt in his inner coat pocket to see if his wallet was safe, took his cane, and, giving the Squire a rap over the shoulder, made a very untoward remark about the folly of "devilish office seeking," and closed the door.

CHAPTER V.

Tims recoils from the Copartnership. — Uncle Sam's Appeals to induce him to engage in the Traffic. — The heavy debt he owes a powerful Neutralizer. — Uncle Sam's Views of the Temperance Cause.

Mr. Beals went straight from the lawyer's office to close up his terms with Tims, the grocer, and arrange the business so that a change in the firm might be announced at the earliest day. Much to his surprise, he found Tims reluctant to assent to any proposition he could make.

"Are you a fool, Tims," pelted out the old man, "that you hesitate about getting rich at your time o' life? Ain't you got a family growing up, brimful of wants? and it takes no trifle to supply such a parcel, any how. Besides, don't you want to send Enoch to college, and Sam to the engineering business? and what do you expect to do it with unless you give up this petty shop, where you are forever surrounded with loafers, and always endangering your premises by the ill will of such poor devils?"

Tims intimated he *had* thought of trying some other kind of business.

"Now, look here, my good fellow," said Mr. Beals, calming down the rough tone of his voice; "you know

the old saying, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

"And the other," quickly retorted Tims, "'A burned child dreads the fire.'"

"But that's nothing to do with the case, here nor there. How many times must I repeat to you the mighty difference between the wholesale and retail trade? I know well enough about *your* trials in the business. I know what a bad name you got for turning out the Browns; and you were rather too fast there — a little too greedy for the lucre, Tims. Folks called you rather hardhearted."

This was a tender spot upon which the old merchant hit. Tims had a kind of nightmare dread of alluding to the subject; but the reflections thus awakened emboldened him to speak freely of discontinuing the business.

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Beals, for your interest in me and mine; but really, sir, I am unwilling to incur any future stings of conscience by trafficking any further in the business. I have been reading the law regulating the sale of ardent spirits. It may be a little stringent just now, and for a time, so long as public opinion thus judges of things, it may be overthrown so as not seriously to affect either retailer or importer. But, Mr. Beals, there is no sense in drinking to excess, neither is there any in being slightly elevated by a common dram. I've seen the mischief in all its bearings. Moderate drinkers sometimes become inebriates.

You remember when old Job Stant was a likely man, a good citizen, worked well, and how gradually he fell, Mr. Beals. He began to use spirit as a *tonic*. It braced him up, and he got his strength; but the very thing which procured his strength gave him the habit and the love of continuing the practice; and, in time, it produced a reaction, and weakened his physical energies; and you know *his* end."

"I should think I might," replied Beals. "I held his first mortgage." The old man took a fresh quid of tobacco, and then he told a long yarn of a most pitiful history how the Stants begged him to put their father under guardianship, and save something for that decrepit boy that was finally landed in the poorhouse; "*but I never meddled.* Tims, you ought not to make an enemy of your neighbor's dog. He'll snarl and bark at you every time you pass him; and if he is restrained from doing this, he'll give a low growl, or look at you through the fence as if he *would revenge himself some time.*"

"And there was Squire Dawes. I remember when a better-looking man did not enter our church. Straight as a gun barrel, smoothfaced and darkhaired as a Spaniard, he had graceful movements and a gentlemanly bearing, and, withal, he was so capable — always on the parish committees, foremost in recommending whatever would conduce to our well being in society; but he, too, found a drunkard's grave. Now, when I reflect over

all these characters, Mr. Beals, and realize the effects of the business in *any* form, it seems to me we are just as criminal as those whom the law considers accessory to any crimes. I cannot get over such an interpretation; and therefore I am willing a man of more iron nerve than myself should continue in sowing such seeds of ruin."

"Why, Tims, you talk like a minister. How long is it, pray, since you fell into sermon making. We'll have you appointed chaplain, or colleague with the minister, or some such office, where your talents may be appreciated more than by liquor vending. Now, let me tell you, Tims, this is only a bugbear that you have started — a fit of hypo that will all end in smoke; and if you refuse the offer I have made you as first in my firm, don't you count on me as one of your friends." The old man waxed wrathy. "Haven't I helped you out of a thousand straits? How much money have I lent you, when but for this you would have closed up your shop? Haven't I told you how to secure mortgages, and not to flinch at woman's tears, nor fear indictments, nor a bad name? And this is all the gratitude I get, hey? Now, I'll give you till next Monday morning to decide whether you wish to become partner in a respectable firm, and die a rich man, or mind the foolery of some conscience strainers, who make a hell in every man's bosom where their theory touches. I *did* think, Tims, you had a stronger head."

Poor Tims was glad to accept of any delay by which he could get off without an actual commitment. The most he would consent to do, therefore, was "to consider the case;" and who ever *considered* the results of this traffic in ardent spirits, and came to the verdict that it was best for his peace of mind to continue in the same? Yet the difficulty with Tims lay in the *debt he owed to Uncle Sam.* If he could have discharged it, think you he would have parleyed further with him?

Perhaps there is no grasp more tightly clinched than to be entangled in heavy liabilities to a sordid old man who wishes to use you as the tool by which he can covertly still blindfold others, all the while he is reaping the advantages of a silent copartnership, or, at least, a declared inactive one. Then to be obliged to contend with an irritated old man, who runs counter to your wishes, and is a complete barrier to exclude one's interest in the onward march of improvement, why, if we were thus populated entirely, *when*, think you, we should try to enact a law which would interfere with one's pecuniary interests?

Uncle Sam stood out a perfect tower of strength, ready to wrestle with any antagonist — ready to crush any humane effort to suppress the traffic; and yet he was the very man to declare, at all times, "he was as much in favor of temperance as any body, *only* he wished no fanatical movements, such as the law imposed."

In one word, he only required a license to sell just as he pleased, and to *whom* he pleased, and to be freed from what he called "impertinent attacks," and a more smiling countenance and hospitable man could not be produced.

CHAPTER VI.

Tims's Illness. — How produced. — His entangling Conversation. — The Copartnership ratified. — Tims, restored to Health, is admitted to the Firm. — Action of the Church.

About this time, Tims was taken sick. The disease was a slow, nervous fever. He had stood at the corners of the streets too much, of late, listening to Uncle Sam's persuasions. No doubt, many a fever has been thus superinduced. The mind being agitated, and suffered to brood over a whole tissue of coming evils which we are assured must follow in the steps of wilful transgression, finally induces a morbid state of the physical energies, and from becoming thus enervated, it falls a prey to that common disease termed by the medical faculty "a slow fever."

Tims was now subjected to this disease, only attendant upon it were paroxysms of excitement, when the brain seemed affected, and he complained of hideous figures, monstrous spectres, and ghostly apparitions which stood before him whenever he attempted to sleep. The drowsy god could not be wooed by morphine, or any lethargic remedies. A powerful reaction to all such quieting influences was working in the *conscience*.

And what had Tims done? The world surely termed him a "respectable man and an orderly citizen." How, then, came this disquietude within *himself?*

Uncle Sam had lately harassed him beyond measure. Being somewhat in his power, (that is, as we have said, a part of the purchase money of his present "stock and stand" having been furnished by the old man,) he held a kind of subjective influence, which could not be readily resisted. We have all known men drawn by such entangling processes, and made to act contrary to their own unbiased judgments; for Uncle Sam was very lamblike when he could carry his purposes, but very wolfish when they were defeated. Indeed, *his* plans seldom failed; for his ready cash was such a powerful auxiliary to success, that it only confirmed in many minds the oft-repeated adage, that "money *is* power."

Tims had learned the whole story. For several days previous to his being sick, he had been advancing the idea that he had thought of entirely changing his business, to which sentiment Uncle Sam in no way responded. He thus laid before him the speciousness of his reasoning: —

"Here you are, Tims, comparatively a poor man, in the prime of life, with a family dependent on your exertions for whatever figure they may make in the world. You have the requisite qualities for a business man. You are energetic, industrious, always at your post. For this reason, I select you as my successor in the branch of

business I am about partially to leave. I want to make a whole man out of you, Tims — a shrewd money maker — one who can be reckoned by his thousands; and don't you see the advantages, my good fellow, that will follow? Hang a man's conscience! It won't give him clothes or bread. Conscience does well enough for a bugbear to scare old women, and it is a powerful weapon in the hands of the priests; but let me tell you from my long experience I have never known your conscientious sticklers and praters about the criminality of pursuing this and that avocation that ever came to be rich men. I've known men, after a long life of traffic in questionable business, when they had accumulated enough to live like nabobs, who would become most morbidly conscientious — yes, horribly so; and I generally looked upon such as hypocritical pretenders, or as frightened into the belief that in order to secure the kingdom they had need to go through a purgatorial process of purification. Now, Tims, in the name of common sense, don't listen to such 'old wives' fables.'

"Don't you want your family to be well educated? and don't it cost a trifle to do it? My single daughter has had more than two thousand dollars expended on *her* education. A large sum that; but the gal is worth the money — smart as a steel trap, quick at figures, great on music, and can waltz as well as the best on 'em. Now, your children are just the same *naturally;* but how, in

the name of wonder, do you expect to bring 'em out without the means? Let me see: for five children's good education there must be an outlay of ten thousand dollars, reckoning on the principle I have gone over."

Tims was moved in this matter. He had desired, above all things, to give his children a good education; and then his motto ran, "Let them shirk for themselves." This plaster was applied to Tims, and began to take hold, by changing, somewhat, the current of his thoughts. There was force in it. Here was an opportunity to engage in a lucrative and perfectly safe business. Uncle Sam was still to preside at the helm, although ostensibly having retired. So, with such a man to face liabilities, one half the anxieties attendant upon usual business men would be avoided.

But, behind all these alluring temptations to gain, there was Mrs. Tims, who constantly entreated her husband to renounce the traffic in ardent spirits, as he valued his soul's salvation. To some people she may seem as enthusiastic and even fastidious in her prejudice against such business; but to others, who have witnessed how whole families have been ruined, and have looked into the consequences with a clear vision, there could be but one opinion — that an evil existed *somewhere* which ought to be removed. Tims, therefore, concealed from his wife the fact of being shaken in his determination to abide by her decision; and this engendered no happy frame of

mind; for concealment *is* a canker worm which gnaws at the root of all connubial bliss. Where there are right feelings at heart, and a valued judgment is forsaken, you can never obliterate the fact, that, to be happy in the marriage relation, a mutual frankness must be observed.

Uncle Sam, however, had entered a wedge which he intended should open a cavity large enough to admit all his desires, and permit him to carry into execution all his designs. So he soon after again conversed with Tims.

"Sims, the lawyer," said he, "has been adjusting my accounts. He looks them over there by the fire, with the women folks, in the dining room; and I ain't so certain but there's an undercurrent flowing. *My niece and the old bachelor!* But that's nothing here nor there. He says he is completely astonished at the sales I have made the past few years. He adds, Tims, you are a fool to reject such an offer, and ought to be put in the insane asylum at once, as a confirmed lunatic, if you refuse the chance. He'd be mighty glad to step in your shoes, I tell ye; but what does a professional man know about securing customers, and discerning the black sheep from the white ones? Their eye teeth are cut for using their strength upon delinquents: all well enough in their way, but no *practical training* about 'em.

"Now, I want a partner that has sold liquor by the glass, then by the gallon, then the barrel, and, last of all, by the hogshead and pipe — one that don't look upon a

man that sells it like a sea serpent, nor like an imp from his satanic majesty that drinks a little now and then. Look at me. Ain't I a clear specimen of a moderate drinker? Sometimes I take my brandy sling, sometimes my nice wine, and latterly I've used the best of Holland gin — that sometimes agrees with me best; but I ask you to point to a man of better constitution, of more vigor, (saving this old, gouty leg,) than I am, at my time o' life. I don't advocate your beastly drinkers; but a little, wisely taken, helps a man bear life's infirmities."

"True," replied Tims; "but every body does not proportion the use of spirit like yourself. I must tell you, sir, that I have seen so much of its mischievous effects, so much of its ruinous consequences, that I do most heartily hate and loathe it."

"Now, Tims, don't get pathetic, and tell over how you wronged the Browns, and helped yourself to a mortgage on old Dawson's estate, and how Finn was found dead by the roadside, with a jug of rum he procured at your store, and how old Peggy raved, that cold snap, at midnight, about her brutal husband, to whom you sold the liquor. There always must be bitter with every sweet; and the business to which you are now removing has no such fearful, harrowing expedients about it."

"But, sir, it is at the root of *all* the evil. I cannot disguise that fact from *myself*."

"Tims, you are worse than a woman — no pluck about

you. You are demented — need a guardian; and I swear, Tims, unless you give over these silly notions, I will make you raise the sum you owe me; and when I rip up the old score, you'll sing small, I tell ye. You'll envy the day laborer. But if you will toe the mark like a man, I'll do the handsome thing by you; and I'm able to do so, I reckon."

Tims was a man who could not stand a great deal of ridicule or reasoning. He was easily warped; and being of an amiable disposition, notwithstanding he had the name of doing some hardhearted acts, he could not dismiss, get over, under, nor round Uncle Sam's sophistry. He therefore resolved to passively *submit;* and that day the indentures of a copartnership were executed.

This was the sequel to the sickness with which poor Tims had been afflicted. Mrs. Tims, meanwhile, was profoundly ignorant of what her husband had done, and might have remained so much longer, had not old Mrs. Godfrey kindly stepped in to hear about the sick man.

"You don't think," said she, soon after entering, "that Mr. Tims's sickness had any thing to do with Uncle Sam's dogging him round so, do ye, Miss Tims?"

"I'm sure, Mrs. Godfrey, I know not to what you allude."

"Why, la suz, didn't he tell you how the old man persuaded him to join him in business, and how he raved and swore at him just the day before he was taken sick, and

forced him into old Sims's office, where he signed the indentures; and now you are to be a rich woman? Folks thought you would feel it dreadfully, because they all know how pledged you are to temperance; but old Uncle Sam's entreaties and threats go further than all the prayers of the saints in the city. You see, when the money comes rolling in, and you are promoted among the aristocracy, your conscience will yield like India rubber; and so you won't regret it so much, after all."

Mrs. Tims was confounded, but suppressed her astonishment, and let the old lady pursue her gossip. She then detailed about bachelor Sims being in treaty with Uncle Sam for his niece, Rosa Beals, the young lady from Vermont who was visiting there; and "as that beat all she ever heard," she made it her concluding piece of information.

After she had left, Mrs. Tims put some of the first items together, and resolved slowly to break to her husband the subject upon which she knew he was so terribly harassed, and to become to him the comforter, even if his conduct did not meet her approval.

Sometimes we can half reason ourselves into the belief that we have acted upon partial judgment; and another side reveals to us that the picture need not be set in so dark a groundwork. Mrs. Tims, therefore, felt it was inevitably decreed that her husband should be victimized by Uncle Sam to earn his daily bread by the importation

and sale of liquors. She had prayed and pleaded for another issue; but it was otherwise ordered. So, now she resolved to make the best of it.

That evening she reasoned her husband into so calm a frame of mind, that some sleep was induced; and the spectral illusions did not trouble him after this. The violence of his disease seemed mitigated; gentle words of construction were placed upon Uncle Sam's withering speeches; and the conclusion seemed to be, that if they should be thus thrown into a sinful traffic, yet a partial expiation might be made by *appropriating to the poor and relieving the suffering by such questionable gains;* and that other delusive species of reasoning, that what hundreds of others pursued, and were yet called our "respectable citizens," might, after all, not be so diabolical a calling as it once appeared to them.

Tims became a well man after all this disclosure; and the sign of "Tims, Budd, & Co." soon appeared where "Samuel Beals" had stood for forty-seven years.

But when it became noised abroad that Tims had fallen a prey to Uncle Sam's rapacity, and was about to form a copartnership with him, some of the leading members of the church with which he was connected were seized with a "realizing" sense of their duty to take some action upon the subject.

There were but five men in the society who were active advocates of the temperance cause, and but two of these

were church members. At an informal meeting, however, it was decided that it would be judicious to advise with their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Twirl, as to "the expediency of remonstrating with brother Tims upon the bold, unqualified course he was about entering."

Deacon Jared Smart and Captain Timothy Tapewell were appointed to wait upon the pastor at an early day. They did so.

The Rev. Mr. Twirl gave them a most cordial reception in his morning gown and slippers. When, however, they broke to him the object of their visit, he took the pen from behind his ear, and casually remarked, "Gentlemen, I will leave you to manage this affair according to your own discretion, premising, however, I have the most profound respect for brother Tims, and believe him to be a man actuated by the highest Christian motives in his daily conduct; but having a sermon to prepare which requires a vast amount of labor, I must ask you to release me from any active coöperation in this affair."

"But," remarked Deacon Smart, "we cannot release you, sir, from an expression of opinion in this matter. We wish either your signature to a document we shall offer addressed to our brother Tims, or your personal remarks, so that we may feel a confidence in your support of our side of the question."

To this direct request, Mr. Twirl felt completely nonplussed. He twitched down his pantaloons with a nervous

grasp, making their rather short proportions to considerably cover the heel of his slipper; he adjusted his vest, put the dangling ends of his cream-colored cravat into his shirt bosom, smoothed his scanty whiskers, and finally took from his pocket that Yankee quietus, a jackknife, with which he rubbed and scraped off sundry excrescences upon the window sill, near which he was seated. His voice, when he *did* speak, seemed somewhat tremulous; and he repeatedly hemmed, as if troubled with a bronchial difficulty; and seeming to forget his haste, he thus addressed the brethren who waited on him: —

"Gentlemen, I have been settled over my flock five and twenty years, and never have I found myself in so strait a place before. I know the age demands progressive action; and I have endeavored to meet it half way, at least. But you must accord something to my experience. *We must act with great prudence, brethren,* not forgetting that blessed injunction of the apostle Paul, 'to let our moderation be known to all men;' and likewise that higher saying of our Master, 'Woe to him *by whom the offence cometh!*'"

Deacon Smart evidently grew fidgety. He remarked, "But we must not smother our convictions, Mr. Twirl, and become recreant to duty for fear of offending our erring brethren."

"True, true," added the clerical gentleman; "yet allow me to tell you, brother Smart, that I have seen so

many societies who have meddled with the subject of temperance that have been broken up by fierce and contentious members, that I must say I dread the encroachment of such a discussion. Our most excellent and worthy friend, the Rev. Mr. Smalltalk, has been forced to quit the field in consequence of such a dictatorial spirit as was manifested."

"And brother Babbitt, who succeeded him, who is such a champion in the cause and advocate for the anti-liquor law, has a crowded church every Sabbath," remarked Captain Tapewell, in a singularly felicitous tone of voice.

"But, gentlemen," pursued the Rev. Mr. Twirl, "it is always dangerous to meddle with a man's *pecuniary interests*. We all have our ideas as to what constitutes our duty, and undoubtedly brother Tims has his. At all events, *I* do not feel it my duty to take any special notice of his continuing in the liquor trade. By and by, these things will take care of themselves. Always remember, brethren, we have a superintending Providence, who knows when it is best to bring about important results. We ought to pray more for the furtherance of great truths, and then we shall become enlightened in due time."

"And do you mean to say we are to sit down and wait for a greater revelation of divine truth, sir?" inquired Deacon Smart. "Haven't we seen enough already? Has not poor, oppressed humanity been resisted long

enough? I don't believe in such specious reasoning, sir. Now is the time come; and 'it is high time to awake out of our sleep.' If you will allow me to quote the same authorities you have, 'Work while the day lasts;' 'Be instant in season and out of season.' Them's my sentiments," remarked the deacon.

"Yes, brother; but remember the words *out of season*. Are we not now debating about an unseasonable thing? I repeat it, I cannot go to Mr. Tims and say to him, 'You are about entering upon a dangerous calling.' He would only be offended by such a reproof. We ought not to forget that others — heavy pillars of our church, deacon — are equally implicated. Men who pay the roundest taxes in my parish are partially or wholly engaged in the traffic in ardent spirits — men, too, who are in regular standing."

"And," interrupted the deacon, "men whom we have 'covenanted to watch over and reprove, warn and rebuke, as needful occasions may arise.' I believe so runs the creed that admits to membership in our church."

Parson Twirl assented to its correctness. He even added, "A more amiable, consistent man does not occupy a seat in my parish than brother Tims; and so much have some of the brethren of the church been impressed with his deportment, that the vacancy of a deacon would be offered to him by many of our best men. I believe I must add, gentlemen, that I cannot, therefore, coöperate

with you in any personal appeal to our brother. My pulpit performances must suffice for the present; and pungent preaching upon *sin*, my friends, is not easily resisted by awakened consciences."

Deacon Smart and Captain Tapewell now took their leave. They remained together in close conversation for an hour or more; and the afternoon of the following Sabbath Deacon Smart attended upon brother Babbitt's preaching.

At the next church meeting, however, he was present, having understood that Mr. Twirl intended to make the subject of temperance the ground of special prayer. He listened profoundly to the worthy gentleman's devotions, and only heard the phrases, "that it will please thee, O God, to put an end to heathen superstitions and Mohammedan delusions, and to *arrest the mighty, wide-spread effects of intemperance, that stalks broadcast over our whole land.*"

As they came out from the prayer meeting, Mrs. Playfair remarked to Mrs. Greatwell, "she noticed brother Twirl was rather *personal*, with respect to brother Tims, in his devotional exercise," which caused Mrs. Greatwell to inveigh against the absurdity of making one's daily traffic the subject of church dictation. "For my part," she continued, "I am really thankful that *I* am not troubled with such a tender conscience. What if brother Tims does sell liquor, and people get drunk after buying

it? I should like to know what that has to do with Deacon Smart's conscience. And there's Captain Tapewell, so mighty officious in the matter, that he told my husband 'he could not resist his conviction that it ought to be made a subject of church discipline; and brother Tims ought to be counselled and warned, according to the promises made in the covenant to offending members.' Dear me, these straight-laced, new-fangled ideas only tend to make quarrels among the members; and, for my part, I shall clear my skirts from all such interference." The old lady here rapped heavily upon her snuffbox, and begged Mrs. Playfair to take a pinch. They then conversed in a low, mumbling tone, and both finally agreed to advise the leading members to beware of stirring up the coals of contention; for they thought, with Parson Twirl, "every thing was good in its place, when not abused."

Somehow it soon became public that all parties in this church were not agreed upon the subject of temperance. Still, not a few thought it "too delicate a subject to be meddled with;" for there was sister Tims, one of the most active women in the church, — a most remarkably benevolent person, likewise, — who never shrank from any office imposed upon her; and at this present time she was president of the "Relief Sewing Circle," besides being a regular colporter of tracts for her district, and secretary of the "Auxiliary Branch for the Prevention of Pauperism." It was, however, accounted most uncharitable in

Mrs. Smart, because she remarked, "If Mrs. Tims took her station upon one of the rum hogsheads in her husband's store, she would probably record the names, residences, and manner in which pauperism was induced, as it had not been previously reported."

The Rev. Mr. Twirl now made it a point to converse with those members of the church "who felt it was not yet time for any decided expression of feeling;" and the worthy man soon after made a most rousing appeal to his congregation upon the subject of "European forms of oppression." Not a dry eye was to be found as he detailed the sufferings of little children who are made to groan and tug under such barbarous cruelties as forever cramp their physical energies, and deform their whole moral well being; but nobody had any tears to give to those haggard, half-clad little children that were picked up from an attic chamber, where a father lay in a horrid state of intoxication, by quaffing the contents of a jug which he had bought at brother Tims's grocery on Saturday evening. The drunkard "was a poor, miserable wretch, who ought to be ashamed of himself;" but the sin was traced no farther. Sister Tims was so benevolent, that she actually provided those children with dresses, with which they appeared in the Sabbath school, looking as respectably as others around them.

Still, with all this outward expression of fellowship, both Mr. and Mrs. Tims felt often harassed in their own

minds about his "traffic;" yet they endeavored to reason themselves into the belief that their temperaments were somewhat peculiar; that they were morbidly conscientious; and that the sanction of their minister and the majority of the congregation with whom they associated clearly indicated there was no pressing need of being excited upon the subject. Mrs. Tims, soon after her husband's accession to Uncle Sam's wishes, displayed an elegant gold watch, which one of her curious neighbors ascertained was purchased by the old millionnaire for a lady, and for which he demanded a warranty that it was "a prime article;" and if it proved defective, it was to be returned, and the money refunded within a specified time. This was the manner in which Uncle Sam always made his bargains. He used to instruct his clerks about allowing too much "leeway" in settling the accounts with customers, and laid great stress upon the fractional parts of a dollar.

CHAPTER VII.

Bachelor Sims in Love with Uncle Sam's Niece. — Fifty-Two and Seventeen. — The Bachelor renounces his favorite Practice of Smoking, at the young Lady's Command. — Her Letter to her Brother upon the Subject of her Engagement. — What is Love?

When we can leave one set of friends in comfortable quarters and in a cheerful spirit, we naturally make a call upon others. So, just now suppose we take a glance at bachelor Sims, the lawyer, office seeker, politician, and, at this time, the lover of Miss Rosa Beals. We think, with Mrs. Godfrey, it promises to be what the world calls a "curious match." In the first place, is it not a little singular that living as he has, and having been thrown into the society of young ladies for over forty years, he should all at once be caught by this simple-hearted young lady, or "child," as Uncle Sam called her?

Now, who shall depict the lover of fifty-two beside the mere girl of seventeen? Yet here is Sims decidedly caught, a victim to Cupid's sharpest arrows. He now finds it necessary to look over those old accounts almost every evening; but it is more inviting where Rosa sits, and Uncle Sam cannot persuade him to remain in his sitting room beside his desk half an hour at a time.

Rosa is a pert, arch plaything; never thought much about being married; has had her mind disturbed, occasionally, about some beau; but he was only a clerk in a "variety store" in her country home, or the farmer's son who was studying for college; but she never cared much for either. She only wanted of them a "handsome valentine," or a nice, perfumed billetdoux, that she could laugh over with her circle of young friends. And now in sober earnest to look upon this old grandfather as a husband, why, it made her laugh — first at his folly, next at his presumption, and last of all at the difference in their ages.

But bachelor Sims had improved his outer man astonishingly. After his return from Washington, the dentist furnished him with a fine set of grinders; so that no one could sneer at him as not having his "wisdom teeth" cut; and since that time, Monsieur Parodi, in New York, "fresh from Paris," had fitted to his head such a wig that it was the admiration of all his friends. The seams were so natural, that more than once had a lock of his hair found its way most clandestinely into some lady's pocket to whom he had been remarkably attentive. His hair dresser had likewise recommended a pair of whiskers; but as they were not "classic" in appearance, being tucked in each corner of his mouth, the Squire decided upon his withholding them. And then his barber insisted upon a set which were left to wander about his high

cheek bones, giving him a most unnatural expression — which he also rejected, although he did not object to a huge set of bristles which protruded from under his shirt collar, imagining such an appendage gave him more the air of a fashionable man, a certain quantity of hair somewhere upon the face being considered as indispensable. Then his form was faultless. He was tall, well proportioned, and certainly looked young for one of his age, his complexion being of a sandy hue, which by gaslight or in cloudy weather seemed not to show any wrinkles, unless closely approached. He always dressed neatly, wore a high dickey and a ruffled shirt, visited in good society, and knew many generations who had preceded him upon the stage of action. He was not a man of uncommon endowments; had been a great meddler with politics, to the serious detriment of his law practice; and it was thought by his friends he again held himself eligible to the office of member of Congress, should a vacancy occur in his district. When, therefore, such a man falls in love, the excess of his passion seems to make amends for the deferred season at which it occurs; and if he escapes being branded as "a *fool*," he may thank his betters for withholding an expression they feel to be *too true*. Bachelor Sims, therefore, though professedly engaged in assorting Uncle Sam's papers, had more important subjects about which his mind was wholly exercised.

And now a few words upon Miss Rosa Beals, Mr.

Sims's intended partner for life. As we have already said, she had been reared in the State of Vermont; was an only daughter and a petted child, among five brothers. Her training had been most delicate; for her mother (as fond mothers are wont to think) imagined her incapable of much household service; and so the cherished daughter was always kept at school, where she was carefully watched over by interested friends. Of course, therefore, her self-reliance and independence of character had no opportunity of developing what strength lay concealed within her.

But Rosa Beals was not prepossessing in her first appearance. Phrenologically, she was tolerably proportioned, although deficient in the organ of adhesiveness, and almost wanting in reverence. Her face was any but a handsome one. Her forehead was rather low, and her long black hair was so adjusted as entirely concealed her ears; her eyes were black and flashy; her nose a decided "pug," and her mouth large, with a retreating chin. Of the qualities of her mind and heart we will hereafter judge as they are developed; for it seemed as if some hidden charms must have been revealed to the eyes of our friend, to account for his excessive love and desire to obtain possession of this object, that flitted before his day and nightly reveries.

And then she was such a tormenting little vixen; and her old lover seemed proof against the power of long-

established habits. And so the Ethiopian really changed his skin, and the leopard the spots of his nature.

Squire Sims had been one of the most inveterate *smokers*. He was all saturated with smoke. He smoked when he drew a deed or issued a writ; when he adjusted an account, or received a call from a client in his office; when he was happy, and when he was sad; just before he ate, and just after; and never failed to wind up the day with "a smoke." He carried a snuff-box, although his olfactories were not impaired by the excessive use of the contents of the box; and he had one *other practice*, which, like Uncle Sam, he imagined added to the vigor of his constitution — indulged in a very *moderate way*.

Rosa Beals detested smoking. She could not bear the sight of tobacco in any form; and she resolved to test her power over the bachelor by prohibiting him entirely from the use of the weed.

I suppose it is but fair to infer that the bachelor had at this time made some serious proposals; at any rate, they were serious in *his* estimation, although received with a hearty laugh, accompanied with the expression, "I should look pretty to be the bride of such an old man — one who smokes himself to death, and takes snuff, and chews, and guzzles down his wine, and is only a companion for Uncle Sam." But then there was an arch playfulness in such

expressions, half serious and half comical, which did not preclude all hope in the sanguine lover.

"Now," said Rosa one evening to Mr. Sims, "unless you leave off smoking entirely, you shall never have my daguerreotype." Perhaps a greater demand upon what a man considered as essential to his comfort could not have been made; but how did he receive the proposal? "You will not, of course, expect me, all at once, *entirely* to renounce the habit. It must be a gradual process; for your humane feelings would never require such a sacrifice." "Yes, I do demand it entirely, at once, and forever," retorted the little vixen. "And, more than this, if I find you indulging yourself in the use of another cigar after I have laid the prohibition upon you, I will never be seen again in public with you, however much I may enjoy the theatre, museum, or concert."

Now, to most men, such a command, from such a *source*, would have implied enough to withdraw all thought of a future alliance, since here was a principle of obedience enforced which, in coming time, would count as a drawback upon one's felicity.

Yet could the reader believe that the very night after all traces of a cigar had disappeared from office and boarding house; a refusal to smoke with old associates, and even to once more indulge with Uncle Sam in those curling evolutions which so tranquillized the mind? All were rigorously resisted, and in no form could Rosa Beals

detect a violation of her enforced requirements. Certainly here was a sacrifice, "all for love," such as few can comprehend. Here was a captive so completely enslaved that no form of oppression could more than equal, since to a man who, for thirty years, has been an habitual smoker, the resolution to renounce it costs a most painful struggle, unlike that of the man addicted to his dram, because *he* feels that his practice *may* end in his final ruin; but what lover of the weed ever could see the criminality or sin of *his* indulgence? We are not yet sufficiently advanced in reform to feel that one is equally heinous with the other; and we do believe Rosa Beals only desired to test her power over the man she had thus enslaved, she knew not how.

Uncle Sam and his daughter were most amused at what they daily saw. Squire Sims had lost much of his personal identity just by being drawn into the meshes of a mere child's favor; and they looked upon him as little short of a demented subject; for no raillery, or gentle reproof, or sharp ridicule, could break the spell in which Rosa Beals held her victim. A mere boy, in his wild, enthusiastic passion, can sometimes be reasoned out of his folly; a matured mind will listen to argument; a widower rarely loses the entire balance of his character; but a bachelor, almost in his dotage, yet in love for the *last time*, must be regarded as an essentially "used up"

subject. Have we not a confirmation of this truth before us?

About this time, the flirting plaything of the old man's choice addressed a letter to one of her brothers, in reply to one she had received, with an interrogatory, "Is it true, sister Rosa, that you have engaged yourself to Squire Sims? Father and mother are anxious on the subject, and desire an immediate answer;" and here we subjoin the reply which his sister returned: —

DEAR JOE: I know you are all on tiptoe about my engagement, which cousin Eunice must have informed you of, or you would never have known it until I brought the *grandfather in question* bodily before you. Whether I shall *ever marry him or not* is another affair; but that I am engaged in a regular flirtation admits of *no doubt.* The subject, as you well know, is a pettifogging lawyer — a man something under threescore and ten, but who has all the enthusiasm of a boy of eighteen. It is rare sport to manage him. For example, he has been an inveterate smoker; but I have laid upon him my veto, and not a cigar has he touched since.

A new world, dear brother, seems opening before me. Uncle Sam and cousin Eunice are pestering my life out about the conquest of a bachelor; but what do I care? My ideas of a husband are rather crude; but

if one will but idolize a wife enough to indulge her in every wish, I should not be particular about his age, if he be in good standing.

You would be amused, and mother would be "shocked," to see to what a pitch I carry my old beau. I can make him just what I choose. He is passive and yielding; says he will live either in town or country; go with me to as many amusements as I desire; and that I shall be as a kind of *waxen doll*, as it respects all labor. This suits me exactly, as I never could endure household drudgery.

About his money I neither know nor care. I dare say Uncle Sam would give me a house if I wanted one, or we could board with them, or it may be we may be stationed in Washington, as the old gentleman expects some lucrative post there. Tell father he is a democrat, having left the whig ranks. Like New Hampshire, he goes for the *present* administration.

I can say no more at this present time; for I am just going to have my miniature taken; and an old face is to be placed at my side. Tell mother she need not be anxious about me, since I am with *experience and age;* that should the dear old "fogy" be called to Washington, he will attend me home on the way, and be introduced to you all as the "pet bachelor." I believe they have already heard from him, as he says

he wishes to do the business honorably and strong. Heigh-ho! Eunice is laughing, and Uncle Sam says, "Tell brother Richard, your father, that I'll take good care of you and the Squire."

He is at my elbow. How nice to get all one's wants thus supplied! Remember me to all the girls, and Jotham and Andrew, my old country beaux.

Truly your sister,

ROSA BEALS.

From the perusal of the above letter, one may easily infer what sort of a life was before our old friend; but who can tell what it is that thus obstructs his vision, and makes him impervious to seeing as other people do? Is the definition of love "a blind instinct"? and is there no lens through which the future may be read by its victims? Do we not sometimes see in it an exalted state of felicity, exerting no unnatural sway, making no false pretensions, holding out no specious baits, but simply a union of two hearts covenanting to be mutual helpers in life's sunshine and storms? and thus the seal of affection does not blind them to each other's frailties, but is a bridge which safely carries them over perplexities, and smooths the rough paths of their earthly pilgrimage. But can such a bond exist based wholly upon *earthly foundations?* Are there not elevating influences

over which passion and self-interest have no supreme control? Ought we ever to fail to recognize our relations to the Infinite while we pledge ourselves to the finite? Alas! these ties are sundered; the ecstatic charm *is* dissolved; and unless a purer love takes the precedence of the mere earthly one, where is our support in that trying hour?

CHAPTER VIII.

Uncle Sam and his Daughter visit his native State, Vermont. — His Presents, as an Offset to former Injustice. — His Conversation with a Representative respecting the Repeal of the Liquor Law. — Death of Richard Beals. — Heart Work.

For a time, we seem to have lost sight of Uncle Sam's Palace in the suburbs of the city; but not so had the workmen who have been busily engaged in carrying it forward. They hope to have it completed before midsummer; and busy rumor says that Miss Eunice Beals has lately been addressed by a young city merchant upon the subject of marriage.

It seems almost cruel to agitate the subject to Uncle Sam, who lives beneath her genial influence, and really feels that divorced from it he could scarcely maintain a being. The gentleman in question is, however, most respectably connected, a young man of sagacity and forecast, but a real *teetotaller*, and, as such, does not so readily ingratiate himself at once into Uncle Sam's favor. Perchance, however, it is a wise ordering that, at this time, such an affair should take place. It may have a salutary discipline, an enlightening influence; and as their homes

must be together, the palace may be first opened by the celebration of a wedding. So prophesies Mrs. Godfrey.

Perhaps we ought here, in justice to Miss Eunice Beals, to make a record of her filial devotion to her widowed father. She was, indeed, a model daughter. Sweetly did she anticipate his every wish. Uncle Sam *had* his days of infirmity and pain, when he struggled with earthly trials, and felt it was all an enigma that *he* should suffer. Sometimes he became even querulous and moody; but that daughter never seemed weary in her efforts to remove the strife within by gentle offices of love, that palliated every day of infirmity and pain. There was a kind look in her eye, a mild word upon her tongue, a gentle influence which, like the sunshine, seemed silently to diffuse itself about him; and he was comforted, he scarcely knew how, and endured more patiently, because diverted from the harbingers of death which falls to every aged man to experience. She knew all his plans; was acquainted with many of his untold griefs; knew that sometimes there was an agony of condemnation that he meted out for himself for not having lived faithful to his convictions of duty; and then she would talk to him of the attributes of mercy instead of justice, and thus soothe his worn spirit into a sweet sleep, from which he would often awake as a reinvigorated man. The world, however, knew not of these depressed seasons; for filial love, truly based, never exposes the weakness of a parental

heart, nor the lonely griefs which give it disquietude. There is a sacred veil thrown over such an experience by a dutiful daughter's fond and affectionate love.

It was just after Uncle Sam had recovered from such a period of depression, that his daughter had succeeded in inducing him to visit his relatives in Vermont. He could now leave his business in the care of the new firm without anxiety, since Tims was at its head, having overcome, *apparently*, his scruples respecting the justice of engaging in the trade afresh; and Miss Eunice had so arranged her household as to fear no evil from relinquishing her daily cares. To be sure, she was now engaged to Mr. Blair, a young gentleman of sterling worth, of the purest principles, and of unshrinking veracity; but how unlike the old bachelor and his pet were this couple! Each of them was content to walk in duty's path; and although rejoicing in the hope that their future destiny would be interwoven with each other, yet they were content to wait for the time when they should be thus suitably commingled. Miss Eunice, therefore, could leave her lover without being agonized by the thought or feeling that a separation would deprive her of all enjoyment, since in the path of duty she always found a garland of flowers which made her prompt at its call. We may now take a glance at this father and daughter among the friends and relatives of his early youth, in his native state. They are stopping with Rosa Beals's father, Uncle Sam's only

brother; and as we are desirous to do full justice to all parties, we will narrate some of Uncle Sam's good acts, as an offset to some others, of a more questionable character, which we are bound to withhold.

Richard Beals, Sen., was a plain farmer. He was not, however, a man of accumulation. He had always seemed to be what we call an "unfortunate man" — had suffered a great deal from sickness; and had brought up a family of five sons; and just at the moment when good luck seemed awaiting him, the scale would turn, and, as he expressed it, "his dish was bottom upwards." Uncle Sam, it was true, had often stepped in to his relief; and the acknowledgment of a fifty dollar bill was not an infrequent occurrence; but this being obliged to be appropriated to either the principal or interest of some old standing debt, although it gave much partial relief, yet it was not like having the way cleared, and being enabled to devote this sum to present comforts. Moreover, there was an independent turn in Richard which recoiled from asking favors; and as this was the first visit which Uncle Sam had paid him for some years, which was of sufficient length to freely discourse upon pecuniary needs, it is but fair to chronicle that Uncle Sam did not, as the world uses the phrase, know exactly "how his brother stood."

When, therefore, he ascertained there was a mortgage of five hundred dollars still upon his farm, Uncle Sam at once declared it must be lifted; and when the eldest son

suggested how, with a small amount of cash, he could plant an orchard, and repair the house, and put a piece upon the barn, why, his uncle told him "to go to work and do it, and send him the bills." It *did* seem, therefore, as if there never was so kind a brother, nor so benevolent an uncle, as this family possessed. Eunice, they felt, was little short of an angel, since she evidently moved her father in these matters with a truly disinterested spirit. And, more than this, Joshua Beals, the second son, was raised from a journeyman carriage builder to a master of his trade, hired a large shop, and while Uncle Sam remained, actually rejoiced in a successful trade. As to Rosa, we already know she "loved Uncle Sam a great deal better than grandfather Sims: she could not help it."

This visit lasted a month, when Uncle Sam and his daughter returned home, leaving the whole village in sorrow, and many families in tears, "that the dear old man and Eunice had departed." It had, too, so neutralized their impression of Uncle Sam; for they looked upon the traffic in spirituous liquors in the State of Vermont now as a most unrighteous business, little short of the slave trade, and certainly less justifiable than the Mexican war. But how were they silenced upon the subject, when the product of this business gladdened so many hearts! for poor human nature is a great turncoat, after all. But how shall I portray the extent of the old man's bounty? There was widow Waddle, with her debt discharged at

the bank, now living in comfortable circumstances; there, too, was Jerry Train, Uncle Sam's third cousin, with an annuity of seventy-five dollars settled upon him, on account of his lameness; and lots of small presents to the children whose fathers and mothers he well knew, besides quietly putting into the minister's hand the sum of twenty-five dollars the last day he attended upon his preaching. After this you may be sure Uncle Sam was not so harshly judged. They seemed to smother all recollection of the grog shop he kept going, to the destruction of so many individuals; and even old Mrs. Waddle forgot the saying of her husband on his death bed, "But for Sam Beals, I should never have sold liquor, nor been made a drunkard. He has a dreadful responsibility lying at his door." In the gifts they entirely overlooked the traffic of the giver, that had sent such leanness in their families; and had Uncle Sam left four times, nay, even ten times, the amount he did for the good of his native village, he would not have made amends for the curse he had entailed upon them by supplying the dram shops with liquor. But most of the inebriates were dead, and Uncle Sam did not visit their graves; and so he succeeded in partially obliterating from himself the result of his former courses. Thus does justice sleep, and retribution suffer a suspension.

That Uncle Sam, however, had not at all swerved from his former principles, we may gather from taking a peep into his city home, where he sits in his easy chair, dis-

cussing with one of our representatives the probable repeal of the liquor law. As they are both on one side, of course there is little room for debate; so, as they have just lighted a fresh cigar, we will listen to their self-sustaining views.

"Talk as people may," said Uncle Sam to his friend, "you cannot push the question any faster or farther than popular opinion will sustain us. I'm for advocating shutting up the small groggeries. They never pay well. Besides, they encourage a race of loafers, which makes the trade unpopular, and brings disgrace upon the higher establishments by undiscerning people."

"Very good," quoth the representative. "I'm of your opinion, Mr. Beals; but there's no reason why, if a man chooses to drink in one of our first-class hotels, that he should be prohibited from doing so; but *there is a reason* why a poor loafer should not take his dram until he becomes a reeling inebriate. Rich people, Mr. Beals, have privileges in virtue of their wealth. If *you and I* choose to move in our quarter casks to our wine cellars, I would like to know who has a right to prohibit us; and if we choose to offer the best of liquor to our friends, I would like to see the man who made the law, or helped make it, prevent us from so doing. To be sure, there are soft-headed members enough among us from the country who bewail the effects of intemperance. They will argue and cry over their own statements, and beg for the most

stringent law that can be enacted; but they don't know the result of what they advocate. If the very law they so plead for were executed, ten chances to one they would want it modified another session."

"You are right, Squire," replied Uncle Sam; "that's exactly my sentiment. There is always a pack of infuriated chaps from the country who have a sort of envy towards capitalists, and croak over their advantages — fellows who have besotted sons or drunkards somewhere in their families, which gives them such tender consciences. Now, if you think, sir, there is any danger from the carrying into effect of the law, just let me have seasonable notice. I've money, Squire. There is something of a fund already reserved for fighting for our rights; and there can be more added, if necessary. Remember this, will you, Squire? and when you can honorably *bribe* a voter to come on our side, show me the man. He will lose nothing by calling on me. Now, Squire, what will you wash down and digest our arguments with — Cognac, Holland, or old wine, of particular brands?"

The Squire thought gin rather a warming beverage; and Uncle Sam hobbled to the bell rope, and rang for something quite as old as "Schiedam Schnapps;" and then they pledged themselves to the support of the anti-liquor law, as a panacea for a conscience that would sometimes be inquired of whether it were right, in all respects, to trample it under such specious reasoning.

Our friends, at this time, were interrupted in their potations by the appearance of Mr. Blair, who had just received telegraphic information of the death of Mr. Richard Beals, to whom we have so lately been introduced. This was quite a shock to Uncle Sam. It put entirely out of his mind the conversation he had just carried on. It made him reflect. He dismissed the representative without further instructions, and, closing the door, remained alone with his daughter.

"Daughter," said the old man, "this *is* sudden. Dick was ten years younger than I am. He's been a hard-working man — a sincere man; yes, what people call a pious man, of tender conscience. It's a warning to me, Eunice, that I must soon follow; and when I go, I shall leave you a large estate, child. There's no carrying any thing with us to another world, you know."

"Only our *characters*, father, that we have formed here."

"That's the rub, child. It makes me uneasy sometimes to think I have done so little for my fellow-men. I might have helped Dick more, poor fellow, with his great family, and so uncomplaining and grateful as he always was. I shall always be glad that you encouraged me to make that last visit, and do as we did. That's a great satisfaction to me," said Uncle Sam; "and as it is, I hope to meet Dick in peace in another world."

"I have no doubt of uncle Richard's fitness for heaven," mildly remarked Eunice.

"Nor could you doubt mine, I hope," said the father. "I've always done right by you, at any rate."

"Yes, father, you have been one of the most indulgent of parents. I sometimes think I have had so little to contend with, that the force and energy which a more trying experience gives may be wanting, to render a completeness to my character."

"I hope you don't covet trials, to make you better. Now, there's Dick, just gone: he used to reason like you, and say, 'Had life been all sunshine, as with you, Sam, I should not have been half the man I now am, with all my shortcomings;' for somehow, good as he was, he never seemed satisfied with his own righteousness; and I s'pose that's the case with us all. Nobody ever need to have envied me my happiness. Eunice, child, I don't have any *inward peace.* Sometimes I almost believe there *is* a devil, and that he goads and torments me. Then I don't know as any body is happy. *That law troubles me, child.*"

"But, father, the result of a well-spent life always yields some satisfaction — not, perhaps, a ground of hope on account of any merit; for our hope turns upon God's free mercy; and if we repent of our sins, you know we are assured they will be blotted out."

"What do you mean by repentance, child?"

"When one forsakes all known evil, and resolutely follows the convictions of an enlightened conscience, father. *Such* are always accepted."

Uncle Sam felt uneasy, just here. His leg was painful. He sighed, talked about the best mode of conveyance to his brother's funeral, and added he should send an invitation to Tims and his wife to accompany them. "It is dull work, at best. No desirable errand to bury one's lost brother," he remarked.

His daughter aided him to reflect. She soothed his pains, without an effort to quiet his conscience; for she was sensible her father was worldly and miserly, and attached to a business whose effects had carried sorrow and destruction into numerous families; and she would have it abandoned, if possible.

Mr. Blair now entered their apartment to say that he had arranged it for them to start in the morning train; and, of course, both father and daughter had no further time to pursue their conversation.

CHAPTER IX.

A Country Funeral. — Richard Beals's Document, addressed to Uncle Sam. — Its thrilling Import and its Effects.

My friend, did you ever attend a funeral in the country? From the railroad depot to uncle Richard's house was full four miles, so that the city relatives who attended upon this occasion were forced into a jolting kind of cast-off stage coach, and driven rapidly over rough roads, which had been travelled just enough by heavily-laden teams, after severe rainstorms, to make them most uncomfortable, as they were slightly frozen, causing the horses to frequently trip, and almost throw those upon the outside seat to the roadside. Uncle Sam's gouty affection troubled him almost beyond endurance.

From the top of the hill the house rose in sight. It was an old-fashioned, gable-roofed dwelling, painted a brick red; and the long *well-sweep* was quite as far visible as any appendage connected with the establishment.

As they approached nearer, there were all outward signs of moving, rather than the stillness of death. A large ox wagon was laden with chairs, which were brought for the accommodation of guests. Men and women were seen carrying sundry baskets, and crockery

ware, in every variety, shone out from ill-fitted covers or napkins that did not quite conceal the view. The front door was thoroughly blockaded with the laden teams, so that our friends were forced to alight at the end one, which necessarily carried them first into the kitchen.

One of the young men received his relatives. But what was Miss Beals's amazement when she first entered, and was met by large women and small ones, some bending over a bread trough, with a quantity of flour sufficient for a large bakery, while another was pouring cream into flour for pie crust; and a firkin of butter stood at her side, ready to be used without stint on this memorable occasion, as "City folks are used to rich food" was constantly going the rounds.

Eunice stood a moment almost petrified, pretending to brush her garments and warm herself, wondering where Rosa and her mother were. Two fat men came in to inquire, "How many fowls must be killed?" Another brought in a round of beef, while the large oven opened and disclosed great loaves of cake, of unwieldy size. All the appearances indicated a thanksgiving, rather than a bereavement.

In a few moments the widow appeared. She was calm; and although traces of grief and care were upon her brow, yet she struggled to overcome weeping, and succeeded in doing so. She detailed to Uncle Sam and his daughter the particulars of her husband's death,

interrupted frequently with inquiries, in a half whisper, whether "more cake would be wanted," and if "neighbor Titus's tea set had arrived," &c., &c., all of which seemed to Eunice to be entirely irrelevant to the occasion; and she could not comprehend the meaning.

"Your brother," said Mrs. Beals to Uncle Sam, "was constantly expecting his summons for two years past. He knew he had a heart difficulty, which, as he used to say, made of him a 'minute man;' and I think he lived in constant preparation for the event. He did, however, long to see you once more, sir, and even contemplated visiting you in your new house the coming spring. Ever after he saw you in the autumn, he grieved that he did not express to you 'his convictions,' as he called them. I think he left a writing for you, which is locked up with his private papers."

Uncle Sam winced. He inquired if he looked natural, and said by and by he would like to see him, evidently desirous of turning the conversation. They were conducted to an adjoining room, where sat Rosa and Squire Sims. Rosa was in tears, but transported with joy at seeing her cousin, and fell on her neck, and loaded her with kisses. Uncle Sam, too, came in for his full share; and Squire Sims was not an indifferent spectator, although forbidden to give so personal a manifestation of his joy. The prerogative of women *here* is universally acknowledged.

The house, however, was a scene of confusion. In the room where the dead man lay were large rolls of crape, milliners arranging bonnet trimmings, mantua makers measuring lengths and widths, and busy in inquiries of Eunice how they now made mourning dresses, and whether any new fashions had yet appeared for sleeves, and even the width of the hem upon the widow's veil did not escape most solicitous inquiry.

In the coffin upon the table lay the earthly remains of uncle Richard. So calm, so peaceful seemed his repose, it looked like a deep sleep. The lips were slightly parted, the faint color seemed in them a contrast to the usual seal of death, and there was a smile which seemed to betoken his introduction to heavenly rest.

Eunice and her father gazed long and earnestly upon that face. The past rose before the father. The future seemed already present, when, with a disembodied spirit, he too should be gathered to his fathers. Indeed, there seemed to be little time for other mourners to reflect, such continual inroads upon them were made in the way of preparation for the burial. All was hurry, confusion, and intense excitement. Chairs were being arranged in long rows, tables were being set in due form, chambers were dusted, and beds covered with the best of their own or neighbors' counterpanes. A hurried dinner was served, and the family were attiring themselves for the service.

About this time, wagon loads of farmers, and their wives and children, began to appear. Carriages were driven into the long yard, and the horses, carefully covered with buffalo robes, stood grouped in close proximity. Some evidently came from a distance, as they brought "provender" for their horses.

Long before the hour for the service, the house was filled with women and children, while the men stood outside, discoursing not upon the subject of death or immortality, but, rather, "how hay was selling now;" and one actually bargained for a pair of steers, that were to be delivered the next morning. A couple of men sat on the doorsteps, "wondering if the widow Beals would let out a part of her pasturage another year," and ended with the remark that "so smart a woman would be married again in a year or so."

Just in front of the house was the family burying ground. The open grave was clearly visible from the front door, by the upturned earth that had been scooped out; yet it made little impression upon bystanders, so long as they were not to occupy it. So they discoursed of things pertaining to the interests of *this* world. Is not man a reckless being?

And now the minister has come, and the groups begin to disperse, and come nearer the house. The entry is black with men, the stairs are filled, and even the windows upon the outside are surrounded with sober-visaged

persons, who greatly respected uncle Richard, because he was a "very clever man."

A choir sing the hymn commemorating the death of a Christian saint; a prayer follows; and then the discourse, setting forth our close relations to another state, and the need of a well-grounded hope to enter the realms of eternal blessedness, summed up with an abstract of the personal character of the deceased, with a fitting eulogy upon his life and character as a citizen and Christian. A short prayer follows, and a benediction, when the mourners are all called out in pairs from the one room they have occupied, and the crowd fall back, and gaze with earnest curiosity upon the procession as it is formed; and should there be a *cousin misplaced*, a record is sure to be made of it; and if one should, perchance, be *omitted*, it will call forth the severest censure.

Eight plain farmers, sterling men, bear the body to the near grave. A circuitous route is chosen, that the whole procession may be seen. With care the body is lowered to its final abode. The vast procession look into its narrow resting-place, and return to the house again to converse upon the topics that are nearest to them.

The pall bearers stand ranged with uncovered heads at the door, ready to let the crowd pass in; then they follow; and soon the loaded tables give evidence that life must be supported by *external means and internal sustenance.* One tableful, being satiated, rise, and give

place to another, scarcely one departing until he has "taken supper."

Such is a bare outline of "a country funeral" in the villages and hamlets of the interior of our New England States.

Uncle Sam and Squire Sims were in deep conversation. Not one of the farmers knew the latter gentleman; and you may be sure a busy inquiry was made among the women to know "who Rosa Beals walked with to the grave." The old gentleman who wore a wig and heavy chin bristles, and who must have been a relative, they never knew, not one surmising he was a lover and intended son-in-law.

The subject upon which Uncle Sam and Mr. Sims were conversing was uncle Richard's will, and the contents of a paper directed, "To my brother Samuel." We will here subjoin its contents, as they give evidence of a man true to the convictions of his own conscience, and anxious to leave his record of the opinions adopted by him relative to engaging in a certain traffic. It begins thus: —

My Dear Brother: We are most closely allied by consanguinity, and have, through a long life, enjoyed the freest interchange of thought and feeling upon almost *all* subjects; but there are one or two topics which now press upon my mind, and make me desirous of committing to paper what I have neglected to do when we have person-

ally met. I can hardly define the reason, yet with our most intimate friends we sometimes live estranged upon our *spiritual interests;* and such has been the case with us. Now, to me, who live in hourly expectation of entering into the eternal state, the soul that does not take hold of the future is an object of utter desolation.

Samuel, we have always lived together as if *this world* were our only home. We have talked exclusively of earthly pursuits; and, until within a few years, the interests of time have engrossed all my concern. With small pecuniary means, and a large, dependent family, I felt almost justified in toiling for "the meat that perisheth," forgetful of the true idea which embodies a religious spirit with an earthly zeal and commendable prudence. But I was arrested, I hope, in time to repent and forsake my sins. I must be plain with you, as a dying man, and ask, *How stands the matter with* YOU?

The subject of your business has long troubled me. When you first engaged in the liquor trade, I know it was considered "reputable business." Men of integrity and sound piety were engaged in it, not suspecting the baneful effects of their profits were jeopardizing the souls of thousands of their fellow-men.

But, by and by, we became enlightened upon the subject, and then the destructive work revealed itself. Public opinion was arrested by the fact that from the holds of

iniquity the voice of reason had begun to speak. Yes, you know among inebriates the work of reformation commenced; and the lecturers who first took the work in hand were converted drunkards — a miracle of God's providential care to stay the awful ravages of traffic in spirituous liquors. I knew you were a man of good judgment and fair conclusions, and I looked to you as being one who would first renounce the trade.

You began to see its evils. You held mortgages which could never be redeemed, because the demon held his captives by a spell. You have seen the tears of broken-hearted wives, and listened to the supplications of parents and children that the foul monster might be driven from our peaceful villages, as only this fiend triumphed over our prosperity; and why, O, why, my brother, did you resist your convictions, and refuse to obey the dictates of an enlightened conscience? Your wealth must be immense; and have I not again and again heard you declare "that no business on earth was so lucrative"?

How *came you by those mortgages*, even in our little village? When the grocer was convinced, and almost signified his readiness to relinquish his traffic, in view of the frightful consequences, how did you laugh at his weakness, and deride his folly, so that, on the following week, the work we hoped we had accomplished was nullified!

People found they could drink slyly; and the habit was so strong that it was not resisted, because the temptation

lay still before them. Poor Nelly Twing, how my heart ached for her! Captain Bellows, too, and Squire Short, and Judge Ramsay — all in drunkards' graves, who might have been excellent, as well as eminent, men, but that *you*, and people in *similar business*, furnished them with the means of self-destruction.

My dear brother, it is with great pain I allude to these things; but you have a conscience, and I fear, unless it be stirred by such remembrances, you will be silenced when judged by that higher Tribunal that looks with justice, as well as mercy, upon erring men. Your recent efforts to break down the law regulating the traffic in ardent spirits met my hearty disapprobation. Men grieved over it, and men triumphed in it, just as they were inclined. Your assertions that "you would pour out money like water to repeal such a law," your efforts to bribe voters, and your willingness to procure bail for offenders, have become as household words among us, which I fear can never be erased in this state. It has brought you to be viewed with mingled pity and odium.

I have heard you quoted as the apostle of anti-temperance — such a misnomer! as the friend of the liquor vender, and the man who refused to be convicted by legal or moral suasion; and my heart has sunk within me, that you were the song of the drunkard. Yes, that you openly trampled upon legal enactments — not that you directly helped the reeling inebriate, but that upon

the foundation of your wealth stood pipes, and butts, and quarter casks, whose contents did the deadly work. Now, my brother, as "by this craft you have gotten your wealth," I beseech of you to now abandon it, and make what reparation lies in your power to cancel the accumulated guilt, and become to the world a converted, penitent man, as you hope for acceptance hereafter. These lines have been penned as if the light from eternity dictated them.

I hope to meet you in peace in that world where the accumulations of earthly traffic enter not; but only the characters which have resulted from finite labors will prepare us for the mansions best adapted to our enjoyment there. I know you will review your course, and bitterly mourn over your folly. I thank you for your many expressions of love to me; and *this* is the only requital I can give — even a desire *to bless you forever.*

Your brother RICHARD

Squire Sims read the above, in a somewhat inaudible tone, to Uncle Sam, in a private room. The old man became tremulous, but struggled through with hearing the whole contents, and then held his head in his handkerchief, and wept like a child.

The "will" was next brought up. It was a most discreet document, and made some bequests against which the law did not provide, all evincing a well-balanced

judgment, and showing the conscientious man in every relation. Uncle Sam was most tenderly touched, and Squire Sims would have been more affected had not that mere plaything of a child, Rosa, so fully excluded all other thoughts.

In the mean time, Eunice Beals and Rosa had been holding a private consultation. Rosa declared to her cousin "that she would never marry the old lawyer; that she would sooner die than throw herself away;" and that she had, in part, given him to understand so; but love *is* blind, and the old bachelor believed all women were "coy, and hard to please," and did not realize upon what a precarious footing his future happiness, with respect to Rosa, was now held. She was a creature of excitement, loved attention, admired to flirt, and really had come to enjoy the idea of being loved, without giving a requital, until Squire Sims, between his propensity for office seeking and his engagement, seemed to be much changed, and almost half crazed upon some subjects. He had left a fair business at home, and accepted, for a short time, quite an ineligible post at Washington, hoping it might prepare the way for higher advancement. So Uncle Sam's old accounts were deferred an examination until future disclosures should write victory or defeat against his name.

Rosa Beals, therefore, let him again depart, and promised to be to him a faithful correspondent, so that his hope in this quarter was not checked; and he lived and

loved as if a fresh existence, a May day, were about to dawn upon him.

Uncle Sam had a restless night following upon reading that document. He rose several times, and by the pale moonlight he could look out upon his brother's grave, while an unused hearse, which the sexton had brought and left in the yard, was another object which met his gaze. He never told his thoughts; but we can conceive how a disquieted man *would reason*, half resolved to obey his convictions, yet what we call the remains of "old Adam" still cleaving to him. At all events, he resolved to return home, and early directed his daughter to make such provision for his brother's family as was compatible with her judgment; and, as usual, she was most munificent in the bestowal of presents.

They soon after took their leave, Uncle Sam being too ill to remain longer without medical advice. On his way home he fainted in the cars, and was with difficulty conveyed thither, so great and sudden was his prostration. His daughter, however, understood his disease to be induced by mental excitement, and accordingly carried him to his quiet chamber, administered an anodyne, and, after a gentle slumber, sent for Mr. Tims upon business transactions, who could not be their attendant at the funeral on account of the "press of engagements."

Mr. Tims gave a most flattering account of the extent of his sales; of the almost certainty of *repealing the*

liquor law, of heavy orders to supply the country trade, and of the brisk demand for *their importations*, being considered more unadulterated articles than were commonly found.

Tims talked like a man who never had a misgiving upon the subject. He seemed delighted with his rapid gains, and altogether a perfect verification of Dame Godfrey's prophecy, "that India rubber consciences are exceedingly elastic."

At this visit Uncle Sam presented Tims with a building spot contiguous to his own grounds, so that in his palace he might look out upon neighbors with whom he was intimately connected.

The recent trial of bereavement, the dying appeal of his brother, the inward convictions of a violated conscience, were all suppressed; and the old man again clutched at his treasures, gloried in his power, and thought it would be time enough to repent, since he seemed to have quite a renewed lease of life yet unexpired, in which he somehow wanted to live on as he *had* lived, without being forever harassed upon this subject of "right and duty."

CHAPTER X.

Uncle Sam's Compunctions. — His Desire to retire from the Business. — Blair's Character as a thoroughly Temperance Man. — A Glance at the Palace. — Trials of Members. — Impressions of Memory.

Whoever builds a house in the country must expect to make sundry alterations therein, unless he personally superintends the work. Even then he will often find an afterthought that indicated a want of forecast.

Uncle Sam, however, had early secured the services of an architect, who draughted a variety of models; and that chosen by Miss Eunice was pronounced the most perfect, and of exquisite symmetrical proportions.

Mr. Dash, the architect, was desirous of cancelling a mortgage, by some engagement in his profession, which Uncle Sam held upon a cottage and a few acres of land in the neighborhood of this projected palace; and he expected a remuneration which would about make them square, should he prove himself a successful planner. So, with a double set of motives, he undoubtedly tried to furnish the best specimen.

Dash, it seems, had been an improvident fellow, and was once a partner in a liquor firm. Of course, his main

indebtedness was to Uncle Sam, who, after examining the accounts, finding Dash in a sad predicament, with a cottage unpaid for, and a lot of land designed to speculate upon, his tender mercies immediately suggested a mortgage; and giving him a chance to study the principles of architecture with a distinguished designer, he helped him out of his dilemma by giving him a new occupation, for which he seemed fitted by nature. He then employed him, and really was desirous to secure his future prosperity.

Uncle Sam was not a *bad man* altogether. He had not a crabbed disposition, on the whole. He never felt ill used only when he was perplexed upon the subject of his *business calling.*

His religion seemed to be based upon some good dealings with his fellow-men, and his hope of heaven was made dependent upon some acts of mercy. He tried to overlook or blot out some misgivings which sometimes haunted him, about laying the foundation of destruction for multitudes. Very pious men had trodden the way before him: if *they* were unenlightened, why should he seek to ferret out *his responsibilities?*

In sleepless nights, however, that "document" which his brother Richard left would haunt him. Something almost like spectral illusions would rise before him, and Richard would seem to appear bodily, and, with a look of entreaty, bid him heed his words.

But then a bright morning, and the presence of his daughter, a walk to the store, and a conversation with men of his own stamp, made him feel he was a foolish man to permit such idle phantoms to disturb his brain. He wondered "how in his soul they ever got there." Perhaps — he hated to acknowledge the fact — perhaps he was getting old, and debility was the cause. At any rate, spring was now opening, and upon the first day of May he expected to remove to his palace.

In the mean time, he was talking about retiring from business — a thing which was most strenuously urged by Mr. Blair, his intended son-in-law, who, as we have somewhere remarked, was a genuine teetotaller, and, as such, had operated much upon Miss Eunice's conscience, in leading her to adopt conclusions entirely in keeping with his own; for to a mind unbiased by interest, devoid of love of the article, and disposed to see things as *they are*, no cogent arguments are necessary to show the system of trade as nefarious, detrimental to our highest interests, and a nuisance to the well being of society.

But Mr. Blair was not an infuriated zealot, who could only see through one medium. He was conversant with society, and knew the struggles of many who sought to compromise their interests with the principles of right; and in a few cases he had witnessed a manly surrender. He had a hope that he should yet, by gentle means, operate upon Uncle Sam.

Just at this time, a severe contest and many angry debates in public and private were going on. Offenders against the law were tried and discharged, having paid a fine when fully convicted. Mitigating evidence, however, often softened the severity of the sentence; and there was, on the whole, nothing to prevent the enemies of the law from pursuing their business, but with an aggravated sense that a portion of their fellow-men desired to abridge their rights.

The "constitutionality of the law" was now agitated in all circles. It was made a subject of judicial investigation, and pronounced unjust and illegal. Uncle Sam became infuriated; demanded to know what more was needed than such a judicial decision; while Blair could account for different opinions upon the same subject, without throwing a man overboard, when he solemnly stated that such was his candid belief, after long and earnest investigation. There were, however, many heated enthusiasts whose blood boiled with resentment at the decree. But why take the sword of justice, and brandish it, as you *now* interpret things? Wait a little, and errors will be rectified. Popular opinion does not seek a redress quite yet. A violent storm will uproot the most valuable trees: a gentle rain will fertilize them, and cause them to spring into fresh vigor. If we have a law that is *not constitutional*, let us frame one that *is so*. It would be strange if there were no imperfections in our first attempts.

Our legislators must doubly guard the loopholes and crevices, so that morality, law, and popular opinion may all finally concur. That day *is* advancing; and the consciousness of its dawn was so apprehended by Uncle Sam, that it kept him constantly in a state of turmoil.

To support his opinion, and maintain the reputation of his traffic, he availed himself of all sorts of help on his own side. He found learned men and judicial men, eminent statesmen and profound lawyers, who advocated a violation of the law because it was an unsound one; and sometimes he almost fancied he was doing God service by his strenuous opposition. But then there was the calm, dispassionate Blair, who could reason all his sophistry out of him; and although he was a most worthy man, yet he wished sometimes his daughter had never thought of him as a husband.

Blair, to do him full justice, was a most consistent man. He was a model for all who strictly advocate the temperance reform. He never pronounced a harsh judgment; never talked about the "supreme tribunal of justice as being pledged to support a lie," but continually endeavored so to elucidate the truth, that *conviction was an inevitable consequence.* Uncle Sam could support no argument with him; and so he shunned the subject when he saw the man.

We will now take a glance at the palace in the suburbs, which was being carried forward upon the profits of the

"reputable business" about which we have been speaking. No expense is spared to make it a splendid affair. Why *should* there be, when such a fortune has been amassed by its owner? Yet Uncle Sam has betrayed no want of shrewdness in the selection of his workmen.

The master builder, next to the architect, is indebted to him on account of his father's profligacy. There is a mortgage here. The man employed upon the "stucco work" owes a large bill for sundry "quarter casks;" but let *that* pass. If they but work out their debts, and incur no future ones, we will not criminate them; for Uncle Sam did not; no, never; and they every one spoke well of him but one "old fogy," who painted in fresco. No matter what *he* said. "He drank more than he ought to." Uncle Sam had told him so; for "he mortally hated a downright drunkard."

The palace began now to be the wonder of the admiring throngs who came to see it. Its marble floors and gilded panel work, its finished walls of glassy smoothness, its painted decorations, and, indeed, all its magnificent arrangements, became an object for some to envy and others to admire, since such a finished abode was not to be found in the suburbs of the city. Added to all the interior finish, for two years past the hand of improvement had been laid upon the natural beauty surrounding the dwelling.

A territory of thirty acres was enclosed within the lot.

THE PALACE.

A sort of playful fancy had presided over its former possessor, and the care of a florist was made conspicuous. Besides, there was a splendid grapery; and Eunice had just caused a summer house to be erected at the foot of the garden, which was to be filled with the rarest exotics, and to be committed to the care of a renowned horticulturist and florist. The lawn in front of the house was smooth and grassy, while circuitous windings of gravelly paths, bordered with box, intermingled with fir trees, gave a charm to the vision of unequalled beauty. The outbuildings were spacious, in architectural keeping with the palace; and, of course, Mr. Blair and Miss Eunice had only to project any reasonable scheme, and it was at once complied with.

A German agriculturist and his wife were already engaged to superintend the farming operations. Uncle Sam was now contracting for various new vehicles; and while his mind was thus occupied, his health seemed improved; and he then counted upon many years of enjoyment in his new home, where he could review the past; and a vague consciousness flitted over him that he should become a good man, and go to heaven at last; for look at himself as he would, he did not feel prepared to leave this world just at present.

We have kept out of sight the close proximity to the depot in which the palace stood. From a gravelled walk to the end of the enclosure one could step into the cars

more than a dozen times a day. Many account this as a preëminent advantage; but it ought to be those who are desirous of always having a visitor on hand, or an acquaintance on the way, not to speak of *friends*. Every body wishes to see *them*. Suppose we take a view from the piazza of the palace.

Just at the further end of the thirty-acre lot, there is the foundation of a house being erected by Mr. Tims. Directly in front is the residence of Mr. Tasso, another eminent liquor dealer, now retired from the trade, with a close mouth upon the subject. In yonder little farm house is the residence of a clerk, in the employ of Tims & Co., who married unwisely, before his means were commensurate with his ideas of supporting a family. Just down that grassy lane lives Mr. Tape, of the firm of Tape, Bodkin, & Co., who are heavy importers of dry goods. This man gives oyster suppers, and his guests are fond of the best brands of champagne. Beyond him, a few steps, is Mr. Jeremiah Grumbler, his name being a singular coincidence with his conversation, which generally runs upon "excessive taxation and the extravagance of the times." The old man holds people by the button, and tells "what the rising generation are coming to;" says his boys spend more in a month than he should in a year; that his property will not descend to the third generation; and "women folks" are no better than men nowadays; for importing silks and satins has sent

all the specie out of the country; and this accounts for the hard times we hear about once in three or four years.

The next-door neighbor is the minister, a large, square-faced man, who does not give universal satisfaction; and so two other societies have sprung up since his settlement. The village is distinguished for its wealth; yet it is hard work to support these three ministers, and give them a comfortable living. Mr. Grazewell has the most fashionable attendants, however; and, of course, Uncle Sam will enlist under his banner. He is what is termed a moderate Calvinist; never discusses knotty points; but his late position in regard to the temperance cause has disaffected one or two leading men in his parish. He is a sort of non-committal man; remarks "that popular opinion is not yet ripe for any definite action;" "thinks the Maine liquor law altogether too stringent an affair;" "does not believe it is expedient to legislate upon the subject;" never provokes an angry discussion; never denies to his flock the privilege of taking a glass of wine, and has had "some serious doubts whether longevity is not promoted by using spirituous liquors with moderation." He is not prepared, at any rate, to *discuss* the question. A few leading men are utterly opposed to this view; but Uncle Sam is likely to prove a stronger pillar than all the seceders in upholding his doctrines. He has already placed a new organ in the church, put his name on the subscription list for any delinquency upon the pay

roll; and, of course, Mr. Grazewell is not open to further convictions. The seceders have mostly gone over to the advocates of the temperance cause, and the little community is every day becoming more agitated upon the subject. A great many in Mr. Grazewell's parish are desirous of hearing both sides of the question; and this often wakes up the slumbering consciences who are not blinded by self-interest, and with them it is becoming a serious question whether their pastor ought not to be a bold defender of the cause. Uncle Sam, therefore, is likely to be an important personage when he is fairly settled among them.

In that city home, however, there is a great work going on. The preparations for Miss Eunice's wedding are rapidly advancing. Is it not one pleasant feature, in expending such wealth, that workmen and workwomen are thus employed, who, but for such outfits, would find their time idly hanging upon them? The palace and the home are employing laborers without stint, and many a dollar finds its way slyly into the pockets of seamstresses, of which no one but the donor and those she benefits are informed. The old-fashioned maxim, that "we should not do evil that good may follow," is mitigated in our day; and we almost overlook some slight deviations from duty, when the results conduce so much to the welfare of our fellow-men. *Does the eye of Omniscience thus judge?*

Since the legislature has been in session, almost every

evening a *secret committee* have waited upon Uncle Sam to report the proceedings. The city members are bound to protect his rights. They were carefully selected, and every man's honor is pledged not to prove traitorous to his cause. But those old, stiff country members have a majority. Some of them look as if they might be reasoned into the inexpediency of enforcing the law now under consideration; but they are giants in firmness — old oaks, that will not be uptorn by tempests. They have seen practical results, and know if the law were but enforced how much more peaceful homes and happy townships they should enjoy.

There are scores of members in yonder chamber. There are pledged men; but, of course, varying in talents, in zeal, and in argumentative reasoning. The minority are keen sighted; and some predict that Deacon Titus Pully and Squire Southwell might be bought off or compromised with, so that the workings of the law would be hindered. At private meetings in the lobbies such questions are agitated. One bold member asserts he is not afraid to try their metal. He accordingly proposes that a supper shall be given, where *wine* shall be introduced so as to cause no offence, leaving it optional with each guest whether or not he partakes of it. The members invited attend. Towards the close of the evening, wine is brought in; and the Deacon and the Squire at once make a motion to adjourn.

You do not catch such men napping. They may look heavy eyed; they may seem outwardly indifferent; but a lion is in their hearts, and a beer and dram shop in their neighborhoods at home. A son has yielded to the fatal seduction; a brother has fallen a prey; pauperism has increased their taxes, and *the sale of liquor* caused the pauperism.

There are bloated men in their towns. There is a gambling saloon there. There are traps to decoy the unwary; and think you these sober men, who were selected with especial care to protect them against such evils, would recklessly abandon their convictions of duty? No; they would fight a battle, and be ready to fall as victims in the cause, rather than betray it; so there is no longer any hope indulged by *secret committees.* They cannot bear even the word "modification." Their settled convictions are, that the evil must be cut down *wholly, entirely.* No law is stringent enough that does not produce such a result. Truly, *they* have gone ahead of "popular opinion."

Uncle Sam's conscience has been sleeping more calmly, of late. His intercourse with those of his own craft; his constant efforts to bring himself into an undisturbed position; his vague conclusions, that, after all, his nervous temperament has made his business appear a more formidable foe to the well being of society, have materially brought him into a kind of tranquil enjoyment. He wonders how he ever came to be so perplexed; why

images of the past ever rose before him; and he palliates it all by reflecting, if people will ruin themselves, another is not responsible for their work. Yet, after all, a half-enlightened conscience is sometimes a tremendous accuser. There may be only light enough through the smallest crevices to discover the foul blemishes — only gleams through little chinks which cannot be plastered up and made incapable of future gaps; yet what we have discovered will not be obliterated, and what once was labelled "sin and transgression" cannot be annihilated. It may be temporarily covered; but in those deep chambers where Memory keeps a station, and when we dwell in the most apparent security, she will rise unbidden, and force her way through old associations, and bring out such vivid pictures, that no daguerreotypist can draw more accurate figures; and, more than all, they are always transcribed on a metal that forever retains its impression. Does not this show us the importance of impressing suitable images — those that will smile upon us in our solitude, and when they stand out before us will be as pleasant companions, whom we shall welcome and delight to keep with us?

Now, Uncle Sam could not rouse such images; and, therefore, his society, when alone, was not filled with welcome guests. They were inquisitive, dictatorial, and demanded to be heard; and he could not make them obey his bidding, and, in one loud note, bid them begone, and

they would flee. Is it not wonderful, considering the mandates we cannot control *after* transgression, that we do not more firmly resist the sins which present such grim visages before us? for our power lies in being able to give them pleasant features and a lovely exterior, that, like sweet dreams, we would fain linger long in their enchantments.

CHAPTER XI.

Uncle Sam's Connection with Captain Wilby. — Spiritual Rappings. — Uncle Sam's Disquietude. — His Settlement with Widow Wilby.

YEARS ago, Uncle Sam was connected in navigation with one Captain Bartholomew Wilby. He made many prosperous voyages, and brought home safely an unadulterated cargo of liquors, a part of the profits being his own perquisite, they being joint owners of the ship "Flying Witch," that sailed from New York. For years, this trade was successfully carried on. At length, Captain Wilby fell a prey to the indulgence of his appetite for choice liquors; and long after he was unfitted to command, he still acted in that capacity, being the rightful owner of nearly one half the ship in which he sailed.

Captain Wilby, at last, wrecked his vessel, and, it was supposed, perished himself in a state of intoxication. So likewise did the mate and a part of the crew, while a few of the more hardy sailors were picked up in a starving condition, and they only could furnish a description of the awful scene which they encountered. At the time, there were circumstances which terribly harrowed Uncle Sam's spirits, and exposed him to much mental suffering.

The ship was insured; but there was a lawsuit in

recovering the amount. The proceeds were all intrusted to Uncle Sam's keeping; and he disbursed to the widow just what he pleased, leaving a large margin for the settlement of sundry accounts of which he alone could have cognizance, as nobody else was conversant with Captain Wilby's affairs.

There was some hard talk about Uncle Sam, which men past the meridian of life now recollect to have heard then expressed; but time so deadens our consciousness about dates and events which do not materially affect us, that nobody could furnish any particulars of their transactions.

The widow Wilby was reported to be left "well off," and educated her two sons at college. They never followed a profession; but, probably impressed with the idea that "money enough" would last forever, let them expend it as they might, one of them indulged early in convivial pleasures, and finally coveted the wine cup to his ruin.

The other was a young man of rare promise. He was graceful and accomplished; but alas! he turned his talents to no account. He, too, joined in midnight revels, and became a debauchee of most revolting aspect. Society was partly responsible for their downfall.

Their father died when they were young. They were reputed to be heirs of a large property. The necessity for them to labor seemed abridged; and unreflecting people always urged that it was no consequence whether or

not they worked, as they were abundantly provided for, thus putting our efforts to labor entirely upon the ground of earning a subsistence, never once suggesting the great law of *accountability* which reckons with us for the non-fulfilment of obedience. The right to be idle seems questioned with few of our species, if *one has paid, and can pay, all his obligations,* defrauds no one, and has enough in prospect to carry himself and family comfortably through this life. It is a most obnoxious doctrine, sapping the fountain head of all progress, and demoralizing the head and heart of its advocates. Why should a hard necessity be the only school in which the lofty intellect can be developed? Why should not the aids which a kind Providence so often lends be auxiliaries to conduce to our advancement, inasmuch as the thorny and rough pathway for them is made smoother and more accessible? Or *is* the struggle such a help to the development of our active energies, that such a training *is* necessary to give strength to the character, and a resolution to the will? If so, why, then, O parent, do you "labor, and tug, and strive" to amass for your children, to become thus enervated by your toils? Had the Wilbys been subjected to a rigid discipline, undoubtedly they would have become more worthy members of the community, while, as it was, they were feeble, inefficient cumberers of the ground, and eventually profligate young men, "who wasted their substance in riotous living."

Mrs. Wilby was now reduced to a mere pittance; and, in her straits, she was determined to make a visit to her old friend, Uncle Sam; and singularly enough did she detail how she was induced to do so. She had resided, for some months past, in a neighborhood where "spiritual rappings" were agitating the whole people. It was currently reported that the widow herself was not only a believer, but an *actual medium.* She affirmed, in some of her hallucinations, the spirit of her husband had told her to make this visit to Uncle Sam, and by demanding of him the surplus which the underwriters paid him as insurance money on the wrecked ship and cargo, she could eke out enough for a more comfortable living.

Besides, the medium had many *earthly aids in the effects* which her husband had left in the *form of letters, and minute accounts of certain transactions* which Uncle Sam had graphically described in epistles to his old friend, all of which were outlawed as far as collection was concerned. Still, they were remarkable helps to bring out the sentiments from the *spirit land.* Uncle Sam welcomed the widow of his old friend, and had many comfortable sittings with her, in discussing by-gone days.

The first evening of which we would make particular mention was stormy. It rained in torrents, and the wind blew most furiously. The lights burned dimly in the city streets, and carriages, with fleet horses, were ready to dispose of their passengers. The storm beat

more and more furiously, and heavy, moaning gusts of wind came from the chimney.

Uncle Sam and the widow Wilby sat alone, Mr. Blair and Eunice were at a neighboring party, and the domestics had retired for the night. The conversation between the two turned upon the fatal shipwreck. The widow had just been reading to him some of the wonderful stories related of Captain Kidd. Her mind had been for some time disturbed about the probabilities of the fate of Sir John Franklin. She really believed both himself and his crew were enclosed in an iceberg. She, therefore, denounced the Arctic expedition in no measured terms, protesting she believed only a vague curiosity to explore unknown and untracked regions had instigated those who had professedly gone in the humane search for a missing crew. Uncle Sam had thought seriously of bestowing something upon this enterprise; but his attention was diverted therefrom, lest it should prove a humbug. While thus conversing, suddenly the centre table moved. Uncle Sam looked at the widow, and she fixed her gaze on him. One, two, three distinct raps were heard. Uncle Sam turned deadly pale, but remained perfectly motionless. The widow Wilby remarked the "spirits" were about to make a "manifestation," and it behooved them to hear their report from the spiritual world. "Mr. Beals," pursued she, "we must obey their dictates; and it is necessary that you should put your hands flat upon this table."

Dimly over Uncle Sam's vision rose those old spectral illusions of former days. Witchcraft, and Cotton Mather's account of it, indistinctly floated before him.

Perhaps his hair stood on end. At all events, his limbs quivered, and pain forsook his gouty leg. A cold perspiration seized him, and he dared not articulate save as the widow commanded. "Inquire," said she, "for your guardian angel." He did so; and the letters of the alphabet formed themselves into "Mary Cordelia Beals," his departed wife's name. "Ask her if she is ready to reveal herself by writing what concerns your well being." He did so. Never was there a more passive subject than Uncle Sam. Paper was now furnished, and the spirit purported to draught the following letter, which the medium transcribed. It ran thus: —

"I come to lay open the past. Do you remember your acts of injustice? Nelly Twing was sent unprepared into eternity, and you were the agent of her downfall. Judge Cramer bids you remember the circumstances of *his mortgage*. A whole host are beseeching me to lay before you their destructive end, which was caused by your advice that they should persist in the traffic in ardent spirits. Your brother Richard speaks of his 'document;' and, finally, the shade of your departed Mary sums up all in the words, 'Beware and refrain,' having *done full justice to that wrecked crew*, and provided *for the widow in her need.*"

After putting the letters which the spirit rapped out together, it was made to read as we have detailed. *If* spiritual manifestations are accounted for upon nervous principles, certainly, in this case, there was never a better subject to be acted upon than Uncle Sam. He was petrified. He was overwhelmed. He was harassed beyond measure. The widow Wilby seemed to him nothing less than a duplicate of the witch of Endor. The table still moved, and actually danced around the room. Yes, the veritable old, heavy mahogany centre table, that was always dragged from place to place, on account of its weight; yet it did *not* move the widow. She calmly looked on, as if familiar with the arts of divination. Uncle Sam begged an explanation. "She knew nothing. It was controlled by influences which she knew not. She was born a medium; but the revelation was only recently made known to her." And so she minutely described mysterious deeds which were brought to light, spiritual conferences with the dead; but still there were no new manifestations by which we could take cognizance of the eternal state, and almost all the developments pertained to things of this life, which a slumbering memory had once hidden in dark recesses, never to be reawakened until at the final judgment, when the soul should pass a verdict upon the hidden things of darkness.

Uncle Sam had always dreaded a trying retribution. He would rather have given the widow thousands of

dollars than thus to have disturbed his peace. He never *did* believe in "spiritual knockings;" yet, now he had heard the rappings, what must be his conclusions? He had no scientific principles upon which to reconcile them; and as to the written page, he had entirely forgotten the old manuscripts upon which the widow based her artful disclosures. He, therefore, hailed with joy the footsteps of his daughter, and described to her the painful communication he had received. She tried to smooth his furrowed brow, and determined to effect a settlement with the widow Wilby, and send her and the enchanted table out from his presence; and having administered an anodyne, she left her father in a tolerably tranquil state.

But when the door closed, and the lamp burned dimly, and the storm still beat on in its fury, and the wind moaned even more loudly than before — when the house seemed to be shaken by the tempest, there was a wilder and more tumultuous struggle within Uncle Sam's breast, which warred against his peace.

The rapping of a distressed conscience *is* a reality. The manifestations of buried transgressions need no "medium" to assure us of their reawakened power. "The document" from his brother Richard, and the spiritual manifestations, told no new tale. They only seemed to anticipate the judgment which Uncle Sam had hoped to postpone till a more remote period. So he tossed in his bed, and tried to be calm; but other subjects would not

stay before him. Those harrowing thoughts were so fully developed, that they could not be charmed away by any substitutes.

The old man forgot his swollen and painful limb. He needed not the aid of another to assist him to rise. He was above all physical distress, so completely had the *mental* triumphed over the *bodily* weaknesses and infirmities. In a moment, he was in his easy chair by the fireside. We talk of an *easy* chair to such a disturbed conscience. How preposterous! There *can* be no ease in such frenzies of distraction. Uncle Sam thought of Daniel's vision, in that great Bible which had lain unopened so long upon yonder table. He had never read it much since his wife died. It was marked and scored in numerous places — traces of where her eyes had rested, and places which indicated the impressions they had left upon her. He turned to the book of Daniel. He felt himself a second Belshazzar. The hand writing on the wall, rightly interpreted, indicated the king's temporal downfall. The handwritings which had been addressed to him did not predict a fall from *earthly* power or possessions. His mortgages were good securities; his funds were well invested; his trade was never in a more flourishing condition; only *his soul was bankrupt.*

Now a man in this conscious condition takes no heed to comfortable chairs, nor a cheerful-looking fire. The one rankling within seems to be fed from all the fuel he looks

upon. The king's "drinking cups" rose before him; so it was manifest that the destructive agent was permitted to destroy all claims to royalty many centuries ago. It rose before him as an accursed thing. It sapped the foundation of all domestic peace; and he secretly wished old Nelly Twing could be recompensed in a worldly way for the hardhearted injustice he once did to her. But if *he* had not, would not *somebody else* have made her husband a drunkard, by supplying him with what his appetite craved? The bitter cold night rose before him, when he perished a victim to the fumes of alcohol which he had furnished; and old Nelly's piteous moans, that, after his death, her cows and her cottage might be spared to her only rent free, seemed to awaken a thrill which, at the time they were uttered, were unheeded. Her old, tattered garments, her maniacal appearance, her finger of scorn that always pointed to Uncle Sam as her destroyer, seemed to be quivering before him; and it was *eight and twenty years* since that finger moved. Uncle Sam reasoned: Had Nelly left any descendants whom he could benefit, and thus neutralize, by some good deeds, his former barbarities? There was a cousin Justin Twing; but he had aided *him* more recently to smuggle a small cargo of the liquid fire to burn up the good resolutions of the people in Sturbridge village, since the enactment of the law. *That* gave him no quietus now.

In vain he sought for any atoning propitiation by which

he could gloss over his iniquity. Then, worse than all, Judge Cramer rose before him — the dignified lawyer who used to adjust his accounts thirty years ago, and when the weariness of detail in the examination of heart-rending catalogues of ruined households used to be washed out of sight by the free use of the same poison which caused the destruction of those over whom he was drawing mortgages, or issuing writs of attachment, leaving what the law scantily provided as the woman's only unattachable property. Why did he dwell upon such by-gone transactions? He did not desire to do so. He did nothing but what was common, and accounted "reputable" *at the time.* He did not remember any thing about misgivings at that time. *Truly, why did* such thoughts come across him now?

And, further, the "spirit" spoke of Judge Cramer, when he became a *judge.* He looked bloated, and had a carbuncled face, and gouty limbs, and an "asthma," and a "stomach difficulty," which brandy only appeased. How many times had Uncle Sam put up the papers he was examining with him at midnight, and let him have a comfortable sleep before he went home to a heart-broken wife that till morning had watched for his footfall!

And when he took himself from the bench, "on account of *increasing infirmities,*" why did he always prefer to

sit in Uncle Sam's counting room to his own pleasant fireside? *What* made him seem more feeble when he went out than when he went in? And when he died — O, that swollen wreck of a man now rose before Uncle Sam. He sent for him the night before he died; and, in view of the awful tribunal of justice, he assumed his former manly conversation, and deplored his own downfall, and entreated his friend Beals to desist from furnishing the destructive element any longer; "for," said he, "we are becoming a nation of drunkards." And Uncle Sam promised; and to-night that old promise, all blurred over by thousands of tragic scenes since it was made, rose out of some crevice in his memory; and there it blazed before him as if it were uttered but yesterday.

This vision of the night was succeeded by a state of depression; so that when his daughter went to him in the morning, she found her father sitting before an exhausted fire, pale, and unwilling to be moved. Gently she parted his gray locks, and tender were the words of sympathy she uttered. She did not ask him the cause of his mental distress, nor *why* he sighed so piteously, nor why he wished her to address a note to Tims. She only knew a heartache caused a headache; and sometimes when you could make a bodily ailment out of a mental disquietude, and a physician is called, and attention is thus drawn to

the bodily infirmities, the mind is sometimes partially relieved; and this his daughter often tried, and found the experiment successful.

Dr. Anderson was therefore called to Uncle Sam.

Upon entering, the doctor remarked, "If all my patients were as hopefully attacked as yourself, how little anxiety I should have! You are only mentally sick, sir; and such an affection of the heart can always be cured if time is not chided too harshly for a delay. Cheer up, my good friend. Trade never looked better." Then, in a sort of waggish manner, he inquired, "What success in smuggling the article, nowadays?" The doctor then detailed the arrest of a man, and the seizure of the liquor he had concealed in a couple of *coffins*, which, he facetiously remarked, "he thought was somewhat ominous of the final burial of the trade." "Now," said he, "Mr. Beals, you have smiled; and you only need to repeat and rerepeat smiling, and the recipe will work well, and effect your cure." Dr. Anderson was a temperance man; and as Mr. Tims now came in, he left his patient better than when he first entered his apartment. The doctor knew Uncle Sam had fits of "the blues;" but alas! he did not know the causes which produced them.

Tims, as we have seen, was a nervous man. He had been through the ordeal of conviction; yet, strange to say, he was not converted; and now outwardly prosperous in worldly matters, and living constantly abroad, or

being intensely excited at home, he was putting off *his* melancholy retrospections until he had accumulated sufficient to live in ease, or, rather, until the days of tormenting reflections should press upon him. Uncle Sam did not fully unburden himself to him. He feared the consequences; so that a marked and striking policy was now clearly discernible in all his movements.

"Tims," proceeded the old man, "long before I knew you, I was engaged in the importation of liquors with one Captain Wilby. He was a strange man — got drunk, Tims; drank like a fish at last; shipped with a noisy, profligate crew, but somehow for years weathered the breakers, until he finally made his last voyage, wrecked the vessel, lost his life, and a part of the crew with himself; and those who were saved affirm those who were lost went down in a beastly state of intoxication. Tims, I despise a drunkard. I always told you so. I never saw why a man need to be more than slightly exhilarated; but the 'cusses' will keep on until they become shameful, bloated wretches; and this happened to my old friend Wilby. After the wreck, I had a lawsuit to recover the insurance, but finally got every copper, settled with the widow, and got a full discharge. Perhaps there *might be something over unaccounted for;* but I never expected to hear from it again, when, behold, his widow appeared bodily before me, to demand, with interest, what is long since outlawed. Tims, do you believe in these

devilish mysterious knockings? The widow Wilby is a 'medium,' and from that dumb table as distinct rappings have been heard as ever you gave with your knuckles upon any hard substance; and the widow sat full two yards off when they first occurred. Tims, I don't like this being brought up to judgment before one is dead. It harrows my very soul. It unmans me; and I want nothing to do with the infernal agents that produce such results. So I give you leave to draw *two thousand dollars* from our bank, and pass the same over to the widow as a present from me. In the mean time, I will speak to my daughter. My house shall be cleared of the witch, and that old table shall be sent after her; for I never wish to see it dancing round my room again."

Tims could not here suppress a hearty laugh as he saw how completely Uncle Sam had fallen a prey to spiritual manifestations; but he did not see the writing, nor did he know the cause of the harrowing of his conscience, which was anterior to all spiritual rappings. So he promised to do as his patron requested; and having discussed the intense excitement upon the *passage of the law*, and the determination to carry into effect its stringent provisions, by seizures of every article that was thought to contain it, strange as it may appear, Uncle Sam became so nettled with the friends of the law, that his conscience was again scared; and indulging

in those old antipathies, and being of a resolute, determined spirit still, he rose from his seat, and loudly exclaimed, "Fight them, Tims. I have money. Money *is* power. I will not be cowardly. The trade shall have one powerful advocate. Public opinion is in our favor; and go ahead, Tims. I may yet walk into the presence of some of the secret committee before night. Tims, I am an old man; but the fire has not yet all died within me."

And was this the conscience-stricken, infirm old man who ordered his daughter to summon Mr. Tims before him that morning? Are we thus traitors to our secret, pungent convictions? Can we become thus seared, after being so tenderly impressed? O man, what art thou? Truly, it is a greater problem to interpret Uncle Sam than any "spiritual rappings."

After Mr. Tims's withdrawal, the loving daughter was again by the side of her father. She noticed there was a flashing of his eye, a sort of tremulousness in his voice; and with words of gentleness and winning love she calmed his manner, and prepared a nutritive cordial, which, with the aid of a tranquil sleep, so composed his nervous system, that she was obliged to remonstrate against his leaving the house, to engage in those agitating discussions which were now going on in our legislative body.

The widow Wilby never again appeared in Uncle

Sam's presence, being fully satisfied with the result of her rappings, it being the first and only time she could calculate upon receiving two thousand dollars and an enchanted table for a single sitting. We never again heard of her as a medium.

CHAPTER XII.

The Office Seeker's Letter. — A Peep within his Office. — His Courtship. — The Church and its Members in the Suburbs. — The Temperance Question considered.

EARLY the next morning, the postman delivered the following letter, addressed to Samuel Beals, Esq. It was postmarked "Washington;" so there could be no doubt from whom it came. Let us examine into its contents.

WASHINGTON, ——— —, ——.

ESTEEMED FRIENDS: I feel compelled to address you, and hope you will forgive my past silence, and not criminate or ridicule the promptings of a dire necessity which now obliges me to unburden myself, and try the effect which may thus accrue to a full and bursting heart. Have you heard from *Rosa?* I have addressed to her four letters since I have received any answer. I then desired Squire Johns, the postmaster, to tell me if she were in the town. An answer was returned by the next mail that "she was at meeting the last Sabbath, and almost every day was seen *riding with a young sprig of the law* who was studying in Coney's office." He rallies me most unfeelingly upon "my alliance to a little co-

quette," and speaks of the disparity in our *ages*, which accounts for a diversity of tastes. This letter has led me to reconsider the steps I have taken. I know I am unworthy her attachment, and that the old adage is true as ever it was, that, "before securing the bird, one should buy the cage." I have never been able to accumulate much beyond the demands made upon me; yet I am still vigorous, and willing to labor, provided Rosa proves true, and yet promises to become my companion for future time. I know not how nor why I am thus desperately in love; yet my peace of mind is entirely involved in the affair; and knowing as I do, sir, that yourself and daughter hold an almost absolute sway over Rosa's thoughts and purposes, I am induced to make this appeal in my behalf, that you may persuade her that I shall be incapacitated for any manly action if she turns upon me a cold shoulder. Miss Eunice, shall I plead in vain?

The present office I hold here is good for nothing, and the idea of future promotion is all an illusion. I have not been able to more than half meet my current expenses, and appear as a gentleman. Life in Washington, to an office seeker, *is* a serious affair. In the hotel where I board, there are herds of men — ay, and women, too — who are here still *living on hope*. The landlord told me of a gentleman and his wife, one child, and servant, who have occupied some of his most eligible rooms for the last six weeks; and upon presenting his bill, he

begged for an extension, saying, "so fair were his prospects, that he could safely calculate on the issue." Yesterday another was confirmed in the place he has so anxiously sought. Hundreds, from all parts of the Union, are here, living upon political air, unable to defray their board bills, yet so fascinated and deluded by personal friends, who generally admit to them that their claims are fair and their expectations justifiable, that it makes one sick at heart to see such cold, hypocritical feeling. A thin man, who has twitched his facial nerves into a most unprepossessing appearance, was just now talking with a member with whom he had a former acquaintance. I think he said they were classmates in a southern college. That friend pointed me to the nervous man, and said he, "If that fellow would consent to become a negro driver, his claims to be fed and clothed would be acknowledged by his employers; while *here* he may expend his last dollar, and return, at last, bankrupt in purse, and hope and health, even."

Thus much can an office seeker depend on *personal friendship*, when backed by the best of credentials. This is a dark picture; but there is little to relieve it. So I am not the only one who has been cajoled. As I have been thus explicit, I will venture on your clemency while I tax you with a recital of my personal pecuniary need. I am in debt here to the amount of three hundred and seventy-five dollars, which I *cannot* pay. My board has

been only fifteen dollars per week, the lowest rate at which a fair aspirant for office would wish to live. My tailor's bill is a good deal increased by a constant attendance upon "levees," where kid gloves and white satin vests are universally in vogue. Mr. Beals, may I count upon your disbursing to me the sum above named? and, in return, you shall have my professional aid in *defending offenders.*

The liquor law must always be a dead letter here, let it operate as it may in the New England States. Brandy is here bought by the pipe, and wine by the cask, while old brands, of the vintage of '28 and '32, sell at enormous rates by the bottle. In the most aristocratic circles, the mention of *the law* causes a general expression of *contempt.* I have spoken to my landlord of your choice importations, and have secured an order for a large amount, which I enclose in this letter.

Remember, Miss E., that I look to you for my success in matters of the affections, the greatest trial which now, I fear, overshadows me.

Hoping to receive an answer as soon as possible, I remain truly your friend,

J. SIMS.

As Mr. Beals and his daughter read the above letter, the most varied expression might be seen depicted upon their countenances. In the first place, was John Sims

such a fool as to imagine, with such prospects as he depicted, the calm judgment and good sense of Miss Eunice would seek to draw into the meshes of love and matrimony her young cousin, without fortune, affection, or even the prospect of a competence? Did they not both feel (that is, the father and daughter) that when all these essential qualifications were held in profusion, it was still a very questionable matter whether true friends should sanction such an alliance? Here was an old bachelor, of the genuine stamp of "odd fellows." He had never accumulated more than he expended; and if at fifty-two years of age he was a bankrupt, what sort of an appellation could be applied to him, seeking as he did the additional drawback of a young wife who had been brought up as a petted, only daughter? Surely, the man was demented. It could not be love that led him into this frenzied state: it must be unqualified *madness.* Miss Eunice resolved upon this head to answer him most explicitly.

As to the folly of *office seeking*, she was only required to write according to her father's dictation. The perverted taste which again led Sims to seek political preferment, to the neglect of his professional duties, was discussed in a common-sense manner; and the gentleman in question could not but feel chagrined when he read the conclusive arguments addressed to him, "to once more return to his law practice." But that "*order*," how it modified Uncle

Sam's first determination! That offer "to defend the violators of the law," how it operated upon his generous instincts! and, strange as it may appear, Uncle Sam gave Sims leave to draw on him for the sum of *three hundred dollars*, which enabled the gentleman to return home and visit his lady love upon the route, and, on his return, to openly avow his "engagement."

Sims's old office had been closed nearly four months. It was filled with cobwebs and dusty files of paper. Miss Eunice volunteered the services of one of her faithful domestics to clear away the rubbish. She went herself, during the day, to oversee the work; and Squire Sims begged her to rummage a bureau drawer for a note of hand which a client was waiting to receive, and which was overlaid amidst a confused heap of papers. The peculiarities of the bachelor she thus found exposed to her gaze. In the farther end of said drawer lay a dingy roll of parchment. It was "the family record;" and according to dates there furnished, John Sims was in his *fifty-eighth year*. An old "diploma," much weather stained, tied with a faded blue ribbon, was a carefully preserved relic. An antique box lay beside it, inscribed, in almost illegible letters, "From Antoinette M. Obit January 8th, 1815." A finger ring, once some lady's precious bestowal; an unknown history of buried love in a small casket, whereon was inscribed the word "Ashes;" sundry locks of hair "known only to the keeper;" small billet-

doux, of ancient date; a little, finely-printed Bible, "presented to John, by his mother, on leaving home, 1806;" lots of rubbish, hurried into the receptacle to be safely kept, made up the remaining contents. Torn and worn coats, shirts buttonless, stockings undarned, boots unmended, slippers that had lost companionship, and old hats and leather caps graced the closet where Dinah was scrubbing, "in a very dirty place for a gentleman's office, mistress."

Miss Eunice sighed over such a compound of oddity and age, of second childishness and ancient loves, as were doubtfully indicated by those yellow papers. She pitied a man who wasted his prime in building air castles — who had outlived his early companions, every one of whom had dropped by the way, and asked herself, Is this the fate of *all bachelors?* But the missing note being discovered, Miss Beals returned to her home, where she found Mrs. Tims conversing with her father upon some of the news which "Madam Godfrey" had disclosed.

The many munificent gifts which Uncle Sam had bestowed on her husband; the present of the "house lot" and watch, as we have before stated; and the services of many of the workmen which he had requited, added to another gold watch which was bestowed, on last new year's day, to their oldest son, and a set of mathematical instruments to the youngest, — all these were so gratefully received, that Mrs. Tims could not but forgive Uncle Sam

for overcoming her husband's prejudices against engaging in his present traffic; and somehow, gratitude being akin to love, she had learned herself to regard the business in a far *less criminal light* than formerly.

They were now fast attaining to an independence in moneyed interests. Mrs. Tims had taken a new position in society; and what once struck her as wearing a false gloss and a sinful aspect gradually lost its heinousness; and as she was enabled to do a great deal more good by the power which her wealth conferred, *the traffic in ardent spirits did not appear so very wicked, after all.*

She hoped, too, she had made no compromises with her conscience by assuming a new style of splendor, and giving occasional festive entertainments, where liquor was freely dispensed to her guests. *The most "conscientious and genteel" people did so.* The dinner party of last week was rather a noisy affair towards its close, to be sure; and when her husband helped Major Trumbull into his carriage, and he crossed his legs strangely as he walked, and Commodore Betts let the decanter drop because his strength seemed failing, she hoped there would be no duplicate occasion when she should again witness what she had seen; and if so, she could overlook *that* scene.

Mrs. Tims was a reputed *pious* woman. She never failed being present at church meetings, and had lately doubled her subscription to "home missions," without

abating her zeal a whit in behalf of "the heathen." Nobody had ever spoken to her of any worldly encroachments which perverted her taste or judgment. They always thanked God that wealth flowed in to "brother and sister Tims," because the ability and power to do good were so seldom commingled. Their pastor, too, was a keen, eagle-eyed man, who always reproved professors for any known derelictions of duty; yet he never failed to ask brother T. "how his trade prospered," and always spoke of the friends of the law as being "decidedly ahead of popular opinion." No one deplored the revolting aspects of tippling shops more than this reverend gentleman. To ease his conscience, he had preached a sermon lately upon the causes of pauperism, and clearly traced the greater part of the misery brought upon indigent families to frequenting the dram shops; yet to his wealthy parishioners who purchased by the butt, quarter casks, and at auctions after the decease of those whose cellars were filled with bottles "labelled and cobwebbed" time out of mind, there were no reprovals. Only "those low, filthy dregs of society, to whom we were called to administer our charities," fell into the reproach. This was the full extent to which public opinion could at present be carried.

We think Deacon Bolt expressed the sentiments of his pastor when he made the following confession in a church meeting: —

"Brethren and sisters," remarked he, with a tremendous hem, "I have been engaged in the liquor trade, and have renounced it for conscience' sake. Still, every body may not see the evil effects resulting from the traffic as I do. Therefore I *criminate no man.* To his own Master he must either stand or fall."

"True, brother," faintly articulated the clergyman in the desk. "Go on, brother Bolt."

"Well, as I just remarked, I criminate no man; and I ask no body of men to make restraining laws for me. I got disquieted about the business, and having a lucrative position offered me, concluded I would avail myself of it. I am, however, as much a friend to temperance as any other man. This is all I have to offer. I'm not used to much speaking, as all my brothers and sisters about me know. I only wished to bear my *feeble* testimony for the good of the cause."

"Thank you, brother," again ejaculated the reverend gentleman.

Deacon Bolt was never in such high estimation with the red-eyed members of the church before. We might make a pun out of their solemn remarks which led them to acknowledge they were most *favorably impressed with his spirit.* Too many had often been powerfully impressed with the *strength* of his liquors for some years past.

The hardest case of all, however, in this church, was

that of Coleman, the retired distiller. His conscience had recently become powerfully aroused upon the subject of holding property which depended on the trade by which his best dividends were made; for he was still largely an owner in the distillery at Fair Creek. The old man, for once, had resolved "to free his mind," although his body was not upon the anxious seat. There was an effort, evidently, to suppress his speech; but, after being repeatedly put down, he begged the privilege of saying a few words, premising they should be "right to the p'int."

"Brethren and sisters," said he, "I have long been troubled about the holding of property connected with the liquor trade. As we get enlightened, some things don't look to us as they used to. I remember the very first thoughts which made me oneasy. When we had the great mechanics' fair, where every thing that a man worked in and upon was solicited to be put up for a show, the thought struck me it would be a good notion to fill some clear glass bottles with specimens of different articles I had manufactured. I had specimens of gin, whiskey, and New England a leetle touch above all I had ever made. Well, I bottled 'em, and labelled 'em, and carried 'em to be put in the fair. The man who received the articles, howsomdever, took me one side after I told him my arrant, and says he, 'Squire, I don't doubt but your specimens are very fine; but it won't do to exhibit them. Never,' said he, 'was there a *drop of liquor exhibited at any fair.*

Why, the temperance contributors would remove every article they have inserted, should we introduce your specimens.'

"Now, I thought if this was raly such a dark business, I would quit it; and I did so, as you all know. And latterly I've been thinking about the right of investing my money in this distillery, to have it still carried on. If I'm ashamed to use my influence by giving my name, hadn't I oughter be ashamed to put my property in sich traffic? Brethren and sisters, I desire to do the right thing; and I ask your opinions and prayers upon this head."

There was a dead pause. Some fans, however, fluttered briskly, some men hemmed powerfully, and some glances were exchanged which comprehended a great deal. Finally, the reverend pastor, with outstretched arms, solemnly said, "Brethren, let us pray." So Squire Coleman was left as to his "unenlightened duty," not mentioned in the prayer, and branded as "terribly superannuated." But did not the old man bring out an idea which we may not have thought about? Why, if all arts and trades *are* represented in these industrial exhibitions, why have not the improvements in the *liquor trade a place?*

No one who is engaged in the traffic answers the question; and the old Squire made the right inference when he told about its being *dark business;* for every nook and

cranny of these exhibitions are accessible to light and inspection.

In the same church was Deacon Thrale, an extensive wine merchant, in "regular standing," yet unable, through infirmity, to carry about the vessels from the altar; and there the puffy Mr. Archer, another retired distiller, and Mr. Coney and Mr. Blaze, all in the traffic; yet they "were all, all honorable men." From these citadels the enemy derives his strength; and until we force home the conviction that souls thus perilled must eventually become shipwrecked in *high* as well as *low places*, we confess our present hope flags; yet we will not become disheartened. The *right* is never a dangerous position to occupy, neither is it a sandy foundation, which can be entirely washed away. We get impatient for *results*, forgetting, sometimes, the magnitude of the triumph we seek to achieve — unmindful, in our zeal, that this great blot upon humanity has extended to all quarters of our globe, and paralyzed talent, energy, and improvement; that it darkens all history; that conquerors of armies have *themselves* become thus conquered; and that even Alexander the Great, who sighed that he had no more conquests to make, himself died from the want of self-control.

Now, while such a demon has stalked over all countries, in all ages, and when we reflect, too, upon the fascinating spell with which he encircles his victims, and the

mighty force of habit; the ministry it offers to promote wealth; the allurements it furnishes to social festivity, while it conceals its deadly poison; the temporary strength it imparts to some sinking spirits, although followed by a proportionate exhaustion; the anodyne it gives to a distressed conscience by its inebriating forgetfulness; the stimulus to desperation which it emboldens or creates; the stupefying tendencies which blunt our moral perceptions, added to its *easy procurement*,—I say, when, in dark days of hope deferred, we look upon *the law* which has so few open advocates and so many violent and talented opponents, *we do feel* as if our only trust lies in the *rebuke of Heaven*, which, in a way we know not, will yet clearly open before us a brighter vision; and so we hope for poor, bloated humanity still.

CHAPTER XIII.

Uncle Sam's Dread of the Anti-Liquor Law. — A Plea for Humanity. — Selections from the old Furniture before removing to the Palace. — The Opening of the Palace. — The Wedding, &c.

"THAT stringent law" which Uncle Sam constantly affirmed "did not trouble him a jot," yet strangely occupied his conversation! He often sent out for his friend, Judge Smallgrace, to talk with him about the prospect of amendment and repeal — "whether, as it now existed, it were strictly constitutional; and if not amended or repealed, what would be its results." The judge always had one ground of argument, which alone seemed to satisfy Uncle Sam, and that was, "*until public opinion is changed, the law will be comparatively ineffectual.*" But there was one other dark shade in the picture, which Uncle Sam clearly saw; and *that* was, that public opinion *was* and *is* changing. He carefully read the action of our sister states upon the subject, and with deep regret lamented over his native state, Vermont, which had so unflinchingly declared herself ready to abide by the most stringent enactments. He knew well that such an awakened spirit would spread. He read in the public journals

of the workings of the "Maine law;" he had accounts from all quarters of the check to pauperism which was thus induced; and if he had not so seared his humanity, he could not but have rejoiced that our degradation was in a fair way to be alleviated, if like efforts were only permitted to exist among *us*.

It would have been an enigma to Uncle Sam himself to have interpreted his own conduct. He was a professedly law and order loving citizen; he deprecated heavy taxation; he was always troubled if a reckless, profligate tenant occupied one of his dwellings; and he could count over his landed property, besides his wharf and store rents, not to mention his dividends from distilling establishments, and his extensive mortgaged property; so that the desire to accumulate still farther must have been a miserly propensity, which long habit had induced.

Besides, he was an old man. We will admit that his early gains were when the traffic was considered "respectable," and reputable men engaged in it, never questioning about "moral responsibilities;" but *now* there seemed a demand for another course of action. Men of indomitable energy solicited the influence of those who *kindled the fire*, and begged of them to smother its rage, now that they were awakened by witnessing its heavy devastations; and *why* did such as Uncle Sam refuse their aid to benefit them by practice and precept? Did he really believe it was so unjust thus to prohibit the sale

of liquor? or did he maintain a deadly hatred to those who advocated doing so? Was he fearful for the many whom he had influenced to continue in it, that, by breaking in upon their business, he should fail to secure all his outstanding debts? Could he not afford to sacrifice a little, when others had done so much? And, more than all, was he not anxious to leave his name upon record as having aided one of the most philanthropic enterprises of our day — which helped to rebuild men who had shipwrecked their property, wasted their intellects, and ruined their families, not to speak of that infinitely more momentous topic, namely, who had perilled their souls?

He, too, was on the verge of a day of retribution, when the purity of motives and a sel-sacrificing spirit would be the chief grounds of satisfaction. And did such a one expect that then the specious arguments of *popular opinion* would avail him? The vast possessions he had acquired must be left, while the unheeded cries of humanity would be reëchoed in the future world; and did he not know that among those excluded from the kingdom, the catalogue had enumerated "*the drunkard*"? How did he expect to answer to his dread account? Plainly, he was cheated by the influences about him. He yielded to the sophistry which looked only at present accumulation — that most shallow hope, which affords no satisfaction beyond a few brief hours of misnamed enjoyment. And there was that *fire*

of revenge which he could not bear to extinguish; that *love of power* over which no portion of his fellow-men should gain their control; that resolve not to surrender, because he would not be manly enough to confess to an enlightened conscience; and that mean, cowardly spirit which dares not brave the sneers of misjudging friends, lest they should be branded as "apostates," or followers of a new party, whose aims seemed always misapprehended, or placed upon sinister ground. We would not here conceal the fact that party purposes and political zeal have all conspired to retard the glorious work; but as all workmen are frail, and many will throw over themselves any cloak wherewith to serve a purpose, or accomplish an end, so our antagonists herald their deserts by making the few odious to the many.

But our contention should not be with *men*. It ought to be with *principles;* and just so far as we lose sight of this as our fundamental basis, we must expect *popular opinion* will continually throw its missiles at our work. In no cause do we need more brave, self-denying, unflinching advocates than in the present position of the temperance question.

Methinks, could the heavy wail of misery which is every day wrung from hearts who in various ways are connected with the disastrous consequences of intemperance but be concentrated in *one groan*, it would reverberate with such deafening force, that all who were startled

by the heavy peal would never again question the necessity of a law which strikes at the extermination of the evil. Like Sinai's thunder, the affrighted people would be awed by this convulsive throe from the heart of humanity, and we should need no other plea to drive the enemy from his established citadel.

But alas! we have too many *Uncle Sams*, who are but personifications of the evils with which we must longer contend. The work is such a mighty one, that we must be content if *we* but lay the corner stone in our generation upon which the great temple of emancipated freedom shall be built. If a single star is permitted to stud our diadem of glory, may it be from the constellation "Temperance." For when we have taught the race that to be men this blot must be washed out from our social, political, moral, and military glory, we would cheerfully retire from the contest, humbly thanking Heaven that we were permitted to be soldiers who fought for the rights that would redeem them from the direst chapter of slavery, without a claim to be pensioners, only as the plea of Mercy shall sweetly whisper, "He that converteth a soul from the error of his ways shall save his soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins." Our recompense should always consist in right doing, and its attendant consciousness.

But here we are again forced to look upon Uncle Sam

as contending with his half-awakened conscience, public opinion, and the law — with the infirmities of age, and the prospect of being obliged to surrender his claims as an active merchant and a silent partner in the firm of Tims, Budd, & Co. His palace is nearly completed; and he is now busily engaged in preparing to enter it. There is to be a public auction at his city residence; for his daughter is fitting her new home in a style suited to its magnificence, her father's wealth, and her own marriage portion.

Uncle Sam accedes to all her propositions as sensible and sound; yet he finds himself so attached to the inanimate objects upon which his eyes have so long rested, that, like his traffic, he hates to relinquish his hold. He is now busily engaged in selecting what he will retain, and with what he is willing to dispense. Now comes up the force of association. Old mahogany furniture, which a fashionable taste is about reviving, enables his daughter to decide upon keeping many things which a short time ago would have been sacrificed by the quick stroke of the auctioneer's hammer; yet there is a collection from an old housekeeper's inventory which modern improvements have discarded; and were it not that there are those who are unable to purchase the *modern*, we fear the *cast-off furniture* would be itemized at a low rate.

The old gentleman, however, resolves upon furnishing one room in his palace with his old effects. He cannot part with that Turkey carpet upon his bed chamber. What if

it have no set figures, but seems woven only with reference to texture and indelible coloring? It is downy and grateful to his weary feet. It is time hallowed, as his wife's own purchase. And those large, leather-bottomed chairs, with not a brass-headed nail out of its regular order, but still glittering as when new — how can he part with those comfortable seats for a set of modern, straight-backed, red plush ones, which a single glass of wine from his tremulous hand may change from a bright red to a dingy yellow, just as the draught may change the bright current in which, perchance, his thoughts were flowing?

And there is that antique desk, which opens at the top, and its supporters are drawn out from the sides. Upon *that leaf* how many accounts he has adjusted! and then those secret drawers; and how many deeds and mortgages that long drawer has contained! how many notes of hand and unredeemed old bank notes now lie unlooked upon and worthless in this enclosure! Then there is the central apartment, "a lock up within a lock up," where the silver dollars used to be deposited in "war times," together with some doubloons and yellow-colored eagles, upon which Mrs. Beals used to look as her ground of security. Let come what might, no embargo would make this coin worthless. O, this was a dear old friend. He could not think of sacrificing the desk for that splendid secretary, with its glossy finish and commodious apartments. What if the drawers to the new article were

lined with cedar or camphor wood? The old ones, lined with cherry, had a greater value to Uncle Sam, although they were "shoal," and in his shutting, with sundry jerks, always rumpled his shirt collars, much to his laundress's displeasure, who affirmed "she had no credit for smoothing irons."

And there was the high-post bedstead, with its faded patch curtains, made to exclude air, and make one's sleep almost a death such as it prefigured; yet there they had hung, and, drawn at full corners, had Uncle Sam slept. What cared he for low, "Frenchified" receptacles, scarcely elevated above a ground worm, with the gaudy drapery drawn from the wall through the loophole of a fancifully devised ring? The old bedstead must be reserved.

And there, in yonder corner, stood the ponderous easy chair. We have no account that it moved by the *widow Wilby's spiritual rappings*. It was a highly-esteemed relic of by-gone days. The chair in which the family always sat when recovering from diseases; where many, too, in health often reclined for an afternoon nap; where the children were often deposited when babies, with their mother in the foreground, attempting to eke out a bad day's work by sewing a little while they slept. Why, this chair was worth a dozen of your modern flour barrels, scooped out so as to wedge in a spare man, and either burst in the sides of a fat one, or burst out its own slender cooperage.

But Uncle Sam cared not a groat for the faded drapery curtains which for years had hung at his windows, nor yet for the drawing-room furniture, which had been essentially modernized since his marriage; but when they displayed the contents of the china closet, he eagerly clutched the "two punch bowls" — one with variegated figures on glass, and the other a ponderous China one, which was a part of his wife's portion. The old tankards, too, he would not consent should be transformed into modern silver teapots. He had rather his daughter should purchase a set of silver suited to her own taste. Some of the pictures, too, — such as General Washington at full length, somewhat smoked by age, and the surrender of Burgoyne, or "Bugwine," as he pronounced it, for every thing seemed to savor of the traffic, — he ordered packed among the reserved list. Yet formidable as were all these collected articles, the contents of the *wine cellar* far exceeded all other things. It was remarked by an opposite neighbor, that a whole week was occupied in assorting and trucking the articles from their own storehouse to the palace; and yet at the auction the sale of old wines exceeded more in amount than the whole furniture.

The auction day was a bright one, and a large gathering assembled. Uncle Sam was conspicuous in the crowd, being somewhat lamer than usual, from his recent exertion to place things in the most advantageous

light. He was, however, constantly annoyed by rude bystanders, who remarked, "People hadn't oughter bid on the old millionnaire's property. It's no matter if it don't bring a cent," and such like coarse, vulgar expressions, as often came from men whose breath evinced they were favorably impressed with his *business*, if not his *furniture*. But boarding-house landladies found here a rich lot from which to replenish; and, ever after, it would be undoubtedly transmitted that their venison blazers, and whaffle irons, and old Canton china came from "Beals's auction;" and many an old, bandaged, gouty, tremulous soaker who boarded with them could recall what a substantial old man Beals, the liquor merchant, was, how much spirit he imported, how many home distilleries he owned, and what "an awful sight of money he made in the traffic;" for such people are wonderfully posted on *such* matters.

Besides, there was always a set of comical anecdotes told, to illustrate Uncle Sam's peculiarities. It was said he always treated his customers from a different cask from the one he sold them, it being a more *mellow* brand; and if, perchance, the customers sometimes inquired, when they drew the contents from their pipes in their own cellars, whether there was not some mistake in those furnished them, Uncle Sam always told them that the purity of a certain spring of water, which flowed upon his premises, so corrected the taste, that he did not wonder at their

inquiry. And yet going into his store, one day, unexpectedly, he found Budd, his clerk, treating some of his best customers from the wrong quarter cask. He was heard to reprove him, as soon as they left, in no very gentle terms, adding, "You young scamp, don't you know better, after your long apprenticeship, than to treat from the cask you sell. *This*," said he, pointing to a quarter cask, "is the one to treat from: *that* is to sell from," at the same time venting his indignation upon the latter cask by a severe blow with his cane, which happening to hit a proof glass, broke it in a thousand pieces.

Uncle Sam and his daughter had not yet removed from the city, but temporarily resided at one of our first-class hotels, where their board was undoubtedly paid in advance; for it was a tremendous labor to arrange the palace and prepare for the wedding; and as it is so tiresome to narrate the process, we prefer to introduce our readers at once to its gorgeous and fascinating splendor.

Do you see that illuminated observatory, full a mile in the distance? Do you notice how many carriages are hurrying along towards it? And there is a loud whistle from an extra train of cars. Truly, they are all going to Uncle Sam's "housewarming," and his daughter's wedding. The walk leading from the station to the palace is arched, and covered with an awning, so as to be more impervious to wind and water should it chance it to be a rainy

evening; for, as one of the wags remarked, "Uncle Sam plainly shows he has a prejudice to cold water still."

Truly a motley gathering is to be seen at the palace; for the invitations were extensively given, and almost universally accepted. Decrepit old men, who had not been out by moonlight for years, were in the party. Old, retired merchants, who had sat in their corners because they were "stiff and rheumatizy," and their wives, who wore respirators in clear weather, and had not attended an evening meeting, nor been to church of an afternoon, since they could remember, resolved on making "an effort;" for they calculated their eyes would rest upon a magnificent spectacle. Of course, there were groups and groups of the white kid gentry — of young merchants and professional gentlemen, of Mr. Blair's acquaintance; and, as one remarked, Miss Beals knew every body, and was so popular, that all her friends would fain attend her levee. On the whole, the village never saw such a gathering before. House servants esteemed it a particular favor to stand any where outside, content to look only upon the illuminated arched walk; and little boys and girls stood around the area in front of the dwelling, to gaze at the strange novelty. But to the invited guests the scene opened rich. The palace was fully illuminated, and ready for the inspection of all. The works of the best artisans in the country were here displayed; and some almost anticipated the splendor of the Crystal Palace,

which, though varying in degree, could not exceed in *effect* the beauty which was thus circumscribed.

The drawing rooms were so tastefully, yet so lightly and gracefully, furnished, that the fair possessor had no need to be extolled. There was no superabundance of fancy articles, such as modern parlors too often exhibit, which remind one of a showy "variety store," where every thing is placed so it shall glitter most, but a judicious selection, so that every article had a *use* as well as exquisite beauty.

Uncle Sam stood at the entrance of the drawing rooms, with his bandaged leg in the threshold of the large hall which ran along this wing of the building, ready to receive all his friends with a hearty grasp; and teetotallers and genteel drinkers here freely mingled. The marriage ceremony being the principal feature of the evening, all eyes in the spacious drawing rooms were turned towards the entrance door of the bride and bridegroom. The two clergymen seemed to be waiting for their approach; for an invitation had been extended to both the village and the city ministers. There was soon an extra rustling, and preceded by groomsmen and bridemaids came the happy pair. Squire John Sims and Rosa Beals stood nearest the couple about to be made one, and Mr. Blair's brother and sister ranged next.

The bride was attired in the plainest, yet most perfect bridal dress — a white muslin frock; and the most ex-

quisite moss rose bud and orange blossoms rested upon as finely a chiselled neck as nature ever gave. She was a neat, tasteful bride, with no display of ornaments. Nothing but a diamond broach, which held the simple nosegay, appeared about her person; and with that sweet expression of countenance, which always made her so attractive that she was pronounced beautiful, there seemed superadded a thoughtful, dignified demeanor, which attracted every one's gaze. The bridegroom needs no description, as well-formed, good-looking gentlemen always wear, for full dress, rich black broadcloth, and white vests, and kids to match.

We will only remark, therefore, in passing, that Squire Sims's party dress at Washington came into good service on this occasion; and Rosa Beals put on her cousin's ornaments, and equipped herself in jewelry enough for a show case in a manufacturer's window. And then she was so full of sport, why, she could hardly contain herself during the solemn ceremony; and certainly no reflective mind is ever disposed to be light hearted and merry while the seal is being set to so momentous a transaction. It is to be feared, in some circles, however, that the light esteem in which marriage is coming to be held will not be propitious to future enjoyment. Marrying merely to escape from wholesome parental bondage, that two light and inexperienced hearts and giddy heads may indulge in frivolous pleasures unrestrained, or that one may be

merely the toy, like a waxen doll, upon which embellishments may be lavished, or, worse than all, to marry to secure "an establishment" from the hands of a rich father, without any business qualifications or mental resources at command — this is *what?* Is it not one of the follies of the age? Pardon the digression; for while we have been looking at this feature of our times, the words "man and wife" have been pronounced, and the servants are in all directions offering cake to the guests. Wine is not excluded from the ceremonial accompaniments; yet we do not hear of it again at the magnificent supper table. But there is a "popping sound" in Uncle Sam's private apartment, where his particular friends seem very much disposed to enter.

Uncle Sam had exhibited so remarkable a trait in his character, that we will make mention of it for the benefit of future occasions. He considered Mr. Blair's position, and knew his abhorrence to liquor in any and every form. Blair had always acted the gentleman towards him — not by any sort of compromise or disclosure of his sentiments, but by never obtruding them when he knew they would only be provocatives to anger; and this course had commanded Uncle Sam's respect; so that, from purely courteous feelings, he withdrew every sort of liquor from the feast table, although the private room gave evidence he still maintained his large hospitality to his own party. Indeed, the old man had a merrymaking in his room;

cards were introduced; games, such as gentleman play at "club houses," followed, and ill luck here, as there, was washed down by *particular brands;* so that the meeting was prolonged till a late sitting; for the extra train was ordered long after midnight.

The other guests were merry as waltzing, plays of every variety, and leaders of games could make them, Rosa Beals being the most coquettish, roguish little hoiden among the party, and Sims, as usual, was looked upon as some relative who filled the gap of a delinquent, who, for unknown reasons, was missing. We ought here to mention that her mother, the widow Richard Beals, and two of her sons were present, and conversed steadily with Sims, while his eyes were jealously turned towards Rosa and the young gentleman whose attention she so continually attracted.

Having a moment to spare, we will just take a peep into Uncle Sam's apartment. It is full. The old man, however, holds an empty glass in his hand; and, as true as life, he is carrying on a discussion in the midst of all this revelry with Judge Barnes upon the "*extended license question.*" His ruling thought must have vent; yet he is not likely to be much enlightened, as the subject has no sort of interest to the judge, and only through courtesy does he lend a listening ear.

But all festive scenes have an end; and well it is if

the retrospect can be satisfactorily surveyed, and afford us as much pleasure as did the anticipation. The last train of cars has departed; the last carriage is waiting to take home the guests. It is a still night without, and seems in strange contrast with many of the excited guests who have so lately been surrounded by that everlasting buzz which the clatter of tongues occasions. The Babel confusion has ceased; and the few hours preceding the dawn of another day, we fancy, will not give repose to many sound sleepers.

CHAPTER XIV.

Life in the Palace. — Uncle Sam's Weariness and Restlessness. — Another Disaffection and Secession in the Church. — Parson Grazewell encouraged by Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam was a man who could never bear to feel that his influence was abridged; and as Mr. and Mrs. Blair well knew his temperament, they were perfectly willing to accede to his proposal that he should still act as the master of the palace, as well as assert his proprietorship while he lived. A change of place is generally quite enough for an aged person to survive. A change of objects, of associations, and, as it were, a new life, is often detrimental not only to the happiness of such, but it is seldom promotive of longevity.

Mr. Blair, therefore, early began to enact the part of a model son-in-law. He never evinced a dictatorial spirit, nor called in question the absolute sway which his father-in-law maintained. He was inflexible, however, in the advocacy of his own principles; and on no account would he compromise them, neither would he officiously obtrude them, as is sometimes the case with inexperienced young men, when they feel that they have secured an enviable position. Probably the reason why so much domestic felicity is abridged can be traced to the inharmonious action

of *sons-in-law* and *daughters-in-law*, who are too often regarded with jealous distrust; and feeling the position in which they stand, a kind of independence or turbulence of spirit is often manifested, which spreads discord in all the family.

It was beautiful to witness how this young couple resolved to steer clear of such breakers. If the old gentleman desired Mr. Blair to drive him into the city, he generally made it convenient to do so. If he oddly preferred that his man should drive him, why, Mr. Blair took the cars with equally pleasant feelings. If a variety of errands were intrusted to him, they were always performed with alacrity and good will — not *forgotten*, as we sometimes find the requests of old people, thinking to-morrow will do as well; for age, like childhood, is impetuous, and desirous of immediate gratification.

Uncle Sam, in his new home, found a great deal to superintend; and his many directions took up the whole of the first days of his removal, besides receiving the many, many calls which were made on them by friends and strangers.

The close proximity of the palace to the depot was likely to prove a great convenience to many. This was very clearly made manifest; and hundreds, prompted by curiosity as much as friendship, made bridal calls of considerable length. There was never likely to be a day when they would lack for company. The village about

them, as we have seen, was composed mainly of city people. The heads of families, therefore, found it convenient to call in the evenings, while the younger portion performed this piece of etiquette in the day. Mrs. Blair found she had unwisely calculated that she should find more leisure in her *country residence*. People excused themselves for untimely intrusion, "on account of the hours the cars ran;" others, that they desired to breathe the balmy airs of spring, and so they gave themselves an extra hour to do so. Then every body wished to inspect the palace, besides perambulating over the garden and greenhouse. "It was so beautiful to live in the country as *they* lived," was one of the most common remarks; and this, too, seemed to be uttered without a conviction that very few had Uncle Sam's wealth to enable them to do so.

It was supposed that many went away quite fretted that *their* lot was not like Mrs. Blair's. They wondered why *their* fathers could not have imported liquors, and become millionnaires; for it is to be feared the love of extravagant expenditure is becoming such an alarming feature of our times, that the means by which the end is attained is every year making heavy demands upon the principle of right living and the manner of accumulation.

We forget that, to a man of Uncle Sam's wealth, the channels in which he diverts it, by which a refined taste is gratified, and the embellishments which adorn it, both

externally and internally, give employment to many artisans, who would otherwise pine in obscurity, and eat the bread of poverty; yet what is commendable in a *millionnaire* can never be safely followed by those who have only a comfortable competence; and we regret to add, the definition of this distinction often introduces imitators into a labyrinth of trouble, from which it is hard to become extricated.

There were remarks, too, made by those who had visited the palace which savored of *envy;* but could they but have unmasked all the splendid gayety, and gone into the depths of disguised feeling with which Uncle Sam surveyed all its surrounding beauties, they would have seen little to excite their desire to exchange situations; for there was still a disquieted conscience, which would not always sleep, and the infirmities of age, which would admonish him that he could carry nothing away to that country which he must soon inhabit but *himself*, and with *himself* he was not on the best of terms. Then there was Mrs. Blair — well married, happy in her choice, but full of anxious solicitude for her father, which she dared not reveal; and, besides, he had so many peculiarities which the affectionate benevolence of her nature was continually trying to gloss over, that, with all the sunbeams, there were shadows, and many a working inmate in her service had a lighter heart than herself.

Living near the depot! was it so very desirable?

Why, yes. Many people found it so; for the fame of Uncle Sam's wealth, and the palace in which he lived, and the hospitality for which he was distinguished brought to his door every remote branch of his family; and wherever there was a "Beals," the individual claimed an affinity, and on that score resolved on a visit. Invalid friends, particularly, enjoyed the quiet of such a home; and even the dyspeptic fourth cousin, now over threescore and ten, thought he would advise with his quack doctor, who would be in the city certain days in the week, and he could stay with his cousin Sam, in his country home, while thus advised. So he hobbled down to the city, and took the cars to "Beals's Crossing," where, for any length of time, he was willing to abjure his sawdust puddings, and try the efficacy of a rare bit of surloin; and sometimes, to give a "little tone to his stomach," he would try what did not prove him to be a *pledged man.*

Hypochondriacs, too, who were advised by their medical friends "to try a change of air and diet," remembered that they were schoolmates with Uncle Sam; and as he kept "tonics" for the stomach, they imagined some for the mind might thus be attained gratis. Uncle Sam's private room was thus filled with guests who were tobacco chewers, cigar smokers, anti-cold-water men, and old cronies with whom an intimacy would not be considered very desirable. Yet the old man seemed content with any society who would favor his side of the temper-

ance question; and little as we account the influence thus exerted, yet it helped swell the amount of those who defied all attempts at reformation; and sundry hits and flings at the cause, thus retailed among young people, helped them to support their law-hating position; for these old visitors always narrated what "Mr. Beals said" with more confidence in its being *sound*, than they did their Bible texts as being *true*. So, even here, Uncle Sam's influence was baneful.

In a short time, however, he began to grow uneasy. Talking with his old German gardener; examining plants and rare exotics with his Hibernian florist; looking at the coachman, as he brushed the fine span of horses, with much more satisfaction and pride than he felt as the owner of them; and then indulging in a social walk around the grounds with some visitor, not always of an agreeable turn of conversation, Uncle Sam's old restlessness returned, and he sighed for his station in the dingy counting room on the wharf, for a look at his daybook and leger, and an order for "puncheons," "butts," and "quarter casks," accompanied with a personal interview, wherein was set forth the defiance which the law encountered in some misguided regions, and the probability that the traffic would be continued uninterruptedly, since so many leading characters were in favor of "amendments and modifications" who voted for the law as it now stood.

To this sort of conversation Uncle Sam never seemed

tired of listening. It strengthened him on certain points, where, by reflection, he was prone to find a weakness coming over him; and so, on the whole, he wondered what the dream of his youth meant which depicted his happiest days those of *retired leisure*, with sufficient to minister to every gratification. He had attained them *now* — all, every thing but *the happy part of his lot.* When he had amassed fifty thousand dollars, he remembered to have promised his wife, when he doubled that sum, he would retire to some pleasant nook in the country, and pass in retirement the remainder of their days, eating the satisfactory fruits of their wealth. But alas! when that period arrived, his wife was dead! And then he promised again, when his son Thomas should arrive at maturity, that he would surrender to him his business; but when that day came, the son was in Calcutta, and since then he had shipped to California; and now, he greatly feared, he was dead, as a journal chronicled that a party of miners, who set off for the dry diggings, were robbed and most shockingly murdered; and the name of "Beals" was among the catalogue. This was more than two years ago, and yet no information to confirm or contradict such a report arrived.

The subject was one of such painful interest, that Uncle Sam never alluded to it. Indeed, it was his habit, if any thing greatly weighed upon his spirits, to avoid all conversation upon it; because it was a settled conviction

with him, that what we cease to talk about we think less of; and this theory he carried into every thing *but his business.* When he was vexed *here,* he always gave vent to his troubled soul. And now he had reached the other climax of his past expectations, which was, if his daughter could but be happily settled and judiciously married, he would give his thoughts more entirely to subjects fitted to the verge of old age, and let party legislation, and their triumphs and defeats, find in him an uninterested observer.

He was now just in *this* stage of existence, and how far had he redeemed those promises? He had omitted the cultivation of those *interior resources* which would have kept him calm and tranquil. He seemed to be unwilling to believe that he was a traveller almost at the end of his journey, and that it became him to rejoice over those reformatory movements which he now so virulently opposed. Was he too old to retire? or were his thoughts too undisciplined, and his feelings too unsubdued, to allow him peace in his once-coveted leisure?

And we may ask here if Uncle Sam is the *only individual* who has found that prospective dreams and actual realities do not coincide? Is it not a rare sight to find one who has actively engaged in the enterprises of the day, been absorbed in its commerce, and counted his gains from year to year — I ask, does not the tyrannical habit of our minds become so much a part of our being, that we cannot turn aside and find the peaceful, tranquil

enjoyment we had hoped to realize? It would be well if in our activity there were more preparation to enter upon other pursuits — if the absorbing love of accumulation could have fixed boundaries, and thus give a freer play to our benevolent aspirations.

Uncle Sam felt the need of something which *riches* did not procure for him. It is doubtful whether the subject which harassed him the most, namely, *the passage of the liquor law*, if it were entirely annulled, would have made him perfectly at ease. Who can say but some harrowing misgivings of his wicked influence in thus fighting against the great promoter of that true basis upon which good order and sobriety are conspicuous would not have internally disquieted him? It may be he could not have reconciled his conduct to *himself* any more than we that observe his course can do.

Yet thus fretted and chafed with an opposition to the right, and a determination to do all he could to contravene its advancement, he never rested without participating in every thing, which constantly kept him in a state of fermentation.

Just at this time, the parish over which Mr. Grazewell ministered began to be seriously agitated. It commenced in the fact of his refusal to join with certain leading members of his church, who had invited a distinguished lecturer to set forth to them the difficulties which really stood in the face of the law, and to consider the objections

which the opponents of the law urge as a reason for its nullification. Mr. Grazewell refused to lend his personal countenance, and even advised that the vestry of his church should not be desecrated by such "itinerant catch-penny lecturers." Evidently he was not a man of sound judgment, or he would not have thus spoken; at least, he was bound to maintain a neutral position until he had heard the argument, and then the independent action which he maintained himself he ought to have been willing to have conceded to others.

But Uncle Sam, it was currently reported, put the sanction of his influence upon the reverend gentleman's course. And have we not seen whence came much of the indifference, if not the hostility, with which some men's lips are sealed? Think you clear heads and sound hearts, who can trace out all the intricate windings of theological warfare, and predict the effect of this and that system of religion upon the community, — that can explore the scientific advantages of modern inventions, and follow out their glorious results in coming time, — are so *blinded* that they cannot see that whatever removes the great stain upon our moral character should be zealously pushed forward, *if* the film of self-interest, the cataract of popular favor, did not effectually render the light impervious? All honor, then, to an open avowal of manly conviction, whenever and wherever found.

An energetic man in Parson Grazewell's church was

one day heard to remark, for his part, he never could find out what Uncle Sam did believe. Whereupon, Flash, who was formerly a clerk in Uncle Sam's liquor store, and who was something of a wag, thus wrote down his "creed," gathered from maxims frequently enforced upon the attention of clerks in S. Beals's employ. It ran thus: —

"I believe in the unspeakable advantages which money confers; in the undeniable truth, that, *by taking care of the cents, the dollars will take care of themselves.* I believe that choice spirits may be adulterated, and yet sold as the *genuine article, free from any foreign admixture.* I also believe in labelling sundry casks so as to deceive the purchaser. I believe all temperance movements are obstructed by branding them as *fanatical.* I believe it is unwise to legislate upon the subject; that all prohibitory laws which curtail the traffic, and put in jeopardy one's pecuniary interests, deserve the indignation of the public; but that when we are made to suffer by such lawmakers, we are bound to secure such an extended *license system* as shall render said law perfectly inoperative.

"I believe in a *stomach, rather than a conscience;* that the flutterings of the former are often mistaken for the rapping of the latter. I also believe that *intemperance* is an evil, but that it cannot be eradicated unless we import a race with new appetites, and whose pecuniary interests are not involved.

"I also believe in the enjoyment of the good things of this life; and as to the retributions of another state, *I am not so clear about the matter.*"

A little leaven is quite likely to leaven the whole lump. The members of Parson Grazewell's church who would think independently wisely concluded they would be trammelled no longer; and so they seceded from the society. This might have induced others to have followed in their footsteps, for fear of the heavy taxation which might fall upon the few; but was not Uncle Sam's wealth the foundation stone upon which a firm structure could be maintained? and had not Mr. Grazewell acted in reference to this knowledge? Yet not wisely, as we prophesy; for hushed, and blinded, and fed by self-interest, or led by party spirit, know ye not that a day is coming when such specious reasoning, such reluctant setters-forth of great truths, will hide their diminished heads; when the broad, diffusive light of the sun of temperance shall have pierced every cranny of our hearts; and the secret defiers of law shall then gladly touch so much as the hems of the garments of the bold pioneers who now, though often obstructed, are forced to remove the barriers which public opinion sanctions as suitable drawbacks to an onward course? The wailing cry of an orphaned heart; the bitterer anguish of a crushed and pleading wife, that her home may once more be guarded by its rightful head; yea, more, the imperative plea which the inthralled victim

makes for *himself*, that society may not place *such temptation within his reach, will be heard;* and Uncle Sam, and popular opinion, and reckless opposition, and Parson Grazewell, with his self-interested party, shall all be as things which *were*, and are not; and no bitter irony suggests such a conclusion; for we trust nothing but the pure love of humanity prompts us to work on, assured we shall *conquer, though we die in the struggle.*

The next Sabbath, therefore, witnessed many vacant pews in the church where Mr. Grazewell ministered; but Mr. Tims came in, and was about negotiating for two pews, and the clerk we before mentioned was presented with one by Uncle Sam; and one and another often recounted the kindness of the old man who had so recently come among them. And was he not a good man, in his *own way?* And here we find the only apology for the contemners of the law, in the resolute determination by which they shut themselves from all examination of the claims thus urged upon them, whereas, could they but be placed so that the necessity of such intervention were made clearly apparent, would not more of those who have amassed a fortune by the traffic be willing to quit their iron grasp upon what they considered so fatal to their pecuniary interests? And then, again, we put in the plea, that, associating mostly with those who are indoctrinated with the same belief, the absolute necessity of thus enlightening the community is not made apparent, or, as

Madame Godfrey expressed it once to Uncle Sam, "If you had been tied down, and made to listen, you would have become a convert, since you are rich enough to live without the traffic," so much confidence had she in the soundness and directness of appeal in the lecturer's arguments, which Uncle Sam refused to hear. But Providence works not as man works, to bring about positive results.

CHAPTER XV.

The Return of the lost Son. — His History. — A Warning to Young Men.

Uncle Sam sometimes took "Vulcan," his large family horse, and rode into the city alone in an easy, square-topped chaise, made to order, which carried his *body* very gently, let the state of his *mind* be as it would. The day we are now recalling before us was one which he had set apart to hold a consultation with Squire Sims about some old accounts, which required adjustment. He had been detained later than usual; and it was in the early twilight, as he was jogging along, musing upon the amount which he had paid as bondsman for the offenders who had been convicted of a violation of the law, (and, altogether, he was not in so comfortable a state as he could desire,) when a young man stepped out from the roadside, and, in a somewhat harsh tone of voice, inquired, "Can you tell me how far it is to Beals's Crossing?"

Uncle Sam replied somewhat evasively, like a genuine Yankee, and inquired of him whom he wished to see at that station.

The young man replied, "Old Mr. Beals, who, they say, has built a splendid palace out there; and if so, I want to see it."

"Well, well, young man," continued the old gentleman, "it will be rather late for you to satisfy your curiosity to-night. Hadn't you better defer your visit till to-morrow? I suppose you belong to some of my old friends."

"May be you are Mr. Beals yourself, sir," inquired the young man.

"Yes, that's my name. I'm Samuel Beals," replied the old gentleman, a little pettishly.

"Did you ever have a son Thomas," pursued the traveller, "who went to California, and — and ——"

"And what?" breathlessly asked Uncle Sam. "He died, didn't he? Tell me, are you one of the party who escaped the robbers?"

"Yes, sir," said the young man, putting his foot into the stirrup of the chaise. "*I'm Tommy Beals, your son.*"

"Thomas! No, no, you are not Thomas. *He* was a slender boy. You must not quiz an old man, my lad. Tell me, what do you know of my son? I believe he died, years ago, in California. He was a tall, straight young man. I've had some misgivings about the manner of his death, as reported; but they tell me it's no uncommon thing, in that region, to rob and murder. Many a sleepless night have I had on the poor boy's account; and now, if you know any thing of the history of Thomas Beals, I'm in a hurry to hear it."

"*Father*," replied the young man, "*I am he.*"

Uncle Sam let go the reins. He was in a cold perspi-

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ration. *That voice did sound natural.* He began to know his boy; and when again, think you, he adverted to the thoughts which a moment ago occupied him?

After he had recovered himself a little, and had gazed and gazed again, to detect the lineaments of his son by the dim twilight, and had put his hand upon his cheek, and rubbed down his linsey-woolsey overcoat, as if there were an instinct in the *touch* which *nature gives us to recognize our own*, he bade him put his dingy carpet bag into the front of his chaise, and seat himself beside him, and, even then, his emotions overpowered him; and had it not been for a powerful blowing, and a kind of "hacking cough," one might have supposed there were tears. But the flowing current, if there were one, was absorbed by the free use of a large, red bandanna, which seemed to prove just what the old man desired — a perfect *concealer;* for it was feminine to weep. Uncle Sam seldom allowed himself to do so.

Vulcan, who had all this time been standing, now started without waiting for his master's "chirrup;" and the father and son rode on at an animated pace, the father often putting to Thomas the question, "What will your sister think? And, Thomas," pursued he, "*how did* you come here?" as if now his senses hardly credited what he saw. "When *did* you arrive? and are you *poor*, my son? What has altered you so? for it seems to me I should never have known you. How fleshy you look!"

It took but little time for Thomas to reply that he arrived from New York yesterday evening; that he went at once to the old house, where he found another occupant; and then he hurried to the nearest hotel, and found that his father having become immensely rich, had retired from business, and had built a palace in the suburbs; and that his sister was married. Almost penniless as he was, it gave a new impulse to his lost ambition; and so, representing his case to the landlord, he found no difficulty in borrowing a sum sufficient for a decent outfit at the tailor's; for the landlord well knew Uncle Sam, and was not fearful of the consequences.

Thomas, from his host, gathered all the information which was current about the extent of his father's wealth, and, before retiring, washed down the whole with a heavy glass of whiskey, besides replenishing his flask, which he took with him to his chamber. Of course, he rose late the next morning; and having engaged to meet a few of his old, returned travellers that day, he was punctual to his engagement; and not until towards evening was he in a fit condition to appear as the lost son at his father's house; and then he had missed the cars, and so was plodding his way on foot when overtaken by his father.

Was it any wonder that Uncle Sam was so incredulous and reluctant to recognize the traveller? for many times during that short ride he would add, "You may not be

my Tommy, after all; but your voice *is* a little like your mother's. I can tell, however, when I get you landed;" and then he gave the horse a violent jerk with his reins, which caused him to rattle off at a tremendous speed.

Thomas told but the outlines of his history before they arrived at the gate of their home. Vulcan trotted straight into the spacious barn, and there neighed for the groom to release him from his tackling, while Uncle Sam and Thomas threaded their way through a short, winding walk, to a spacious piazza; and opening a central door, they were led through the hall into the dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Blair were there, awaiting their father's return. An elegant, and somewhat showy, exterior, to Thomas, made him glance at the ceiling, and then to the couple seated at the farther end of the spacious room.

"Well," said Uncle Sam, in rather an agitated tone, "I have brought a stranger to see you, daughter. I want you to inspect him, and tell me who he is. Come, child, turn up the solar lamp a little higher, and let's have light enough."

Mrs. Blair stepped forward, and in a moment rushed into her brother's arms. "Brother Thomas," said she, "are you alive, and here?" She then sallied back, and was only prevented from falling by being seized by her husband, who was completely overwhelmed by the spectacle before him.

It is needless to add, that the supper that night was

deferred till a late hour, and that little appetite was felt for any of the viands. Such an astonishment always makes us insensible to the claims of hunger, and sleep, too; for what can quiet such a tumultuous rush of feelings as those reawakened by lost affection? No, there was little sleep for the father and daughter that night; yet the returned son lay upon his downy bed, and quickly yielded himself to a sound slumber, as if he had not been stirred by any extra emotion. We sometimes meet the phrase, "hardened sensibility." We think we see it manifested here.

Thomas was not a guest at the breakfast table the next morning. Indeed, he did not rise until the gentle tap of his sister upon the door made him answer it in a somewhat coarse tone, "Hallo! who's there?" apparently, at the moment, forgetting himself and the new situation in which he was placed; yet how could he remain insensible to the assiduous care of his affectionate sister, who attended so scrupulously to his outward appearance, furnishing him with the nicest linen from her husband's wardrobe, and brushing off the dust and dirt which adhered to his new suit, which was worn yesterday for the first time? And how it delighted her to find a ready compliance, after all, with her wishes! for, at her suggestion, he relieved himself of that unsightly patch of hair about his mouth, and of those heavy whiskers, which, to his sister's eyes, gave him such an unnatural appearance; for she would

fain make him a *boy again*, hoping thereby to exert an influence that might yet be salutary.

When Mrs. Blair had thus fitted her brother to appear in the morning in her father's presence, she found there were marks of a wasted life which she could not efface. There was that impress upon the countenance which no art or contrivance could conceal. His eyes were red and heavy, or glassy by turns; and his face was blotched, and needed sundry patches to conceal a pimple or a blotch; so that, after having done her best, she could not effect what an *inward purification* might have done; yet she put her slender hand within his coarse, hardened one, and they walked together into their father's room, where he sat thoughtfully looking at some stray papers. And what a sight was here! Purity and imperfection, innocence and transgression, a guileless daughter and an improvident, dissipated son. Could Uncle Sam, at this very moment, have said one word *in defence of the liquor trade?*

In the course of the day, Thomas was introduced to the servants about the establishment; and the duties of each were made known to him. He did not, however, manifest much personal interest in the lovely landscape which his sister pointed out to him, nor much enthusiasm in surveying the many attractions which were concentrated about the lovely spot whereon the palace stood. His taste seemed depraved, his appetite perverted; and,

before twilight, John, the coachman, carried him from the house of the German farmer in a sleep which intoxication had produced.

Uncle Sam and his daughter sat together, that evening, *alone*. They talked over what course had better be taken with the son and brother; and again were the father's fainting hopes revived by the encouraging tones of her who had so often warded off many dark aspects of life by her genial sunshine of cheerful trust, "that there was something better in store;" and then she narrated how many who had fallen as low, and become as degraded, as her brother, had been restored, and become useful members of society.

When it was thus made a *personal matter*, how willingly Uncle Sam drank in the comforting influences which temperance confers upon a redeemed man! But alas! how inconsistent was his course! The effort to redeem the son would cost him about as painful a struggle as it would that son to redeem himself. Did he sometimes wish or feel he could be entirely reconciled to his death or absence, or, at least, *some change* by which he could be removed from his presence? We cannot always put out of sight that which offends us, without paying a penalty for doing so.

We will here subjoin a little history of the course Uncle Sam early pursued with his only son, trusting that, should any unreflecting parent glance over the pages who

is making any approximation to a similar one, it may arrest his attention, and cause him to pause before he proceeds.

Thomas Beals, in early life, was an ungoverned child. As we have said previously, he early lost his mother — that judicious, and almost indispensable, guardian, we were about to add, of his future character. The father pleaded *a want of time* to manage him properly — a plea which can never be safely urged by any discreet parent, since what appropriation of time can be better made than moulding, guiding, and restraining a child of such a peculiar temperament as was his boy?

But no; he must sell his liquors; and there was an enormous business accumulating when Thomas was a boy; and he was troublesome at home; and so he thought, by placing him at a first-class *boarding school*, he should accomplish all he could desire. Let us hear the directions he gave to the principal of the school the very day he left him in his charge.

He first fumbled over his pocket book, and took out a twenty-dollar bill, and handing it to the teacher, added, "This, sir, is for my boy's spending money. He cannot live without some little perquisites. Sometimes he wants a few cents for powder, sometimes for confectionery; and I wish you to apportion this money at your own discretion."

The teacher replied, "I know no such wants among

my boys. We teach them the principles of rigid self-denial in these matters, Mr. Beals."

"Well, well," replied Mr. Beals, "I don't want him put in too straight a jacket. I can afford him such indulgences as I have named; and it is my belief, that if you restrain a boy when it is in your power to indulge him, by and by, when he comes in possession of means to indulge himself, he will run riot, and resolve to take double pay for past prohibitions."

But not so thought the teacher. He contended for self-control at an early age; so Mr. Beals only added, "I don't care how strict a watch you keep over my son. Make him mind; make him study; in one word, make something of him, sir, that I can look upon as a man. That's what I want; and if you succeed in doing this, any pecuniary compensation I can give you will be most readily bestowed. The boy *is* smart; but he wants correcting; and, as I said, I hope you will fix him so that he will never dishonor the name of Beals."

The teacher promised to do his best; and the father of the boy went away satisfied that *he had done all he could for his child.*

Thomas, however, did not fit in very well to the niche which was assigned him in this school. The instructor soon found he had a hard subject to manage. There was a wild, uncouth manner about him — a native vein of independence which produced a great turbulence of spirit

when corrected; and he did not prefer to assimilate with the gentle and amiable lads around him. He was always up to some species of fun — full of roguery; yet, on the whole, as there was no real malignity of disposition manifested, the teacher hoped to set him on the right track. But he was an exceedingly troublesome lad to manage. He was not a dull scholar; for he readily committed his lesson, and, when his task was completed, seemed to be planning some feats by which to entangle others, so that the influence he thus exerted was soon perceptible; and before half his first quarter had expired, Mr. Beals received a note from the principal, saying he must request the removal of his son, "as his course was so very annoying, and prolific of influences which he was obliged to condemn."

Mr. Beals, however, passed them all over to the score of *boyish propensities;* and smoothing over the whole with the phrase, "I used to do just so myself when a boy," and with a slight self-conceit, we may suppose an unexpressed thought ran through his mind — "If my son makes as likely a man as I have, I shall be satisfied." He therefore persuaded the teacher to let Thomas remain to the end of the term, when he came back with no very flattering letter of recommendation, although his teacher gave him full credit for many magnanimous traits of character.

From this school he was sent to his uncle Richard's;

and to this day does his aunt remember the ships she used to find floating in her pans of milk, and the perforated pies which had lost the nice preparation between the crusts, besides the empty egg-shells, and the hams from which the lean and savory parts were extracted; and then his uncle often found his tools displaced, and his locks out of order — in fact, every thing which indicated that kind of mischief which goes very far towards making good-natured people peevish; so that, in less than a month, Thomas was again returned as "the city boy who learned country lads bad tricks."

And the housekeeper at home always met his father with a sad tale: either the boy had locked up his sister, or committed some depredation which marred the peace of an otherwise well-regulated family; so that Uncle Sam had been heard time and again to say, "he had rather bring up a dozen girls than one boy," ever seeming to suppose that *all boys were alike*. It were well if parents did not impute too much to the volatile spirit of boys, thereby affording a kind of justification to conduct which ought to be severely reprimanded.

When Thomas returned from the country, his father resolved to put him in a store. He had a friend in the hardware trade, who had advertised "for a boy whose parents resided in the city." Mr. Beals applied for the situation, and obtained it for his son. For a short time, Thomas went along swimmingly. He was strong, worked

well, and appeared to satisfy his employer; and his father's heart beat for joy, supposing his "wild oats" were all fairly sown. In course of time, however, Thomas informed his father that he should be detained, for a season, late at night; and to avoid disturbing his slumbers, and to prevent his awaiting his return till past midnight, he desired the use of a *night key*, which would obviate all trouble. The unsuspecting father, never questioning the motives of his child, immediately procured one; and *this was the seal of his reckless course.*

He had now connected himself with an association of young men, whose *ostensible* object was to meet and practise on a popular system of bookkeeping, but whose *real* one was thus to meet; and as each member contributed a certain sum, it was expended to procure some convivial enjoyment. The animal spirits thus elicited craved more stimulus, and *wine* was introduced, as an enlivener of mirth. In a short time, however, the party became boisterous; the police interfered; the rowdy young gents were secured, their place of rendezvous broken up, and their fathers informed of their excesses. The whole company were thus scattered; and the usual resort which a disappointed parent and a reprobate child find falls to their lot is frequently to ship for some foreign port in a merchant vessel which is commanded by a strict and faithful captain, where the only requirement demanded is "common wages, plenty of work, and good usage;"

otherwise the incorrigible young men are sent to some farm house in the country, or apprenticed away from home.

The task of rearing and disciplining such hard subjects is thus committed to *foreign hands* — a common but unsuitable course. Would it not be more judicious to hire some one for the task of overseer of other business, rather than quench the sacred influences which should be maintained *beside our own hearthstones?* Admitting there must be severity, and a restraint which is painfully oppressive, who should improve it with such power as a *parent?* I know there are shrinking hearts and incompetent hands; but if you are a parent, you must remake and remodel yourself, and not shrink from responsibilities which God and nature impose upon the trust thus committed to you. Besides, is it not the dictate of common sense, that the most solicitous in one's well being should guard the character? I know there are refractory spirits and wayward tempers who rush in hot haste from parental control; but go back to their childhood: was your training judicious when the *bud first opened?* There is a fearful amount of responsibility on this head somewhere.

And Thomas Beals was next sent on an East India voyage, for a year's absence. Had we time here, we could narrate that sister's motherly care; how nicely she prepared her brother's outfit; how thoughtful she was, lest, in days of weariness, he should not be fed with

profitable employment for his mind. So a book was interspersed between the folds of every garment, with a note here and there, indicative of love; and at the bottom of the trunk lay many keepsakes, which fond memory always cherishes — a watchguard from the glossy hair of his departed mother; her miniature; likewise that of herself and father, and the Bible. O, did not the reckless young man sometimes pause in his career, and weep in the presence of the crew? for sailors have not all hardened hearts, that correspond with their occupations.

And then the long months which elapsed before a single word came informing that father or daughter of the ship's arrival, and the good health of the crew! How they sat together, often busied with the same thoughts, yet making no mention to each other of the subject! for we again see the father always desired to banish from his lips what was unpleasant to his thoughts. And when this same young man returned, he did not look as they hoped he would. There was a swaggering air, a coarse demeanor, a profane jest, and sometimes a vulgar utterance, which stung that sensitive sister to the quick. His associates, too, were of the same character as himself. He would often absent himself for the space of twenty-four hours, and thus give a continual anxiety to those two hearts, to whom he was bound by the tenderest love. It would be revolting to our taste, and give no favorable impression to others, to narrate the young man's impru-

dences and recklessness. We are obliged too often to look upon such spectacles; and a minute description of the petty deceits and evil practices which one habituated to foolish sins commits needs no record to those who are obliged to look upon them; and if there are those who have escaped such knowledge, we would not disturb a happy ignorance of the depravity to which such excesses lead.

Suffice it to say, when Thomas Beals shipped for California, many hearts rejoiced that so baneful an influence was removed from the society of their children; and the bitterness of parting was somewhat mollified even to the father and daughter by a vague hope that *somehow and somewhere* a change would yet give to them a son and a brother. The father, therefore, negotiated with the captain in whose service Thomas was placed that his son should have all reasonable indulgences, be kindly treated, and a place secured to him on his arrival — a promise which was faithfully made, but not kept, by the commander; yet the young man really proved himself so agreeable to the passengers, that no little interest was felt in his welfare.

In a strange land, therefore, he soon joined a party of explorers; and being of a constitution which could endure much hardship, he shrank from no exposure; but, sometimes working in deep water, and sometimes in mines, he still continued robust and healthy. "When there was no

liquor to be had," writes one of his company, "Beals was a treasure; but when he went into cities, he fell a prey to its destructive influence."

For months afterwards, being in a locality from which liquor was excluded, Thomas worked well and successfully, and amassed that which, divided, yielded each of the party the sum of three thousand dollars. The reckless young man then separated from his company, and joined a race of strangers, who, in a fit of intoxication, robbed him of his treasure, and wrote to his friends that he was undoubtedly lost, and then despatched a list of names, (all spurious,) including Beals, who shared the same fate. We hear no more of him, therefore, until he met his father on the eventful evening we have narrated.

This epitome of the history of the son of a rich man it has been painful to describe. We would so much rather live and linger amidst the sunny influences of a virtuous course and a correct life, that we have excluded much which would have given no more favorable aspect to the young man's character. We would only hope that such a history as we have portrayed may teach any young man who is prone to deviate from the path of rectitude that he enters upon a thorny road; and it behooves him to stop and consider, before he advances another step, whether the gain of a broken reputation and a shat-

tered head and heart is worth coveting — whether the loss of the esteem of the good and the friendship of the wise is recompensed by nightly excesses, and by the remorse which follows when one feels himself an outcast and a stranger from those in the sunshine of whose affections he was once prized as their dearest earthly treasure.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Plague Spot in the Palace. — The Bachelor again in Trouble. — A Visit to Saratoga. — Life at those fashionable Quarters. — Mrs. Bumble's Overtures to Uncle Sam. — Marcus Brown's Temperance Lecture. — Cloudy Scenes.

THERE seemed but one dark shadow which rested upon Uncle Sam's Palace, so far as the outward observer could look. When the old man was fretful, why, it was all passed over to the account of having so worthless a son; and to solve the question why Mrs. Blair lost a part of her usual vivacity, the same reason was assigned. Yet sometimes a hope would rekindle in the lacerated hearts of the father and daughter, that the object over which they mourned with such intense solicitude would yet redeem his character, and become a man. "*If he could but be placed without the reach of temptation,*" remarked Mr. Blair, "it might prove his salvation." But so long as he saw such convivial parties at the palace — so long as the father continued to keep the quarter cask in the cellar on tap, and to bring, for the entertainment of his guests, those *old, labelled bottles*, which often gave a boisterous character to their mirth, so long would the son contend,

that if he but followed what he saw the father do, *wherein had he the greater guilt?*

Mr. Blair had so urged this argument upon Mr. Beals, that he removed to a lockup all the exposed wine which stood in his cellar; but had not Thomas frequent calls to the city? and did he not there meet with companions who would decoy him into the "licensed saloons," where the appetite could be satiated to repletion? and then, with swollen eyes, was he not cast out to make his way home, to send a fresh thrill of anguish into their crushed hearts?

What could Uncle Sam urge *in defence of "licensing" such places of resort?* Was it not made sufficiently obvious to him that he was only reaping what he had sowed? *To how much of this plague spot had he administered?* Those old books in the counting room on the wharf had no tongues to tell for how much of his wealth he was indebted to such purchasers, who tenanted these places of fashionable resort. And how he had advocated their rights! How strenuously had he fought for them! Was it but a righteous retribution that he should be forced to *feel* the practical workings of a system he had thus advocated? Depend on it, Uncle Sam had thoughts which never pressed upon him with such force before. All night long he would toss upon his bed of anguish, not daring to divulge his feelings, not courageous enough to openly acknowledge the error of his ways; and so the stings of an aroused conscience would weaken his

physical nature, and in narcotics and drugs, he would vainly hope to find relief.

A disquieted conscience makes a demand which cannot always be put to sleep. Unlike the paroxysms of fever, which may be affected by outward appliances, or the inroads of any contagious disease, for which some specific may be successfully applied, — unlike any of the thousand forms in which poor humanity is catalogued, for which every quack nostrum is advertised as completing "a perfect cure, or no pay," — this little disquieting tormenter will assert its prerogative; and if you seek to drown it by a heavy potation, or silence it in the zest of some luxurious viands or animated conversation, when you have exhausted these expedients, *it will come tapping at some midnight hour;* and, however unwelcome may be its intrusion, it *will come in;* and the best way to make it an agreeable guest is to give it a *cordial reception.* Hear its plea, listen to its prohibitions, follow its guidance, and always secure a friendly regard for it by obeying its dictates.

Suppose you had a friend who was charged with an important message, — something which a telegraphic despatch had announced as needful you should be immediately informed about, — and you should determine upon not answering that bell which the faithful messenger kept ringing until you closed your eyes in sleep. In the morning, when he made known to you the reason for his

persistency, would you not feel that an apology was strictly due him? and, even then, you could hardly forgive your own perversity. Now, if thus chagrined by shutting out the message from a *friend*, how much nearer affinity, and more important message, had your conscience when it stood without all night, pleading for admission! and you repulsed it when it did enter. It is of no use to attempt any further resistance, Mr. Beals. You are indicted, and must answer to the moral prosecution.

How could he have spoken out from his oppressed heart? But there was a feeling lest he should betray a cause he had so long advocated. There were his best friends, whose opinions he so highly valued. There would be a tremendous sensation produced if the stronghold upon which others had so long leaned were weakened; and the only alternative was to still "brood over the sin he had the power to heal," or, at least, arrest, in high places.

Was he a man, thus to shrink from the dictates of duty, parental love, and moral obligations, which haunted him wherever he turned? Let us leave him a while to struggle with his conflicts, premising, however, that the absorbing topic of his conversation, "*that the law shall be repealed or modified,*" *is not so strenuously maintained as formerly.*

Our life pictures, at this particular time, are not like fancy sketches which we would prefer to present before

our readers of specimens of benevolent hearts, of happy homes, and of cheerful sunshine, which make this world a fair abode; but we have to show our bachelor friend, Sims, in a painfully intense, feverish anxiety, lest the affections of Rosa Beals should be transferred to another and younger object. Having administered upon the estate of Mr. Richard Beals, Mr. Sims made it necessary to do personally what is usually done by proxy; and the conduct of Rosa had not, of late, been satisfactory. She vexed him continually, affirming "an old man's heart was not worth preserving; that he was fitted for some widow who had *parental trials;*" and although there seemed no particular object upon which poor Sims could wreak his jealousy, yet there was an unrequited sentiment which was not aroused in her young heart. Even her mother, much as she respected the character of the bachelor, had her misgivings whether she ought to urge her daughter to accept of such a position; so that the lover was certainly in no enviable condition. He wondered *why* he did thus brood over so heartless a girl's affection, or, rather, the want of it. Sometimes he felt himself *a fool; but the feeling would not abide with him.*

Uncle Sam was now very much depressed by the course his son was pursuing. He was not every day under the immediate influence of liquor; and when partially restored, there were so many manly, generous traits of character developed in him, that the father most ear-

nestly yearned for his redemption from the thraldom in which he was held. This subject so preyed upon his thoughts, that Mrs. Blair feared the result upon her father's health. She therefore proposed a change of scene, where the novelty might, for a time, wear off the painful circumstances which were always threatening his peace of mind. She also proposed that Thomas should be left, so that John, the long-tried and faithful coachman, should oversee him, should he plunge into any excesses during their absence; and, the following week, she wrote, by her father's dictation, a note to John Sims, at his Vermont residence.

BEALS'S CROSSING.

DEAR SIMS: I have been a good deal harassed in mind lately; and my daughter proposes I should change the scene for a short time. We are desirous that *you and Rosa, with her mother*, should accompany us to Saratoga, where we shall be joined by Tims and his lady. I shall cheerfully defray all expenses; so you may hold yourselves in readiness to receive us by the middle of the month. We shall stop but a short time with you, as our rooms are engaged at the "United States Hotel," Saratoga, from *the* 19*th*.

Yours truly,

S. BEALS.

Upon the reception of this letter, the first thought of

the mother and daughter, of course, now turned to the subject of *dress;* but the first thought of the bachelor was, "could he thus expose Rosa to the view of so many fashionable young men, without losing his entire hold upon her affections?" and most people will concur with him in thinking it *was* a very sensible question.

But, of course, the invitation was gladly accepted; and Mrs. Richard Beals was now fitted in a suit of "*second mourning,*" from which orange flowers in her dress caps need not be excluded. She therefore equipped herself in a variety of apparel suited to the stage of her widowhood, and certainly succeeded in her efforts to be possessed of *becoming* materials with which she should appear in that great promenade of fashion and exposure. Rosa was fully prepared, having always been dressed *à la mode,* as she was so often a visitor at the palace. So the party promised well for the ladies; but poor Sims, we must repeat, had terrible forebodings; for he was no stranger to the free-and-easy access with which young gentlemen there approach the ladies. Yet we must dismiss his doubts, and pass over all the intervening perplexities and pleasures which attend so large a party, and introduce our friends at once into the gayeties of the season, which are so conspicuously obvious upon one's first entrance to the head quarters of fashion, wine, and high life at the "*United States.*"

Uncle Sam, who had been gloomy for some time, felt

revived at his first entrance. There were jolly old dram-drinkers, who had heard of him, from all parts of the Union. No matter of what infirmity they were victims, — no matter how they were situated *at home*, — all *here* was devoted to pleasure seeking. Hundreds of old men of his stamp were daily arriving. There was the freest intercourse in the world, and the greatest leisure for every one to do as he pleased, provided he outraged no known laws of good breeding; and if this *were* done, instant satisfaction was demanded. Old men were here rejuvenated. They carried their *gold*, if not their *wit*, about them — heavy fob chains, and golden opera glasses, with headed canes to match, superb vests, exquisite quality of broadcloth, plenty of ruffle shirt, and, above all, *a swaggering independence* which could dip anew into life's frivolities, sit at the gaming table without a blush, turn off a small sea of champagne and other liquors, walk about highly excited, or sit still and blink with each other upon the colonnade, not forgetting to mark and remark upon the belles who graced the "last hop," or flirted so admirably with some *old, seedy beau.*

Here, too, the parson met his parishioner, all on the same footing. Perchance he came in from the "*Union*," or "*Congress Hall*," just to give a higher zest to his animal spirits. They had all, for a season, left the "conference rooms" and "united prayer meetings," and omitted or relaxed their efforts to regenerate the heathen, since

they had come to be regenerated *themselves.* And then all the restraints of times and seasons, as it respects observances, were here omitted. *There were no public prayers offered at these fashionable houses.* Every thing seemed to rather say, "This is pleasure ground; walk ye in it."

There are two celebrated divines in yonder corner. Mark you how they slyly peep into the adjoining ball room. "There is something enlivening in the air of that music," remarks Dr. A.

"And a fascination in that lively dance," replies Dr. B. "Have you seen how lovely the belle of the evening looks?"

How many subjects for sermons are thus secured! But have a care, gentlemen. Don't lose too much of your staid demeanor. The world is looking on.

But why depict the enjoyment of the *gentlemen* in this gay scene?

See you that moving thing of life, composed of silver gauze, diamonds, and bouquets? Mark you the delicacy of her complexion, the glossy wave of her ringlets, the perfect symmetry of her form, the matchless elegance of her movements? To-morrow evening shall present the same lovely fair one bedecked again for voluptuous pleasure seekers to gaze upon; for she has a change of splendid apparel, varying in color and texture, but all of equal magnificence and costly materials, with which she will

appear every night during her month's sojourn. She is, perchance, the "peerless Miss E.," engaged, it is supposed, to the "exquisite Mr. F.," of such remarkable standing and unsurpassed wealth. How she is looked upon! Is she modest? One would almost vouch for it; for there is a downcast expression, a faint blush, a gait that savors little of affectation. And what if you *did* overhear that these are "*all borrowed charms;*" that, for successive summers, this butterfly has exhibited her gorgeous coverings; and that she is the same heartless paragon of fashion who caused the duel between Colonel E. and Commodore N.? She has a new set of admirers, this year, who care not for this.

And do you notice that widower, Colonel B., from the south, with whom you have a slight acquaintance? You were in Charleston, a few months ago, when his wife died. He was a frantic man then — could not attend to any business transactions, on account of the violence of his grief. He has been urged by his physician to try *a change of place.* His minister has told him the consequences of such grief are often fatal; that he ought to be resigned; and the man has been trying to imagine he is, because dire necessity prompts him to be so — not that his acquiescence has been derived from trustful faith and secret communion that all events are ordered in love, and intended as salutary discipline to abate our attachment to the fleeting and perishable. O, no. He has not

been so taught by adversity. His lesson, rather, is, that he must seek in fashionable glare and enlivening society the panacea for earthly troubles; and so he has put off the serious, gloomy face he once wore, and is now what? asking the beautiful Miss S. "if he shall have the pleasure of the next dance with her." He, too, wears a white satin vest, and carries a moss rosebud in his button hole; and he bows so obsequiously, and laughs so heartily, and brandishes his perfumed handkerchief so continually, and watches every varying movement of his partner so intently, there is no doubt but a *"change of scene" has* changed the current of his thoughts. To-morrow you shall see him in a gay cabriolet, driven by his coachman to the "lake," while the fair Desdemona is attired in her gorgeous brocades, seated by his side; and they are chatting just as he used to do with that lady whose sepulchre is away off where the orange grove and the tall pine surround it, and where, when he looked into the chamber of her repose, he forever bade adieu to all that remained to bless him in *this life. And is woman the only inconstant being whom we meet?*

Yet there she sits, *with all her inconstancy*, that widow, the length of whose veil, and the shaded aspect of whose dwelling, for months, — nay, it is nearly a year now, — so corresponded with the sombre tenor of her thoughts. She was never abroad — never in public, save at church; and then how reverently she listened beneath

those sable weeds! and, from the church to the carriage, how dignified was her deportment! To her intimate friends did she not again and again declare "her treasure was intombed; that never again should she look out upon a cheerful world with a light heart"? Yet she had expressed a desire, during that time, to retain *her coachman and carriage, and that fine span of horses,* because they afforded "*her dear husband*" so much pleasure, and were all of *his selection.* And her splendid dwelling — why, lonely and desolate as it now appeared, it was *his* home. The associations were undoubtedly dear to her. But *how came she* in that lighted drawing room, among those pleasure seekers? and who is that large, elegantly-formed gentleman, upon whose arm she is so languidly leaning? He is reported to be a wealthy cotton planter; and to-morrow he will sit in her coach; and they will converse *alone* about the "security of property," and whether Jane shall remain north, or John shall go south; and, by and by, they will drive to the old English church, and Mr. and Mrs. Sprigg will know no more about desolation, since change has produced such pleasing realities. Depend upon it, Congress water and its *accompaniments* have a very invigorating effect upon most people.

But why should we forget that interesting maiden, who has so rapidly improved, of late, in her health? See you that clerical gentleman, with whom she daily takes her walk to the Empire spring? There seemed to be

so great a similarity in their *bodily ailments*, it became necessary that each should take about the same quantity of water, at the *same time;* yet the effervescence of the draught gives no quickening effect to their gait. Indeed, they every day seem to loiter as if a great fund of conversation is yet in reserve; and when one or the other's time is expired which had been previously marked out, how opportune comes that letter from the consulting physician, advising, nay, enforcing upon them, the importance "of continuing a longer period, where the *beneficial effects are so obvious*"!

By and by, in early autumn, a stranger will appear in the quiet village where our once invalid, but now restored, friend resides; and there will be a rumor afloat, that, instead of the *lungs*, the *heart of each is alike affected;* and it is soon conclusively manifest, that, to cure the present difficulty, they must daily drink "Empire water" from the same can; and now the *minister, instead of the doctor, is consulted;* and the parish priest soon after announces to his flock that he has secured a helpmate that will greatly extend his usefulness; and, for the first time, the parish understand how it came to pass that their minister was so benefited by the trip he took to the *Springs in midsummer.*

Uncle Sam was so impervious to all feminine charms, it was of little moment to him what fascinating images sought to attract his attention. Yet Mrs. Bumble, the

widow of Captain Bumble, who once brought a cargo of choice spirits to Mr. Beals, had treasured the fact to this day, (proving, at least, she had a retentive memory;) and so she contrived, on warm afternoons, to sit on the piazza with the old millionnaire; and who can tell which rattled the loudest, her stiff, full-skirted silk dress, or her tongue, with its unceasing motion?

How often did she find it convenient to inquire of Uncle Sam *if his evening papers had arrived!* And having listened attentively to his general tone of conversation with gentlemen, although she came here a professedly *total abstinence widow*, yet her sentiments were beginning to take a *qualified turn;* and she was heard to admit to Mr. Beals, a few moments since, that *she always had serious doubts whether the enforcement of the liquor law would be an expedient measure.* And did you observe how suddenly this remark aroused the old man from his unexcitable state, and how he hitched up his chair a little nearer to the widow, while she leaned towards him, as if she might be made an easy convert to his self-sustaining views? But how did Uncle Sam, upon reflection, know but she might prove another *medium*, similar to the *widow Wilby?* The next afternoon, he changed his location; and, that day, Mrs. Bumble sought in vain to enlist the old gentleman in a prolonged conversation; yet she formed the most intimate companionship with Mrs. Blair; and rumor saith that one day she inquired of the daughter

WIDOW BUMBLE.

whether she thought her father would ever change his situation in life. The answer caused her to look sorrowful; at the same time she remarked, "I know, child, what it is to live a solitary life;" and this was accompanied with a deep sigh, as if her fate were inevitably sealed.

Uncle Sam, about this time, complained of *mosquitoes* troubling him, towards evening, upon the piazza; so he was not seen there as often as formerly, *for fear of being* BITTEN. He was, however, taken aback on meeting the veritable Mrs. Bumble at an early hour, the next morning, at the Congress spring. Being unusually fleshy, she had wisely concluded to adhere to the rule which Uncle Sam followed; and it *so happened* that she was in readiness *to attend him when he set off;* but he limped forward a little in advance of her. They, however, met at the spring; and while they were standing around it, awaiting their turn to drink, Miss Chatterwell, a genuine abstinence woman, remarked to Mrs. Bumble, "If the multitude with whom we temperance people have to contend could be made to feel the beneficial effects of cold water as those about us do the medicinal properties of this spring, we should not be obliged to labor much longer in the cause."

Mrs. Bumble made no reply, but looked at Uncle Sam; and this refusal to indorse her last remark was treasured by Miss Chatterwell; and here we desire to add, that Mrs. Bumble is not to be taken as a fair representation

of her sex; for they rarely vacillate in this cause. In proof whereof, we will quote Miss Chatterwell's remark to Mrs. B., when she had been told of the great wealth of the widower, Mr. Beals: —

"And," replied she, "he got it all by the importation and sale of liquors, did he?" to which Mrs. Bumble assented. "Then," said she, "if, by raising my finger, I could cause his old heart to beat with the velocity of a young man's, and he should turn towards me his favorable regard, *I would spurn the thought of changing my name from Chatterwell to Beals.* No, Mrs. Bumble; an old veteran liquor dealer never need expect to gain the affections of a genuine total abstinence woman any more than he can hope to be chosen as candidate for the presidency by the temperance party. *We women* have got to take a position here, Mrs. Bumble; and when we pledge ourselves not to marry men in any way connected with the shameful traffic, I rather think it will sometimes be abandoned on other than *conscientious scruples.* Do you suppose, if I had chosen to prove recreant to my principles, that I need to have lived a life of *single blessedness till this day?* Major Witherspoon pretended he did not understand me, when I told him he must first close his *distillery* before we could proceed any farther in the topic he was urging upon my attention."

"Well, I don't know," replied Mrs. Bumble, "as one is obliged to press home the matter *quite so closely.*"

"Then your temperance principles rest upon a wrong basis, Mrs. Bumble. If active, resolute, unflinching women, years ago, had gone forward in this movement *as I have*, I'll warrant you the liquor law would never have been a bone of contention. The *rib bone* might have closed up the contest," added Miss Chatterwell. "I blush for my sex, when I think of their want of moral courage; and what spectacle is more disgusting than to see a woman disguising her real sentiments, to gain the affections of a man or the use of his money, *both of which are founded on a liquor cask?* I once owned a copy of the New Testament that had a page at the close of the book stating who were forbidden to marry together. I wish I could add a few more to the list, such as, '*Thou shalt not marry an importer of liquors, nor a distiller, nor a wholesale vender, nor a petty retailer in the same traffic.*' Such an interdiction would be a mighty help to the anti-liquor law, I can assure you. You see I'm pledged to total abstinence every where; as much *abroad as at home;* as much, and even more, when I am talking with an old importer as a pledged man, Mrs. Bumble; for I hold that women may exert a tremendous influence on this subject."

Mrs. Bumble betrayed some restlessness at this time. In a day or two, Uncle Sam forgot all about her; and so she returned to her former position, to hold it, we trust, with a firmer grasp when temptation again assails her in such a questionable form.

Now, all this spectacle, and much more that is unrecorded, did Uncle Sam's party quietly witness from the first of their arrival. The magic charm to Mrs. Richard Beals and Rosa completely bewildered them. The remainder of the party had before looked upon many such spectacles. Rosa had already seen some of the most "divine young men that ever existed." There was one with "such a *lovely mustache;*" another with such a "*splendid goatee;*" and a third with such a set of "*admirable whiskers,*" and such "a *commanding imperial, he was perfectly adorable.*" How did the old Squire wane in her admiration! Think you she would permit *him* to be her acknowledged lover? No. "If he never smoked another principe; if he never tasted another drop of wine; if he bowed at her feet, and pledged himself as her truest and most ardent admirer, it was of no use. There were young men adapted to her taste — young men who could join in the dance; who sported splendidly; who had such independent movements; who chatted so lively, and were such perfect paragons of fashion. Never, never again would she be flattered by *such a fool as John Sims;*" and she went to sleep that night with that vow upon her lips. Her mother did not attempt to smother her indignation.

The next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Tims joined the party, *accompanied by Thomas Beals*, who had, at this time, the exact air and manner of "a fast young man." He

appeared at Saratoga in a milk-white *artiste* hat, a high dickey turned down *à la Byron*, an open-worked, dandified shirt bosom, and a wide-checked, flashy neck tie. Over a showy embroidered vest dangled a watch chain, the pattern of which he probably selected from a ship's cable. He carried a ratan in his hand, and a Spanish cigar in one corner of his mouth, and wore a large seal ring upon his little finger, and was about cultivating an "imperial." His leg encasements were adder colored, and the last style of a bobtail dress coat helped to complete his appearance. His Congress boots were tipped with patent leather; and occasionally they were exchanged for a pair of dust-colored gaiters, with shoes that showed heels of surpassing height, so that the swaggering air he was wont to assume was modified by a fear, when he had partaken too freely of "brandy smashers," lest he should not strike a right balance upon the sidewalk.

At this place, his favorite resort was at the billiard room and the ice cream saloon, where he often took a second glass, *to regulate his stomach, and to neutralize the effect of the cold substance he had so lately taken into it.*

His arrival was so unexpected, that his father felt a degree of mortification he had not anticipated. Among the ruffle shirt gentry there was much inquiry who the "young blood" was; and it was remarked, within Uncle Sam's hearing, "*That fellow seems determined on a fashionable run.*" Uncle Sam took him alone, and extorted

promises which he broke the very next hour; and ill luck at the gaming table, it was said, bore heavily upon his father's purse; yet he tried to gloss over the aggravation of his course, and attain a cheerfulness which he found it difficult to assume.

The second week passed as most of such weeks pass among pleasure seekers. There was the morning draught at the Congress spring; the sumptuous breakfast; the important decisions how the intervening time should be spent previously to dressing for dinner; the drive in the rich cabriolet; the gossamer or brocade dinner dress for the ladies, and the last change which the fashion plate announces for gentlemen; the long sitting which follows; the sentimental glances which succeed; and the engagement for the afternoon, when a farther extended arrangement follows for the "evening hop." Such is life at a watering-place — not alone as it passes with the young and inexperienced, but alike with maturity, and even age, when the sands in the glass are nearly run out. *Such*, we repeat, *is life*, *fashionable life*, wherever the throng congregates. Youth, certainly, ought to be carefully spent and well regulated, so that no wrinkles shall deform the fair complexion, no crowsfeet shall settle beneath the lustrous eyes, no silvery hair shall crown the summit of glory; for it is a long process, and hard labor, and expensive detail which contrives to cheat old father Time out of his demands; and dearly do pleasure seekers

earn the rejuvenated appearance which they sometimes assume; yet as this is the *only labor of many*, is it not a salutary infliction upon idle hours and gossipping propensities?

Not so, however, were our party entertained. The young *were young*. Thomas Beals was in his heyday of manly independence, and his cousin Rosa was frantic with her images of beauty and fashion. Mrs. Beals was a delighted widow, Squire Sims a jealous lover, and Uncle Sam an old man trying to extract a few more dregs from the last sip of pleasure's cup, while Mr. and Mrs. Blair, and Mr. and Mrs. Tims, were looking on the gilded show, not generally moved by the intense excitement around them.

Most of the above party, two or three mornings after our last account, were standing upon the long colonnade which surrounds the "United States," promenading and remarking upon the peculiarities in the guests, as they crossed and repassed each other on their return from the springs, when Mrs. Blair suddenly remembered she had not seen Rosa for the morning. Her mother remarked, she had not finished dressing when she left the chamber; but as ample time had now been allowed her to make her toilet, and she did not appear, a search was instantly commenced. Squire Sims knocked loudly at her door, and, receiving no answer, slowly opened the unlatched premises, where he found no occupant. Upon looking

hastily around, however, on her table he discovered a note which ran thus: —

Do not be anxious about me. I am going to Lake George with a small party, and shall return to-morrow eve. Miss Haliday and her brother, and *Mr. Mustang, the Spanish gentleman,* will accompany us. We breakfast in private.

ROSA.

This note produced no little excitement in the party to which Rosa belonged. Sims was nearly frantic; for he had witnessed the marked attentions of the Spaniard to Rosa since the day after their arrival, he having there been introduced to Uncle Sam as the proprietor of the house in Havana of the firm of Mustang, Bend, & Co.; and they solicited orders from Uncle Sam for the introduction of a new species of cigars, highly fragrant, and prized among the smoking gentry. Uncle Sam, in turn, then introduced the young gentleman to his niece, who happened to be present; and, from that hour, her old lover had watched his attentions with most jealous solicitude. Sims had, however, persuaded himself to believe that Rosa would never attach herself to an *inveterate smoker,* as well as vender, of an article which she, long ago, had prohibited him from using; yet this young man would throw aside his weed, and with his breath perfectly

redolent of smoke, and nothing *but* smoke, he would bend down his tall figure to her dumpy form, and converse with the greatest sang froid in the world; and she, to his astonishment, inhaled the perfume as she would the delicious "verbena extract" from her gauzy, embroidered handkerchief. And yet, for her sake, he had foregone his habit of smoking, and complied with every request which a coquettish fancy had made, just to be succeeded by a smoking Spaniard, who, perchance, was only playing the part of a deceitful lover. Yet that was better to bear than a *real one;* and how did he know but he would really ingratiate himself in her charms?

Truly, John Sims, you are a doomed man. The affair of Rosa's flight exasperated Thomas Beals so, that he swore he would take vengeance into his own hands upon their return; and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Blair could persuade him to abandon his design, so that they trembled for future consequences.

Young Beals had little fear of a dirk knife or a pistol. He had given and escaped a good many slashes, as well as random shots; and he was not intimidated in revenging himself upon the Spaniard. He therefore stealthily slipped a dirk below the waistbands of a pair of large-checked pantaloons, which were made at the south, and walked about the premises with a good degree of nonchalance, not omitting to occasionally slake anew his insatiable thirst by a glass of brandy, not very essentially

diluted, so that he was in readiness for an attack at any moment when the party should drive up.

Mrs. Blair grew more and more apprehensive for coming results. She would gently tap her brother upon the shoulder, and entreat him to desist from any violent acts, pleading, as her gentle nature always did, that, "for *father's sake*, if no other, he would keep calm." But stung to a wild frenzy by the maddening poison he so freely quaffed, her entreaties were unheeded; and, for the first time in her life, she even hoped he might be so overcome by liquor as to be powerless, and incapable for an attack, when the party should arrive.

Uncle Sam, however, branded all these proceedings as idle follies, the thing of magnitude with him being what related to his *traffic*, and a desire to cheat his conscience into the belief that to furnish the destructive agent to others was no very heinous sin. He was now in the right place to strengthen the sentiments which he longed to approve. Here was no law, no restraint. Men of wealth and fashion, who were accounted worthy men, — nay, even Christian men, — *drank, daily drank, hourly drank*, if their inclination prompted; and there was no "principle" called in question. Here was untrammelled public opinion, just such as existed twenty years ago every where. And then what sportive remarks were hurled at the temperance cause! how they gloated over "its inoperative law and unsuccessful defenders"! Very

well. Talk on, gentlemen. A bad cause needs able advocates.

To men of business habits, this pleasure seeking soon tires and satiates. Mr. Tims and Mr. Blair could not endure the restraints of fashionable society, and as they had laid aside all foolish coquetry, and were plain married men, satisfied with their partners, and derived their principal enjoyment from domestic intercourse, the gay frivolity which characterized so many about them was unheeded. They walked out to enjoy the beauties of nature, and see the varieties which were abroad. Sauntering leisurely along, their attention was attracted by a placard, which was attached to a post, whereon was inscribed, "Temperance Lecture. This evening, at seven o'clock, *Marcus L. Brown*, the distinguished champion of the glorious cause, will lecture at —— Hall, to which all citizens and strangers are invited."

Tims involuntarily stopped. Had he received an electric shock, he would not have been more suddenly arrested. "Marcus L. Brown!" Yes, the very same name which had always awakened in Tims's mind the most unpleasant associations. Blair, knowing nothing of the matter, playfully remarked, "So, my friend, your traffic is beginning to be impeached even here; and when ten righteous men are found, the city is safe. We will go to-night, and hear this famous man." Tims had a strong desire to do so, and, on his return, informed Uncle Sam

of his determination, he gladly accepting the proposition to accompany them, to hear what "the mechanic" would say. The remarkable coincidence of his being in town just at the time of their sojourn, and a desire to hear his skill in lecturing, made them eager for the hour to arrive; and quite a formidable party started from the "United States," to hear and vilify the arguments in favor of the cause. Tims and Uncle Sam felt that in a multitude of counsellors there was safety.

At the time appointed, Marcus Brown entered the hall, accompanied by a few distinguished friends. Tims had never seen him since the decided change in his fortune; but well did he remember their last interview. There were some dark doings in his conduct towards the Browns, for which, for years, his conscience had sorely troubled him. He would not have them again reawakened for half his wealth.

The lecturer was a dignified, fine-looking gentleman, unostentatious, yet of that manly bearing which at once commands our confidence and esteem. His style was earnest, yet bore a truthfulness in his statements which carried conviction to the hearts of his hearers. In the course of his lecture, he commented upon his first introduction into the field immediately preceding his downfall, even at the precise period when he resolutely pledged himself to be a man. He remarked, "I was on the high road to ruin. A man, in the guise of a good citizen, often

urged me to take the accursed glass from his counter, when he was a petty retailer. The habit was daily strengthened, and various stratagems were used to induce me to surrender my property to his control. He employed me, and paid me in liquor. At that time, I held a subordinate rank in a military company, to which this, my enemy, belonged. We met at social parties. We had suppers for the company; and I generously footed the liquor bill. My waning reputation disheartened me; and how did he encourage me? I had but three hundred dollars in the world, but a rich treasure in an abused wife and four lovely children; yet this traitor to my peace intoxicated me; and in that hour I signed a note of hand for *three hundred dollars*, for which my only return *was* BRANDY. Upon reflection, in my sober moments, I called for a redress of the wrong thus inflicted on me. I threatened the force of the law; but the lawyer whom I had employed in my more prosperous days was himself accessory to my ruin, since in his clique lay his spoils. He was an office seeker. He was soon after in Washington, a used-up man; and I have reason to know that my last three hundred dollars were advanced to this pettifogger, to pay his current expenses while residing in that city." Murmurs of indignation here ran through the assembly. "In the hour of my degradation, I applied to my disguised friend for labor. One who had amassed a princely fortune by his heavy importations of choice liquors —

who had sold my enemy thousands of hogsheads of the vile stuff — was now about erecting a palace in the suburbs of his native city; and, to entangle me still further in his meshes, he gave me the superintendence of the labor. I entered upon my duties with a resolute determination to do well; but this enemy again enticed me to drink, and then reported me to the millionnaire as a man unfit for his service. My all was mortgaged to him. All? *Not all:* my family were mine still, unworthy as I proved myself. My wife solicited that six months might be allowed before cutting off our equity of redemption. We were answered, 'It is out of my hands. The lawyer has the settlement.' A writ of ejectment was issued, and we were houseless. But a kind Providence yet brooded in mercy over us. The good pastor to whose church my wife removed hired a few rooms, and I procured a few jobs; but the hardhearted creditor, who might have relented, was himself in the clutches of the old man whose palace was being erected; and he dared show no mercy. The fangs of the viper fastened upon *him*. I was an outcast, and for his hardheartedness he was rewarded by that flinty old man. He encouraged him — nay, more, he received him into his firm; and when his deeds of iniquity would have softened his heart by retrospection, he made him callous to such sensibilities, until his seared conscience readily acquiesced in all that old millionnaire's requirements.

"There was to be a temperance gathering that evening. The pledge was taken by many, and my resolution to conquer my foe prevailed. I signed the paper *pledging myself to total abstinence; and from that hour* not a drop of liquor has passed my lips. My wife received a small sum from her relatives in England; and we first rented, and afterwards purchased, a small cottage in the neighborhood of the city, our children were placed in good schools, and prosperity has since dawned upon me." Tremendous cheers here followed.

And in yonder corner sat *Mr. Tims, Uncle Sam, and Squire Sims!* The electric words had scathed their very souls. They looked pale, and walked out of the hall, feeling, undoubtedly, as all guilty people *do feel*, that they were gazed at by the whole assembly, as the men so truthfully described. Tims was strangely affected. A cold perspiration stood on his brow, a faintness came over him, and he returned to his lodgings as one taken suddenly ill, to the alarm of his wife. Uncle Sam seemed dull and taciturn. He had no playful remarks for his old associates, but, as usual when he was sick at *heart*, complained of his *gout in the leg* — a fact which Mrs. Blair well understood. She then gave him his anodyne, and he retired. Last of all was the agitated Sims seen walking the colonnades rapidly, as if in deep thought and painful anxiety. Mrs. Richard Beals, supposing it was all attributable to Rosa's absence, begged him to be quiet;

but alas! he had two sources of unhappiness, and one aggravated the other. He was really fearful that all their past iniquities were about to be heralded to the world — deeds which had long been buried in the waters of oblivion, as they all vainly hoped. But where is sleepless justice? Did they not know there was a registry where the recording angel never blotted out the offence, unless it were washed away by the tears of penitence? and those, surely, had never been shed.

By and by, however, the scene again changed. Rosa and her party drove up in a splendid equipage. The clear moonlight made all countenances visible, and Thomas Beals darted towards the vehicle, as if he had risen from the ground. He stepped up fearlessly to Mustang, and demanded to know "why he had inveigled his cousin to accept his attentions, when her affections were already pledged to another." The young Spaniard replied, "That is no concern of yours;" whereupon Thomas drew from his inner pocket a pistol, and flashed it in the Spaniard's face. The most profane oaths were uttered by the Spanish gentleman, as he boisterously inquired "what right the scapegrace of a Yankee had to meddle with affairs which did not concern him."

Young Beals was never tardy in giving an answer when full of liquor; so he manfully replied, "You are a mean, unprincipled scoundrel, to entice the affections of my cousin, who is solemnly pledged to marry my friend;"

whereupon a roar of laughter was heard among the spectators, as so ludicrous an assertion was made touching the person of the man upon whom more than half a century's experience had laid an impress not now to be mistaken; for since he had been in such a panic respecting Rosa, the wrinkles had settled most strikingly under his eyes, and very recently some red flushes appeared upon his face, which would be likely to prove a serious barrier to his receiving many *retainers*, as an advocate for the anti-liquor law.

Sims, however, attempted to protect Rosa; but she quite indignantly resisted his attentions, twitching herself away from his person, and apparently anxious to interfere in the contest, until she was conveyed from the scene by Mr. Blair, who led her off in so resolute a manner, that all resistance was in vain.

In the mean time, a large crowd had collected; and as the pale moonlight disclosed bloody noses and scratched faces, the young men were separated, every one seeming to justify the Spaniard in resisting an unprovoked attack, and criminating Thomas Beals, who was so intoxicated that he became furious. Uncle Sam had retired before the affray commenced, and was not informed of it until the next morning; and that day *the gout in his leg was intensely painful.*

Rosa now loudly pleaded that her new beau should be exonerated from all blame, declaring that it was her

sincere determination to attach herself to him hereafter, thus evincing her consummate weakness before she knew any thing of Mustang's character.

Sims proposed an *immediate return;* for since, in so short a time, so many distressing occurrences had taken place, he deemed it expedient to quit such an unfortunate spot. The whole party gladly accepted the proposition, save our little coquette; but her wish was lost in the minority.

The gay bustle and cheerful life in which our friends at first partook suddenly lost their relish. No longer were they amused at looking upon "managing mothers," who seemed emphatically to have "daughters to sell," nor yet with gay widows, and their troops of admirers; for the fountains of pleasure were dried up, and all, save Mr. and Mrs. Blair, seemed to be on the verge of retributive justice. And was it not a remarkable feature in the case, that here, where all the restraints of sobriety were removed, where giddy pleasure held an undisputed sway, where no vigorous *law exacted obedience,* and no *public opinion questioned the expediency of free gratification, there yet was a law in themselves* — a harrowing consciousness which disturbed all their pleasant anticipations? Truly, vengeance seemed to pursue them.

Rosa, however, managed to accept the present of a diamond ring, and carried away with her the daguerreotype of the Spaniard, they promising mutually to keep

"a diary" of their daily lives, and faithfully to transmit them to each other, until an interview, a few months hence, should further consummate their designs.

Why is it that parental influence thus to check such youthful imprudences becomes so powerless when most needed? When the first step is taken in coquettish imprudence, how easily the next succeeds! until we hear the fond parent acknowledge, "I have lost all power to restrain my child. She is so wayward and impulsive, I cannot govern her now" — a frank admission, nevertheless too often a true one; and such a being was Rosa Beals.

Our party, therefore, soon settled their bills, and made homeward tracks. None but Mr. and Mrs. Blair seemed at peace with themselves. Sims, the bachelor, knew he *must* surrender his claim; his wig gave marks of the negligence he felt to his outward appearance, being often displaced; he grew attenuated and dull; he sometimes talked foolishly, "as if he had nothing to live for," and showed a manifest contempt for his business. Tims looked haggard and uneasy; and Uncle Sam was sorely vexed; for Thomas was likely to prove a profligate and ruined son. The sunshine seemed taken out of all their countenances — not that life need to have been distasteful, only as a departure from the path of rectitude will make it so.

CHAPTER XVII.

Squire Sims is married to Mrs. Richard Beals. — A Lecture to Bachelors. — The Excesses of Thomas Beals force Uncle Sam to reconsider his past Course. — Uncle Sam, for the first Time, examines the Liquor Law. — A Discussion with an Enemy to the Law.

"How in the world did it come to pass so suddenly?" was the first exclamation of Mrs. Blair.

"And yet it was the best thing that could have happened," said Uncle Sam.

"Why, what *has* happened?" inquires Mr. Blair of his wife.

"Neither more nor less than that *aunt Beals is married to John Sims.* Instead of the *daughter*, he has taken the *mother;* and Rosa has most playfully alluded to the fact 'that she has a most loving father, in lieu of a beau.'"

Henceforth let bachelors take warning. Having pent up their sympathies for half a century in their own breasts, — having looked abroad, and found nothing which quite fills the ideal of their thoughts, when the mothers who once made their fluttering and youthful hearts bound with rapture have now daughters upon whom their

dimmed vision turns, as suitable for their companions for life, — then beware how you suffer yourselves to become entrapped.

The idea of youth and beauty seems to have a superadded influence as the hair whitens and the furrows thicken. You vainly imagine in the charm of that volatile girl you would find quite substantial happiness; that she would "help to *keep you young;*" and then there would be a pride in introducing so sweet a creature as your *wife.* You imagine there is no great disparity in your tastes, after all; that she is sensible, and will conform to your whims, or that you would be willing to forego old habits at her dictation; and so you strangely interest yourself in all her giddy pursuits, and dream that life would be more correspondent to that vision of your early years, if you thus gave your late affections to the keeping of so young and beautiful a being.

But remember *there is another side to the picture.* When you are *fairly won,* and would fain rest in your elbow chair, and talk over the incidents of the day, and draw the curtains, and keep out the world, she, *your young wife,* will sigh for the *concert,* or *opera,* or *social party,* and "call you dull, and unequal to her expectations;" and so you shall be forced to find your pleasure *abroad,* instead of in that quiet *home.*

Perchance, too, in that party, young gentlemen shall throng about that young wife, and she shall wear sunny

smiles, and bedeck herself to meet *them* with more scrupulous care than you shall witness on *your own account;* and then that "green-eyed monster" called *Jealousy* shall torment your peace; and too late you shall ask the question, "How came I thus deceived?"

Why should we forbear to publish this lecture to bachelors, now we have a case in point — a case of perverted fancy, which has ended, as it ought to have done, in the wedding of the mother, instead of the daughter? So we will leave our newly-married pair in their "Vermont home," while we again take a look around the palace, and see what is now agitating the occupants.

Uncle Sam is examining sundry bills that have just been presented him on "Thomas's account."

One is "for driving the roan horse, Highflier, immoderately, thereby causing his death," which is set down at the damage of "two hundred and fifty dollars."

Another is "for damaging a rockaway, breaking springs, &c., seventy-five dollars."

A third is from the dram shop and oyster saloon, of fashionable resort, "for a supper given to six young men, champagne included, twenty-four dollars."

Uncle Sam mutters an oath. He is greatly vexed when he does this, and orders his coachman to come to him. He reads the bills, and, in his extremity, even inquires of him what can be done with his son. He has not, however, ferreted out all his evil doings; for John

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.

tells him that Vulcan has been severely lamed by hard driving; that the spring to the new carryall has been broken; and that Thomas was returned in a bad plight last night, and was pitched into the gardener's house, on the premises, whereupon John remarks, "*And all this comes, sir, from licensing dram shops.*"

"*Humph,*" replies the old man. "*They are cussed holes, John, and no mistake.*"

"*If the law to abolish drink altogether could prevail,*" quoth John, "Mr. Thomas would be a likely young man. A great deal is in him, sir; but he has bad associates; and they repute you to be worth your millions, sir, and say that you advocate the license system, sir; and here is the trouble.

"If — if — I hardly dare say it, sir. It's not becoming in me to be impertinent; but *if* the young man could be sent where he could not find a drop of liquor, depend on it, sir, 'twould prove his salvation."

Uncle Sam felt there was a great truth uttered here, and it set him thinking. At length he inquired, "John, do you know a good place where I could put Tom?"

"I have a real temperance brother in the State of Maine, sir. He goes for the new law altogether; says it has saved him and hundreds of others. I don't know, but I suppose he would take your son, and make a man of him. *Saving the use of liquor*, Mr. Thomas *is a fine fellow;* noble, generous traits; only *that one thing takes*

all the manliness out of him. I wish," said John, (and he twirled his hat violently,) — "I wish he could be redeemed; for he will have it in his power yet to do great good with his money, when you shall have done with it, sir."

Uncle Sam sighed most bitterly. Said he, "John, here's a check for five hundred dollars. Will you take these bills, and settle them as if they were your own. Bring them to me receipted. That's all."

"And shall I write to my brother about receiving the young man, sir?"

"I wish you would, John; and, in the mean time, I'll talk with my daughter and Blair upon the subject."

John had done this long ago, and well knew their sentiments; and thus, for a few days, the matter rested.

After John closed the door, and Uncle Sam was left alone, what a variety of sensations pervaded his bosom! How naturally did he revert to the past! For a lifetime — ay, and a long one, too — how had he swelled the pile of retributive justice that seemed meted out to him! And now he was about to seek the protective influences of that *very law* which he had so violently contended against. *Self-interest* again prompted him to act contrary to his former course. The law he had vilified was made for *others.* Now it became necessary for *himself, to secure peace in his home, and redeem the character of his only son.*

Was there no other way whereby his salvation could be effected? He hated the idea of becoming a convert, even under such necessity. Yet what had he left undone that would avail? Had he not, again and again, tried the force of moral suasion? And then how those old arguments which his friends who pleaded for him to abandon his hostility rose before him! Again parental solicitude was excluded. He supposed his son was dead; and almost in a frenzied desperation, he would exclaim, "Would to God it had so proved!" Still again came the thought of a restoration. Even the coachman, John, had suggested, if he could but be cured of this *one vice*, his manliness would return. And now how strongly those parental instincts appealed to him for succor and deliverance, let it come when and where it might!

As it was, Thomas was an insufferable guest at home or abroad. Every day he abandoned himself to the use of ardent spirits, in some form. If he went penniless from his home, he would soon encounter a party of his old associates; and together they would hie to some "saloon," where inebriating draughts were quaffed. And when his father supposed he had broken up such associations, and the "saloon" was deserted, the "*fashionable hotel*" had its open or private bar, from which his appetite could be fully satiated. In these excited moments, his comrades could easily persuade him to procure an outfit from some livery stable; and being now well recognized

as "the rich man's son whose father would settle what he was unable to do," without difficulty, he obtained horses and carriages to convey his friends to any race ground, or neighboring establishment in our country villages, where "fast young men" meet for purposes connected with gaming, fowl shooting, or other similar purposes, which generally ended in a "smash up" to the vehicle, a scratched face, and sometimes a sprained limb, while the wonder to all observers was how they could have escaped with their lives.

Living under such a continual dread of fatal consequences, and forced to meet unexpected debts, Uncle Sam was driven to that last resort, *the law*, which effectually prohibited the sale of an article which produced such shocking results. And yet the old pride of position — the feeling that he was about to surrender the principle *upon which*, and *for which*, he had ever been the champion and advocate, drove him almost to desperation. Inwardly he loathed himself and all his works. These thoughts, too, continually preyed upon his peace, because they must be *privately* borne. If he mentioned them to his daughter or her husband, he well knew he had no weapons with which he could meet such powerful assailants. If he opened the subject to Tims, why, it was only rekindling a fire which, for months, he had kept smothered in his breast; and as to Parson Grazewell, he had not much confidence in *his* judgment; for although he had

ever found him ready to yield to his principles, yet he felt there was an insincerity, a reluctance to avow manly sentiments, for fear of contradiction, or worldly loss.

And do we not despise, in our secret hearts, those very friends whom we secure, if that friendship is not based upon the highest standard of moral conviction? And what good would it do, should he summon his old plausible legal adviser, Sims, from his comfortable quarters? He knew just how far he would follow the argument; and now he was not anxious to know about "the constitutionality of the anti-liquor law," nor was he puzzled to divine whether a "repeal" would follow, or "extended licenses" would be current. O, no. All his anxious inquiry seemed now to turn on the plain, simple question, "*Is there a spot where my son may be placed out of the reach of temptation?*" and his whole heart cried out, "If there be such an asylum, let me patronize it."

Truly, these were new thoughts with which Uncle Sam was contending; but they were tremendously harrowing to pursue. It did sometimes seem as if the book of remembrance was unsealed before his vision, and his righteous doom was foreshadowed, so that no earthly palliatives could appease his awakened conscience. And those secret whispers which inquired why he had so long withstood the searchings of that prompter which again and again had revealed the sinfulness of the traffic — those arguments, as if from the spirit land, seemed reiterated by

that departed brother — not revealed by earthly mediums or ghostly spectres, but written by his own hand, as he was on the verge of eternity. And now, last of all, the parental instincts, which surmounted all these impressive warnings, must they not, with scorching blasts, have swept through the chambers of memory, over which self-interest and a desire to sustain public opinion had set a seal, or carefully kept locked in the painful past? So that when the heart of the old man throbbed almost to bursting, the only sympathy which he now sought was from his coachman, John, who, although in a servant's capacity, had a noble heart to pity, and a generosity of nature which could readily forgive the mistakes of a whole life, provided there was a disposition to retrace past errors.

Do not smile, my friend, because the rich millionnaire chose his coachman for his sympathizing friend, in his day of trouble. Does not poor human nature often resort to feeble means for sustaining strength? With John he had perfect freedom. He was not fearful of being accused as a seceder from his party — as a traitor who had left the ranks of his friends; but in the simple expressions of such a man he heard the dictates of common sense, unwarped by party feeling; and these were tones to which Uncle Sam was not habituated.

He, however, looked intently into John's face for a moment, while a hesitating, half-expressed sentence seemed about to fall from his lips. At length he inquired, "Have

you a copy of the anti-liquor law, John? My good fellow," said he, "would you believe that I never read the law in my life? I only knew it was prohibitory, and that it affected my moneyed interest; but I don't know, John, but I shall be obliged to try its practical effects upon Tom."

"'Twould work like a charm, sir," replied John. "Indeed, I know no other way to save him, sir. I think, too, it would give you great peace of mind to reflect that you availed yourself of such a safety rope, sir."

"But, John, what will be said of me if I thus yield to these convictions? There's a party, you know, who would forever hold me in derision for leaving them."

"And there's your son, sir, who will be lost to you unless he avails himself of the benefit; and it must come through you, sir." John appeared to gain confidence, and he added, "Which, sir, is of the most consequence to you, the friendship of liquor venders, or the reformation of your only son? That settles the question, Mr. Beals. I hope I'm not too forward in my remarks, sir."

Uncle Sam patted John on the shoulder as he replied, "You've been with me many years, and always proved yourself a consistent man, John. I respect your opinion. You know my trials. I'll examine the copy we spoke about. Go, now, and bring it to me."

John came immediately back, bringing the paper containing the anti-liquor law in full, as it now stands, unre-

pealed. Uncle Sam closed his door, and began to examine the law for the first time. "*It is stringent,*" muttered he, "and that is the reason I have quarrelled about it; *but what less than this will give the remedy I seek?* If my son can get any liquor at all, the appetite becomes unappeased; and he is wild until he drinks to excess. Well, this cuts off the license system only for medicinal purposes; and why should it not, to be consistent? If there is a place where the stuff can be bought, Tom will avail himself of it. I suppose Blair is right, and Tims was right years ago; and there's brother Dick;" and, for the first time since the day Squire Sims read to him that *document*, he went to his private drawer, and took it out, and read it over.

Uncle Sam was not aware that any one had heard him in his cogitations; yet Mrs. Blair sat in an anteroom, and, with her brother Thomas, heard his low mutterings. Thomas seemed deeply moved by the intensity of his father's anguish on his account; and he said to his sister, as they soon after talked together, "I would be thankful to reform, if I knew how to begin."

"Do tell father so, then," replied Mrs. Blair. "It will so delight his heart to feel that you are willing to yield yourself to redeeming influences; and, Thomas, think what a dear brother you will become to me, if you only subdue this propensity." And she sent him to his father's room.

There was a struggle, painfully exciting, upon the part of both father and son. Convictions that had been long resisted now pleaded for a rehearing in the father's breast, and a renewed determination to reform led the son to repeat many old promises; but how did he strengthen his father as to his duty in this particular?

"I can never reform," remarked Thomas, "while there are so many baits to entrap me. Father, it is the *licensed saloons and the hotel bars* that continually keep me in my slavish debasement. I resolve, on leaving home, to return a sober man; but I am met by some acquaintances, and I am not manly enough to withstand their invitations; and I drink one glass. Then my desire to drink another succeeds, and I become wild and giddy; and you know the rest."

"Indeed, child, I do; and I am going to turn about, and direct my influence to another channel. I mean to *advocate the anti-liquor law, Thomas, in future.*"

"That's the true way, father, to root out drunkenness. The law must be put in force, without such a license system as we have had; for I can procure liquor almost any where. I don't know what people quarrel so about. Every intemperate man I converse with acknowledges the law is none too stringent, if we mean to effect a reformation. I think, father, the opposition is mainly on account of *pecuniary interests involved in the traffic.*"

"Just so, my son. I'm glad to hear you reason like a

man. It puts new life in me. Thomas, I've been talking about your reformation with John; and he says he has a real, pledged temperance brother, who lives where the law is operative; and he is an excellent farmer. Now, what do you say, my son, to going there until we bring about a state of society here that will not so endanger you?"

"I would vote with both hands to go there, sir. I wish I could be sent to-day." He added, "There are a great many reasons why I wish to reform;" and then he hesitated, as if he had said enough; but he brushed away a tear, and left the room.

Uncle Sam next talked with his daughter — she who always strengthened him in his good purposes. We cannot narrate all they said; but the old man wondered he had never before minutely examined what he had been contending against. He even went so far as to say he did not believe but many would be convinced of their error in such wilful opposition, if they would calmly examine the necessity which made an anti-liquor law indispensable. He thought over the domestic ties which surrounded the most inveterate condemners of the law. None of their dearest treasures had fallen victims to intemperance, that he could recall to his memory. They only looked at it in a *selfish view*, just as he had done for years.

"But it is never too late to confess our errors, father,"

replied Mrs. Blair. "It is so manly not to resist convictions of duty, that one always gains the respect of the wise and unprejudiced; and then the consciousness that we have risen out of our foggy, narrow views, into the bracing atmosphere of truth, always makes one feel a conscious dignity in his new position which he would not exchange again for all the bribes which wealth can bestow. *Money is nothing*, you know, father, *to inward quietness of mind.*"

"Eunice, child, I believe you are an angel, sent to strengthen me. I feel all you say is too true; and if we can but bring about Thomas's reformation, do you suppose I will ever again fight against the means which procured it?"

"And we will ask God to assist us," replied the conscientious daughter. "He never frowns upon our sincere endeavors to do right."

The father nodded his assent. And now we will see how soon after the old man was made to attest the convictions that he had expressed to his children.

Just at this time, an enemy of the law called on Mr. Beals for funds wherewith their opposition could be maintained, this being an object upon which Uncle Sam had hitherto freely lavished his money. His friend quickly detected a change in the old man's feelings; for he even expressed the thought that he wished he might never

again be troubled with the subject; for, remarked he, after all, "*We must have the law.*"

"*Must have the law*, do I understand you to say, Mr. Beals? What widow's plea has operated so powerfully on your heart, just now? Surely, you are not about to flinch from your long-established principles, and thus jeopardize such large investments of property as are exposed to those engaged in the traffic."

"Well, well," said Uncle Sam, "I have been looking at this matter as I never gave it attention before. Hitherto I have had my liquors safely lodged in my cellar. They were a harmless enemy, under lock and key. I ordered them brought out, as my friends desired. I never drank immoderately myself, as you well know; for I have always despised a drunkard. But, sir, I must tell you, the matter has been pressed home to me as I never expected. *You know I have a son — an only one — a smart, capable young man, except this habit of drinking.*

"Well, I thought I could govern his appetite by closely watching him, and keeping the article out of his reach, and not furnishing him with means to obtain it; but, sir, I find I was mistaken. He will find a friend or old companion, who decoys him in the city to those *cussed saloons*, where they drink, then gamble, or drive off to some other rendezvous; and I am obliged to foot the bills — a thing not so important, either, as the *mortification of having a child with such a depraved appetite.* I have been thinking

over this matter — deep thoughts, I assure you. Thoughts I did not wish to have knocking at the door, *have* come unbidden; and I have, in my imaginings at such times, cut off the licenses from petty dram shops and saloons of fashionable resort; and when Thomas obeyed my interdiction not to enter these, why, at the first-class hotels, some young man was sure to give him the first glass; and then it was all over; for when his appetite is fed in a small way, it craves further gratification; and he returns home as you, sir, would not have a son of yours, provided there was any way, under God's heaven, to prevent it. And now, in the name of humanity, I ask you, Is there any way to redeem my son but *by a law* which effectually prevents him from procuring the article?"

The retailer looked abashed, as well as astonished, and replied, "But, sir, we did not expect a desertion from this quarter in our ranks. You have ever been our steady friend; we could count on you as willing to face any amount of funds; and, just now, we are anxious for a further addition, as we, engaged in the traffic, are determined to conquer or die in the cause. We have already, as you know, a heavy reserved fund with which to wage the battle; but if we are prohibited from calling on you to aid us, how can we look to weaker props to sustain us? Admitting you have an inebriate son, does it follow, that, for *him*, a law must be made which shall

jeopardize *my* interests? Must *your* interest work *my* downfall?"

Uncle Sam grew indignant. The very arguments he had used for years to others were now tauntingly thrown at him; and he would not bear them. He hastily replied, "I have made sacrifices enough on account of the traffic. I have given my money as freely as if it were dug from a mine of gold. I have advocated the party through every discouraging aspect. I have incurred enmity and disgrace, as I now look upon the thing; and yet you demand the further sacrifice of my child. He shall not be laid upon your infernal altar. I will, if necessary, the rather knock in the head of every butt and quarter cask in my store, than peril him any longer. No," continued he, "you must not ask me for funds to carry on this traffic. If I escape my future doom by repenting of what I *have* done, God be praised; but don't ask for more."

Uncle Sam, now he was beginning to avow his convictions, seemed to be changed in the style of his phraseology. We see a marked purity in his conversation, somewhat different from his former vulgarities; and is it wonderful that so cleansing a process as the right aspect of the temperance question involves should affect the language, as the mind clearly discerns its purifying effects? and he thus continued: —

"I have now, sir, laid open my heart as I did not

intend. Never before have I uttered myself aloud in this manner; but the crushing weight of parental obligation compels me to conceal no longer what I see the dire necessity of supporting — *the law.*"

"Perhaps, sir," replied the retailer, "these are only passionate words, uttered in your hour of perplexity. I shall not publish them as coming from a man whom we have so highly esteemed, and whose name we have borne so triumphantly upon our list as a foremost leader."

"Mr. Flinn," replied Uncle Sam, "no gassy language or flattering commendation will now avail. Report me or not, as you choose. I have been too long entangled in such meshes. I have too long resisted the pleas of humanity. Nor am I a sudden convert. I have wilfully closed my eyes for years upon the destructive process of intemperance; and the last bribe money I paid to *secure voters* stung me to the quick, as a criminal deed, although I silently consented to the act."

"And so I suppose, Mr. Beals, you will now herald all our business transactions to the friends of the law. A pretty detail will be thus furnished, wherewith they will strengthen their cause. In the name of all that is honorable and manly, promise me that you will not betray us. All parties have secret influences to effect the results they desire. Our *bribe money*, and the fees paid to legal advisers, what our committees have felt bound to advocate, and all the secrets with which you are acquainted, of

course, cannot be divulged by you, unless you greatly criminate *yourself;* for you have been our first leader, and a traitor is a despicable character, Mr. Beals."

"So we are all, all despicable. Why have I suffered myself to be so entangled, just to keep in favor with a party, just to support my gains in the traffic, and just to mislead others in the destructive way? I know I may seem like a maniac to you, Flinn, in my remarks; but an aroused conscience speaks out in firm tones; and where it has long been pent up, when it vents its indignation, it does so earnestly. I have no apologies to make. My heart is oppressed, and cries out for deliverance."

Flinn was more and more astonished. This was desertion in the high places. It would prove a fatal blow to the party, a mighty influence to operate on public opinion, a heavy drawback upon their future plans, and, perchance, an incentive to others to become baptized with the same spirit; for did he not know many whose moral convictions almost turned against worldly advantage? Yet what was to be done? Uncle Sam was inflexible. It would not be judicious to try to bring him over. He was still of sane mind and sound judgment; and so the least said upon the matter the better. Flinn left him with deep regret thus to separate.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Thomas Beals is placed in a Home where the Anti-Liquor Law prevails. — Description of a Temperance Village. — Tims's Convictions. — A Mass Convention held at the Palace. — Knocking out the Bungs. — Uncle Sam's Conversation with Parson Grazewell.

THE arrangements for the removal of Thomas Beals from the reach of temptation were about completed; and he continued quite pleased with the idea of being emancipated from the power of evil associates. Many an affectionate appeal had been addressed to him by his sister, and many an urgent solicitation had been set forth, that, by being restored to sobriety, he could become a useful citizen, and an inheritor of vast wealth, with which she always planned he could help redeem those who, like him, were debased by the free use of liquor; for her generous nature always contrived some amelioration of human woe by earthly possessions, probably feeling that the property her father had accumulated was mostly wrung from human suffering, when traced to its true source: she felt as all true, noble-hearted people *do* feel, that its appropriation ought to be devoted to allaying the evil it had engendered.

While Thomas's outfit was preparing, there seemed to

be something which preyed upon his mind that he dared not divulge. Mrs. Blair, supposing it was some account of ill luck at the gaming table, never pressed him for an explanation; and he went away with his untold secret.

The morning of their departure was a delightful one. The hot rays of a summer's sun were tempered by a cool breeze, and the copious showers of the preceding day caused all nature to smile. John, the coachman, had trimmed his horses with fly nets and green boughs; and having been kept on high feed, some days, for this intended journey, they were antic and showy in the extreme.

To amuse Thomas, his father suggested that he should take the reins when they were fairly under way; and with varied conversation and occasional stops, riding through a romantic and picturesque country, the whole way passed off finely, the journey occupying three days by carriage, while the fleet steam horse took only a few hours to complete it.

Thomas Beals would have made an excellent farmer, had he been early trained to the occupation; but rich men then felt that they could do better with their sons than cause them to hold or drive the plough. It was a sad mistake with many thus to judge of an enlightened agriculturist, who is now coming to be viewed as occupying one of the most enviable and exalted positions which is assigned to toiling humanity.

Uncle Sam was only associated with a farm just enough

to think of drudgery and a hard lot, whereby one could not accumulate money; and the heavy demands his business had since made upon his time had not essentially changed his opinion. He had not read many scientific journals which treated of modern improvements in husbandry; but he was, in truth, the owner of the land upon which he was now taking his son. John had obtained money from his master to purchase the farm, giving him a mortgage of the same; and then he let it to his brother, to whom we are about to introduce our readers.

Thomas Beals was acquainted with this fact, which circumstance gave him more interest in the premises; for, now he was about trying another course of life, his ideas did not expand to obtain any higher position than to become owner of a country house and a few acres of land. But why did he covet a house, without a blithesome wife to occupy it? We will not answer the question just now, but take a glance at the occupants and premises, at which John has just halted, and, in a most familiar manner, is signifying, by a most vociferous "whoa," that they have actually arrived, where they are most cordially received, and an air of thrift was every where apparent. Farmer George was a hale, robust man, with a countenance full of cheerful merriment. His wife bore marks of a cultivated intellect, and, by the agreeable tone of her conversation, completely won Uncle Sam's heart; and Thomas thought she resembled his sister. A daughter,

eighteen years of age, moved about with great alacrity; and although diffident, and unable to speak without a deep blush, yet she conversed sensibly, and appeared no way deficient in a good understanding. The son, a young man of twenty, was laboring in an adjoining field. While the dinner was in preparation, Captain George Treadwell proposed that his guests should take a look over their pleasant village. As they were doing so, the captain often called upon his company to stop and listen to his varied accounts of the beneficial workings of the temperance law. "You observe," said he, "that old, dilapidated house upon the opposite side of the street. That, two years ago, was a rum tavern. Many is the man that remembers the terrible scenes he has there witnessed, before the passage of our law. There were seasons when a riotous spirit more especially prevailed, such as 'muster days,' 'town meeting days,' and whenever the militia met, and particularly when there was any agitating question in the town to be settled by *vote*, it was a common practice 'to treat' certain members, in order to secure their votes. This, in the end, always produced a riotous spirit, which was seldom quelled until the poor inebriates, in their besotted condition, lay in piles upon broken settees, or were carried home in a state of horrible stupor. A town meeting came, at length, to be looked upon as a scene of disgraceful procedure. The landlord drank, and his son followed the example, until, by and by, they

became unfitted for any sort of employment; and the tavern was about being closed up, when one of the fathers of the town, a stanch friend of temperance, agreed to release the premises to the old landlord, on condition he would become a pledged man. To save himself from ruin, the old man consented, and so did the son. I would like to have had you witness the change at our next election of town officers. Scarcely a man was seen hovering round the portals of that tavern, unless he had business with some other man. Long before sundown, every citizen was safely returned to his home; and the greatest unanimity prevailed. There never was such an argument in favor of the anti-liquor law witnessed before. In a month or two, however, Sykes, the landlord, concluded he had rather change his business; and he turned farmer. The old house was closed, and has never been reopened. One of our citizens has just bought it, and is to repair and open it upon temperance principles; for we need a public house among us."

Passing on a few steps, they again halted. "This is the residence of Sykes, the old rum landlord, about whom we were speaking. See how neatly he has trimmed up his hedge, and how finely his gravel walk is laid out to to his front door. The man is thoroughly renewed, gentlemen, since he quit liquor." Uncle Sam had seen Sykes, and sold him liquor years ago; but he kept the secret.

As they further proceeded, the white dwellings, and the neat, and even tasteful, outbuildings, all indicated thrift, while upon the highest hill in the village stood an elegant carved figure-head, not unlike what we sometimes see upon our steamboats. They were told that the man who resided here was formerly a master of a vessel, and an intemperate man; but, years ago, he reformed, and placed on his summer house, upon that height of land, the figure, which he named the "*Goddess of Temperance;*" and as she now ruled the destinies of the whole village, she might well cast her smiling countenance upon the inhabitants she overlooked.

Thus had Temperance not only increased the thrift, but she had improved the taste, of the villagers; for, as Captain Treadwell remarked, "what was saved by the relinquishment of liquor would soon build a tasteful cottage for any man."

During this walk, they frequently were accosted by men who were going to and returning from their laborious pursuits. Every one looked a personification of his newly-adopted principles. There were no ragged children, no shabbily-dressed loafers, no hats from broken panes of glass, no fences broken down, and overrun with nettles. Uncle Sam was touched. He never felt the need of an entire surrender more keenly than at the present moment. He had no misgivings about his recent declarations in defence of the law. His misgivings were at his withholding

his influence so long. What could the most violent opposer of the law have found for an argument to support his position here? Even Captain Treadwell himself was a reclaimed man. Formerly he had been the commander of a small fishing schooner; but he was never long successful. Sometimes he made unprofitable voyages, sometimes he was overtaken by gales, and driven into ports for repairs, and sometimes he was "top-heavy" himself, which, after all, was the secret of his ill success. But he abandoned the sea and the use of liquor simultaneously, became a farmer, and, ever since, had been prospered by good crops, a kind brother, (John, the coachman;) and he was now a useful citizen, and a leading member of society. John had bought the farm at a bargain, and mortgaged it to Uncle Sam; so that, by carefully laying by his earnings, he hoped, at no distant day, to redeem it.

But our party have returned to that cheerful home, and a well-spread table awaits them. There are grateful hearts and cheerful voices; and Uncle Sam felt that a cottage, where sobriety and decorum reign supreme, is even preferable to a palace. Thomas was safe in the keeping of such a family. He even thought he should be happy there himself; for there was a tranquil contentment, undisturbed by the petty annoyances with which he had long been surrounded, by adherence to his party. Thomas felt its power, and was resolved to try the influence upon

himself which had so wonderfully changed those about him; and the encouraging tones of Captain Treadwell's voice had a powerful influence upon his good resolutions.

This is an important consideration in the work of reform. Be careful always to place a pledged individual where he will be *encouraged*, and, if possible, furnish him with that *employment best adapted to his taste*. Little things greatly affect character; but to those who are struggling to obtain a victory over evil habits *they are no trifles*. Perchance the young man in question, had he been more closely watched, and early influenced by parental counsel, would have escaped the foe which now destroyed his peace. Yet it may be so ordered by Providence, that such signal deliverances shall be wrought out to exhibit the weakness of men who rely upon their own unaided strength.

At evening, Captain Treadwell showed that he incorporated a religious trust with daily labor, and implored divine strength to enable him to keep in the true path. He read some passages which came home to Uncle Sam's conscience with withering force, such as, "Thou hast set my secret sins in the light of thy countenance;" and this so agitated the old man's heart, that, after prayer, he inquired of Captain Treadwell about his ideas of a future judgment, and seemed anxious to have the query answered, "whether our secret sins would, in the day of judgment, be made manifest to an assembled universe, or that

each soul would be so convicted by the awakened power of memory, that it would acknowledge the justice of its condemnation, without the intervention of mercy" — a very agitating question to Uncle Sam, who felt he had been one of the chief of sinners; for since he changed his arguments in support of the law, he found the *religious element* in his nature was not so easily stifled. Captain Treadwell and he pursued such inquiries till a late hour; yet Uncle Sam was not weary with the conversation.

Day by day, however, he saw Thomas becoming more at home, and willing to engage in agricultural labor. He had already selected a few acres of choice land, whereon he proposed to plant an orchard, his father promising him that he would send him some hundreds of well-selected fruit trees; so that the family where he lived had a superadded motive to treat him with affectionate care.

Uncle Sam now proposed to John that they should return; and as they did so, many a scheme was devised whereby a benefit should accrue to all parties; and it did really seem as if the old man's smothered humanity began to reassume its rightful authority.

On his return, he was gladly welcomed by his daughter; and the pleasing picture which he drew of the effects of the temperance movement, and of her brother's safety, completely overjoyed her. "My dear father," she could not but exclaim, "it is worth more than all the mine

of gold you could bestow upon me to know that you are a convert to this doctrine. It is what Mr. Blair and I have prayed for, have hoped for; and now the realization makes us an undivided household." Uncle Sam was moved. Think you his full heart regretted the announcement of convictions that had long preyed upon his peace?

It is time, quite time, that Mr. Tims should speak to us. After Uncle Sam's disclosure to his old friend who came to solicit the funds wherewith to fight, the store was literally besieged, to ascertain the truth of the rumor that they had lost their zealous supporter; yet as Tims was not informed of it by any direct avowal, he could only give evasive answers. He was shocked at the barbarity with which his old friends treated the subject.

"He is a demented old fool," exclaimed one.

"Driven to madness by a drunken son," remarks another.

"The old man has got his millions, and he may well turn traitor," says a third.

Indeed, not one conceded that an honest conviction had induced the change. Is it not so, whenever we leave a party whose principles are questionable, that they will impute every motive but a *sincere one* to the seceder?

Tims, therefore, early consulted with Uncle Sam on his return, and a long interview followed. We have already seen that his convictions of the sin of the traffic were

stifled by Uncle Sam's entreaties and threats; and we may well suppose that, if reawakened, the desire to change his business would be more likely to follow. Ever since the lecture by Brown, Tims had felt disconcerted. He had attempted to quiet his conscience by restoring the money he did take from the then degraded man; for he had enclosed in a note the sum of five hundred dollars, which, by way of raillery, he added, "would, he trusted, prevent him from ever again repeating the tale which had so vexed his soul;" while, in reply, Brown said, "Should I tell the story again, be assured, Mr. Tims, I shall not forget to add the *afterpiece*."

Uncle Sam soon perceived that a new set of visitors now frequented the palace. Brave temperance men called to give him the right hand of fellowship; and, what was the best feature of all, many who had been swayed by his example, yet had long felt convinced of their unsound position, now courageously avowed themselves friends of the law; and letters from almost every town in the state announced to him their approbation of the stand he had taken.

Uncle Sam soon proposed a mass convention, to meet at his palace, and sent his invitations far and near, that a large assemblage might be present.

How different was this from all his former entertainments! Here were judges, senators, representatives, men of talent, and men of principle. The palace was not

full; for those who ought to have entered it were not there. Non-committal men; men who doubted the *expediency of making the law;* men who doubted whether, if it were made, it could be *sustained;* men who had *large wealth in the traffic*, and *purblind men* who advocated higher claims than poor humanity's call, because *property, to them, ought to be "legally and religiously protected;"* and that large class of men who are dependent upon public breath and office; and, last of all, *religious men*, — ministers of the gospel of Christ, who preached the necessity of regeneration, — "many of these, with one consent, began to make excuse." Yet, like the feast in the Gospels, the halt and the blind, the maimed and the outcast, were compelled to enter; and the palace *was* full. And was not every guest filled with a joyous heart? and was it not right they "should make merry and be glad"? since those who were lost were found, and those who were dead were restored to life.

But what means that shout from the multitude? Whence issues that stream the odor of which brings fresh recollections of distress and want so vividly before many of this assembly? Why, Uncle Sam has ordered John, the coachman, to become his temperance agent; and not a butt, puncheon, hogshead, or quarter cask has escaped his heavy blow. He has beheaded them all, and they are furiously disgorging their contents.

And what a supper was spread for those guests! Tell

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me not that we need the enlivening draught to make our spirits glad; that, without wine, our social feasts degenerate into dulness; that the healthful pulse needs the acceleration of the poisonous cup; for here was genuine mirth, yet so chastened, that no succeeding reaction made the past loathsome to contemplate; but all was as sunshine without a cloud.

Uncle Sam had invited the Rev. Mr. Grazewell to be present at this entertainment; but he declined the privilege; whereupon his parishioner appointed a day for an interview, which took place at no distant period; and we cannot withhold some of the conversation which then passed between them.

Here, again, we are called to remark upon the correct language with which Uncle Sam clothed his thoughts. Indeed, the purity of his thoughts seemed to keep pace with the chastened character of his convictions.

"I have been thinking," remarked Uncle Sam to the clerical gentleman, "that had the *pulpit been a more efficient organ, many would have been converted, long ago, to the doctrine of temperance.* This may sound oddly, coming from me, who always expressed the greatest satisfaction with the manner you have treated the subject. You must know, however, that, for years, I have with difficulty winked out of sight the convictions of my own conscience; and the voices from the pulpit to which I have listened have been to me as a siren song to lull my half-awakened

conscience. — When I first conversed with you upon this subject, I *did* secretly hope you would forever quiet my disturbed feelings. I tried to make out plausible arguments, in self-defence; and sometimes I gained a partial vindication for myself to continue in the traffic; but Providence sent upon me such a powerful motive for my entire abandonment of my former course, that now I cannot see how others could prop me up with such specious arguments."

"But," replied Mr. Grazewell, "had I preached any other doctrine, you would have closed the door against me, and either allied yourself to another, or quit the house of God altogether. I am no party man, Mr. Beals — no agitator. I never saw the necessity of driving the subject of temperance with a sledge hammer into my parishioners' hearts. I have always uttered the prayer, that 'an end might be put to intemperance and its kindred vices;' and no man respects sober, discreet citizens more than I do."

"But," pursued Uncle Sam, "you ought to be influenced by a higher law than *my* desire that you should yield to *my prejudices*. This non-committal course kept me still more blindfolded in error; for I always reasoned with myself, 'Well, here are men set apart to point out the dangerous sins of our times; and if my calling is such an aggravated one, would they be bribed by worldly considerations to keep silent?'"

Mr. Grazewell here interposed. "Sir, this subject has

occasioned not only myself, but our whole association, a great deal of uneasiness; for we have desired to meet the wants of our people, not to gloss over their sins, neither to deal so harshly with them as to drive them out of the sanctuary. In nearly all our congregations, there were men connected with societies and churches who had more or less interest in the traffic of ardent spirits. They were wealthy men, of the stamp of yourself, sir. They were sensible men, who held our public offices, and presided over our political interests; and, with the exception of their *occupation*, they were righteous men. It was harsh judgment to look such men in the face, and say to them, 'You are perilling your souls.' Mr. Beals, I hold that every man is responsible for his own sin; and I have yet to learn that I am accountable for the different manner with which we judge of various subjects.

"Among *us* was yourself; Deacon Tibbetts, who is a retired distiller; Captain Bates, who has for many years been engaged in the liquor trade; Mr. Tims, your partner; Mr. Slow, the clerk of our society; Jethro Edwards, and Squire Holiday — all our first men. So, then, any appeal to give to foreign missions, to promote education, to pay regular instalments for the support of the poor, for the cause of seamen, for the interests of the town, and the good of society in general, has always met with a ready response. I have never felt like telling such men they were invoking the displeasure of their Maker by

continuing in their traffic. I may be wrong, but if so, I pray that I may be enlightened."

"It is just this talk," replied Uncle Sam, "that keeps up the delusion that men can gain their thousands by a sinful trade, and yet atone for all the evil by giving small, paltry sums to arrest vice in general. Mr. Grazewell, until you ministers adopt a more independent course, you are responsible for the sacrifice of the souls thus jeopardized. Is not the pulpit always accounted one of the most popular and sure means of arresting misguided opinion? Are not the incumbents generally accredited pious men, who would not wink at flagrant sins? Now, why is this evil so palliated, unless it be from motives of self-interest — the feeling that the doctrine of abstinence would not meet public opinion, and that it would conflict with heavy tax-paying members of our religious societies? I am an old man, Mr. Grazewell; and, thank God, I am, at length, an awakened one; yet never, in any of our social conversations, have you adverted to the subject of my business — never but to justify me in the opinion of others. I never had but one faithful pastor; and he used to talk in plain English, and tell me he had a solemn duty to discharge; that he was impressed with the sinful nature of the traffic in liquor vending; and that, as an ambassador set for the defence of the gospel, he was bound to express such convictions. I opposed his theory, it is true; yet, at that time, I invariably held the man in *reverence.*

I respected him as a *true* man, as an *honest* man, as a *righteous* man; and I do believe, by his winning method of addressing his parishioners, that he has impressed a multitude; for some of his parish are now the most influential leaders in the great temperance reform. You see, then, that mealy-mouthed Christians do not secure half so much respect as the plain, reproving ones, who have the true interests of their people at heart."

"But, Mr. Beals, all have not become converted like yourself. *We* (that is, some of my brethren) have serious doubts about the matter of *property* — whether it can be legally thrown out of the scale. Now you have accumulated such immense wealth by the traffic, Mr. Beals, some of your party are struggling to become equally rich by following in your footsteps; and they do not relish being put down by one who has no further need of accumulation. How you would have pursued a party, a short time ago, who wilfully interfered with your business! No man would have given a sharper rebuke."

"I acknowledge it all, Mr. Grazewell; but because *I* should thus have felt myself persecuted, if *you* were really set to arrest an evil, should my *pecuniary interests* weigh heavier in the scale than the perilled souls of thousands? Sir, we must cut off the evil; and it must be done in *high places*. I have hitherto always had a decanter or bottle of wine placed upon my dinner table. That single circumstance furnished my son with an argu-

ment that he, too, should drink; and how could I plead for *his* reformation when I, too, was a somewhat inthralled man? Yes, sir, I resolved to abolish the sight of liquor. It was my habit to drink what is called moderately; but I now see that I ought to renounce the habit; and I have done so, without feeling any loss of strength, or diminution of cheerfulness. Yet I have sad misgivings that I have lived so incorrigibly in the past, that I merely wish now to say to you, Mr. Grazewell, that, unless you deal more openly with the sin, I must beg to release myself from any longer sitting under your ministry."

And so they separated; but, that evening, Mr. Grazewell held another consultation with his people, and was gratified to find, that, if Uncle Sam's tax were withheld, there were members remaining who would make good the deficit on his pay roll.

CHAPTER XIX.

New Scenes at the Palace. — Uncle Sam's Idea of Office Seeking. — Sims's Annuity, &c. — Rosa Beals and her Spanish Lover. — Mustang is married in Cuba. — The Arrival of Thomas Beals's Wife at the Palace. — The Conference upon the Subject of their Reunion.

Since Uncle Sam's reformation, the visitors to the palace were much changed. Indeed, he could hardly induce some of his old friends to call on him at all. They were once pledged to his *choice liquors*, not his personal friendship; and of what use were such acquaintances? Yet he had no lack of visitors; but they had an outward look of healthful exhilaration, such as temperance advocates always have, which carries the argument for the doctrine most commonly in the countenance.

Gouty men, and hypochondriacs, and old soakers, that delighted to stop at the palace, now shunned it; for the enjoyment of a good dinner has not half the charm that a well-filled decanter affords to such individuals; yet how Mr. and Mrs. Blair gloried in the change! The loud laugh which wine often induced, the indelicate language which some, half inebriated, suffered to escape them, were no longer heard, and even Uncle Sam's gouty

affection was far less troublesome than it had been for years.

But what is the intelligence from our sister state, Vermont? How does our *friend Sims* regard the temperance law? Let Mrs. Sims answer that question, as they are now paying their respects to Uncle Sam.

"When I was last married, Mr. Beals," says this lady, "I was surprised to find that my husband felt 'it essential to his comfort,' as he called it, to every day drink a glass of brandy and water. I, sir, revolted at such an idea; for you well know what a temperance advocate your brother, my first husband, was. Well, he daily drank, until his supply was exhausted. The jugs, one morning, were in our front entry, waiting for the express man to carry them to your city. I took my husband into the dining room, and begged of him to let the empty demijohns be returned to the lockup. I told him of his running counter to public sentiment among us; that he would lose the confidence of our best men, who were pledged to temperance, if he did not follow my prescription; and, to please me, he consented to do as I desired. *A woman*, Mr. Beals, *is, or can be, the best temperance lecturer in the world.* Mr. Sims, however, complained, a few days, of 'great faintness at his stomach.' This alarmed me greatly; for I had ever heard that this indicated a confirmed habit; and the idea that I should be allied to a drunkard would have driven me to distraction. The very

shade of my Richard seemed to stand before me, and say, 'Persevere.' I at first quelled the gnawings of a vitiated appetite by nutritious diet, until I at length made him acknowledge, that, since he had quit the custom of drinking, 'he had felt more vigorous than he had for years.' Rosa, as you recollect, long ago, cured Mr. Sims of smoking; and as both these habits seem now eradicated, I have only to ask you and Mr. and Mrs. Blair to help me subdue one other inordinate propensity, which is the love of *office seeking.*"

"Does he still crave an office under government?" inquired Uncle Sam. "Well, let him seek it. He will never receive the offer of one he would deem worthy of acceptance. It will always be a second-rate appointment, at which his dignity will revolt."

Mr. Sims now entered. "What say you, Mr. Beals, to my application to our president for a consulship at some foreign port?"

"I say it's all nonsense, and not worth the paper you will spot to make the application, Sims. Why, are you deranged upon this subject still? You are a monomaniac, Sims. Let me never hear you again speak upon this subject."

Sims took the hint, and dropped it; but that farm, and his new office, which was appended to the dwelling house since his marriage, held out but little inducement to him to quietly sit down. Indeed, I have sometimes queried

whether a drunkard cannot sooner be induced to yield to argument than an inveterate office seeker. The settlement of Uncle Sam's accounts had already considerably enriched him, and the old man was now about securing an annuity to him, so that he need not complain that it was a matter of necessity to change his business.

And now we will introduce Rosa and her Spanish lover, Mr. Mustang. For a considerable period they had kept up a "diary," recording the most trivial events. Indeed, our little coquette had been more minute than was needful, or perhaps helpful to the security of her prize; for she thought of scarcely any thing but what had a reference to him; and her conversation, of course, became quite disagreeable to her acquaintances. *Her* mistake, however, let me here premise, is no uncommon one.

Do not some people, both old and young, evince a strong desire to converse almost exclusively upon whatever may be the subject of their thoughts? seeming to think that the person whom they may have chosen for a companion for life is as much an object of interest to *others* as to *themselves;* so that, pursuing this subject unwarrantably, a disgust is engendered, and the friend is shunned, as having no conversational powers but what relate to the loved or lover.

Now, Rosa Beals was one of this class. "Her *divine Mr. Mustang*" was a hated household word; and even

the old Squire no longer regretted that he had been cast aside; for her manifest indifference to him had long ago chilled the ardor of his affection, and he looked upon his wife as a paragon of perfection.

The young lady was now preparing for a visit to the palace. She had informed her cousin, that, probably, it would be the last that Rosa Beals would ever pay her. She then spoke of her lover's devotedness, and his urgent solicitation that their union should not be longer postponed than necessary; yet as she knew nothing of his character, her mother and step-father protested against her advancing any further, until some information could be obtained. Squire Sims had written again and again to people resident on the island; yet nothing satisfactory was elicited. That there was such a firm, and that they were reputed as doing a fair business, was admitted; but as to the habits and characteristics of the gentleman in question, there was a dead silence.

Of late, Mr. Mustang had complained, in his letters, that his *business* so engrossed his time, that he must be pardoned for writing incoherently; that he might not be able to come north as soon as he originally promised; and, to a keen observer, there was less of the "ardent attachment" than formerly. Still, Rosa was blind, and did not so construe it.

One day, a postman handed her a newspaper published on the island whither her thoughts so often tended, and in

which she was so deeply interested. She read and re-read it, without observing, as she did afterwards, a slight mark under the following notice, which ran thus: "*Married, in Cuba, Mr. Henry Mustang* to Miss Josepha Don Miguel." Rosa was found, soon after, faint, and in a state of unconsciousness, holding, with a tight grasp, the paper which had caused her trepidation.

For days after, she was nearly frantic. She raved, and wrote to him her most vehement utterances; "she would never again trust the sex;" and ended by calling Heaven to witness that such vile conduct would meet with a fearful retribution. And so, indeed, it deserves; yet having been warned, was not her persistence a ground of serious self-condemnation?

Violent expressions in love, as in grief, yield the soonest to other influences; and, as a proof that no deep and abiding love long remained in Rosa's breast, we next hear of her as engaged to the son of a wealthy farmer, who is now a sophomore in college. The breach seems all healed, which only shows how she could accommodate her affections to all latitudes and tastes; but on one thing she seemed fully intent, which was, that she would never exist "without a beau." Mrs. Blair has her now more under her control, and advises with her upon propriety of conduct; so that, if she keeps on the course she has marked out, she may yet become a useful and domestic woman. Uncle Sam, too, will always look upon her with

peculiar interest; and he rewards his friends with the "material aid," when necessary. We will therefore predict a happy close to her waywardness, and a return to the path wherein a woman exercises the best influence — even in making herself a sunbeam in her own home, in which all the graces and virtues are conspicuously developed.

Let us pause here a moment, and change our prospect.

Sitting by the window which commands a view of the path that leads to the railroad, a delicate-looking woman is discerned leading a flaxen-haired boy. The little creature seems unwilling to walk; but the lady gently chides him; and as she picks a flower and gives him, he is content to trot along in front of her.

Mrs. Blair cannot divine who this stranger may be. The woman looks pale and careworn; but still she appears young, very young. She is not a beggar, surely, unless she is made so by another's fault; for there is a sweetness of expression and a countenance which indicate that she belongs to no vulgar train. The door bell is softly rung, and the stranger inquires for Mr. Beals.

Mrs. Blair supplies her father's absence; and the lady thus continues her inquiries, as the little boy sits demurely at her side, much fatigued: —

"It may, it *must*, strike you very strangely, Mrs. Blair,

as I suppose you are, to be informed that *I am the wife of your brother Thomas.*"

Mrs. Blair raised her hands and exclaimed, "*It cannot be.* Thomas was *never* married. He would have told me of such an event."

"Please deal gently with me," pursued the stranger; "for it would take but little rough usage to entirely break my throbbing heart." She turned deadly pale, and seemed unable to proceed further.

The tender sympathies of Mrs. Blair were at once aroused; and raging with curiosity as she was, she yet comforted her guest, and begged her to postpone her future account until she could partake of some refreshment; and as she looked at that little, tired creature who sat by her side, there could be no imposition *here.* It was stamped with his father's likeness; and she could not but caress him, feeling he was indeed of her kindred.

Mrs. Blair now adverted to the past. A thought — a burning thought, which caused the blood to rush in hot haste to her temples, brought to her recollection that *unexpressed secret* which she saw preyed upon her brother's peace when she last talked with him. She left the room a few moments, and asked for divine strength to meet this unexpected event; then recovering her usual cheerful manner, with an elastic step, she went again into the presence of the stranger, and begged her to tell her all about her business with her father; and, after partaking

of some light refreshment, and becoming a little wonted to the magnificence of the room in which she sat, she thus continued her narrative: —

"When your brother sailed from New York to San Francisco, I, too, was a passenger in the same ship. About two years previous to that period, I was left an orphan, the little property which fell to me by my mother's decease being placed in the hands of my step-father, who was an exacting and harsh man. A company of my acquaintances were about to sail for the golden regions, and induced me to go out, alluring me with the prospect of becoming a teacher in music after my arrival. During the passage, I became acquainted with your brother. When I was sad, he encouraged me; when I was lively, he often participated in my enjoyment; and before we ended our voyage, we became warmly attached to each other; so that, in a week after our arrival at San Francisco, *we were married.* For a little time, I hoped I had effected a complete reformation in his habits; but a set of miners from 'the States' made his friendship, and induced him to accompany them to the dry diggings, a great distance off. My heart died within me when Thomas came in, one morning, and informed me he should set off that day in search of treasures. I knew the men were not suitable companions for him; for they supplied themselves most profusely with liquor, to the exclusion of real comforts. I was left alone in a hotel, which, soon after,

changed hands, and early found no accomplishment could be made of much account unless it brought the music of dollars to the ears of the eager multitude. I was never accustomed to such society; yet, to earn my daily bread, I worked as seamstress, and did odd jobs for those who were weather beaten, and almost without clothing, on some of their return marches. Small lumps of gold were frequently thrown into my lap by noble-hearted men for whom I had repaired clothing; but I was wretched, as nearly all my party had gone to a settlement some miles above, and left me to feel the desolation of a heart without a home. But I enlisted the sympathy of a family who went from New York; and they kindly took me in, and provided what was needful, that I could not obtain; and I remained with them nearly a year, during which time my little Sammy was born."

"And where *was* Thomas all this long time?" interrupted Mrs. Blair.

"Why, madam, I received intelligence, that, on his return homeward, he was seized with the fever of the climate, and died. I never heard any thing to the contrary; and when I could procure a passage, I sailed to New York.

"Upon my return to that city, I was welcomed, and made it my home with an old friend. Supposing myself a widow, I struggled with my adverse fate, and solicited the patronage of those who remembered my former

musical attainments; and thus I secured a class which enabled me to support myself comfortably. Judge of my astonishment, my dear Mrs. Blair, when I received the following letter, in your brother's well-known handwriting: —

"My Dear Wife: I am now safely returned to my father's; and finding he is a very wealthy man, I do not know why I cannot receive a portion of his riches. When I was in New York, I sought to find you, but was not able to do so. I wish much to see my boy 'Sammy,' who, I understand, is named after my father. I think we can yet live together. That was a vague, unfounded rumor about my *death*, made up by those who robbed me of my bag of gold when I was intoxicated. I must tell you I still drink. I cannot help it. Ned Fleming and Sam Tony are always lying in wait for me; and when I take one glass, my appetite demands another. But hang me if I can tell why I should not indulge my appetite as well as other people. The old man sits beside his decanter every day at dinner; and what is good for one is good for all. That's my theory.

"If, however, you would come to me, I will try and reform. The old man thinks I had better go where the traffic is entirely cut off; and I shall accept his proposal, if he insists upon it. I love farming; and *if I could but be kept from my old companions*, and placed in a temper-

ance family, Thomas Beals would not disgrace you for a husband.

"At any rate, come to the city, take the cars to 'Beals's Crossing,' and you will hear or see something to your advantage. If the old man would set an example himself, I would follow it. My sister married a Blair. Ask for her if father is absent when you arrive. I have never told any body, since my return, of *our marriage*. So you may explain all. But come to me, and bring the boy, whenever you can.

"Yours truly,

"T. BEALS."

Mrs. Blair needed no other assurance that no imposition was being practised upon her. She therefore kindly bade the stranger throw off her outside covering; and little "Sammy" seemed wild with delight in his new quarters.

But here was a most unexpected development, which required much discretion to act upon, and disclose to her father and husband. She conferred with Mrs. Sims, who was at the palace; and they both concluded that there ought to be a reunion between the husband and wife; and although it was mortifying to feel that a brother's and son's confidence had been withheld, yet, as matters stood, did not expediency point to burying all that was so painful in the past? Now a new life must be begun.

Uncle Sam, Mr. Blair, and Squire Sims had just returned from the city in high spirits. Indeed, the old gentleman seemed renovated since his determinations were put in effect; for if he was calumniated in one quarter, he was cheered in another.

The wife of Thomas Beals and his little boy were in the dining room when they entered. Mrs. Blair introduced her as "Mrs. Beals, a stranger, who had but just arrived."

Uncle Sam cast a glance at the stranger, and then playfully added, "Your name Beals, madam? If so, I suppose you are some of my kin; for all the stock came from one place, I suppose."

"Yes," said Mrs. Blair, "she is very *nearly connected to us*, father. She is our *Thomas's wife;* he married her in California."

The old man threw down his hat upon the floor. "No, Eunice," said he, "never. Thomas is not such a boy, let him be as he will."

But Mrs. Blair could always irradiate the darkest picture; and she reminded her father of her brother's appearing to leave her with an undivulged secret. "Therefore," said she, "rather than make his concealment a wilful act to blind us, do we not have reason to believe a sense of modesty, and, perhaps, an inward conviction that he had done wrong, prompted him to keep the fact from us, father?"

A ray of hope played over Uncle Sam's countenance at this explanation; and he cast a compassionate look towards the stranger, and bidding the little, flaxen-haired boy, of scarce two summers' growth, come to him, he imprinted a kiss upon his downy cheek. In a low tone, he then addressed his daughter; but the words "conclusive evidence" were only heard.

The stranger blushed deeply, and burst into tears; whereupon Mrs. Blair explained what had transpired; and, of course, the father received the *conclusive evidence* beyond doubt.

And now here was another emergency which Uncle Sam was called upon to meet. To those outsiders who envied the rich man in his palace, if but a disclosure of the proprietor's feelings, that night, could have been laid open, who, among the poorest and humblest aspirants for wealth but would have said, "Give me my poverty; give me my laborious trade, with my rugged but healthy children, in my lowly cottage; give me my daily wages, and frugal meal, and coarse clothing; yea, give me any thing *but a dissolute child, and the effects which flow therefrom.*"

This was a bitter draught for Uncle Sam. There was such a withdrawal of confidence in his son, it stung him to the quick; and he passed a sleepless night in the contemplation.

Again: had it not been for the judicious advice of his

daughter and son-in-law, we know not what earthly resource would have been left to him; but, with such treasures, his heart was always lightened of its troubles, and he felt the profound security which such an alliance conferred; for there is a sure calculation which never fails, when two hearts are regulated by sterling principles. Uncle Sam, therefore, early conferred with his children upon the course he ought to pursue.

Indeed, there could be no vindictive feelings towards the mild but misguided stranger, who, in a moment of rashness, had connected herself with so unworthy a companion as that dissipated young man. Ought she not to be tenderly cared for, and watched over, and made comfortable, out of such abundance? Besides, she presented no imperious claim. She only asked to be restored to her husband, and expressed a willingness to aid him in his future course.

Stand aside, O ye of harsh exterior, who would drive from your hearts those who, for one such rash act, are forced, in their extremity, to commit yet others, because no sympathizing heart beats in unison when their repentant souls would cheerfully perform any task whereby they might regain their former self-respect; for such were the feelings of her whose character now attracts our criticism.

It took no very persuasive arguments to induce the old man to yield to the suggestions of his advisers, that John, the coachman, should take the large carriage, and they

would accompany the wife to the home of her husband, thus continuing him in his unexposed condition; and when the arrangements were completed which placed in the wardrobe all necessary articles that would confer comfort upon the newly-acknowledged daughter and sister, they set out on their journey.

It was soon discovered that Thomas Beals had married no helpless being; that she was well educated, chastened by her struggling anxieties, and desirous of becoming a helper in her husband's emancipation. That little boy, too, was one of the most interesting of his years. He loved every body who gave him a kind glance; and the permission to call Uncle Sam "grandpa" was almost overwhelming to the sensitive mind of his mother. On the whole, the conclusion seemed to be, that what, at first, appeared such an untoward circumstance as this marriage, might, after all, but more contribute to the well being of him whom they were about to visit.

We will next look in upon our arrived party at Captain Treadwell's fireside. The interview between the husband and wife, the first sight of the father as he beheld his son, we will not portray. There are meetings over which we gladly draw the veil of privacy; and this was such a one.

After the long and private interview with the reunited pair was terminated, while the overpowering sensations it occasioned were attested by the marks which a channel of tears had left upon their cheeks, Thomas Beals sought an

interview with his sister. "Eunice," said he, "this *is* overpowering. I did not expect so much from your kindness. What did father say when he was told I was married in California? And have I not a nice wife? and that boy, too?" Is it any wonder he was incoherent in his expressions? for his heart was deeply touched.

The replies of Mrs. Blair were such as accorded with her sympathizing nature. She added, her father only asked if he were willing to be forever pledged to the doctrine of total abstinence from intoxicating draughts; and we must subjoin his manly reply: —

"Sister," said he, "I cannot express my feelings. The idea that I am now rescued from the power of temptation; that I am not likely to be assailed by companions who would decoy me, if possible, to partake again of the destructive poison; the thought that I am not now the victim of a habit which used to demand a daily gratification, makes me feel as I cannot tell you. Eunice, the teetotaller's emancipation has never been fairly written out. I intend to do it, some day. I want to speak of the freedom, the escape, the conscious manliness which attends one who is thus rescued."

"But be humble and grateful, Thomas. Let not your enthusiasm betray you into a vain confidence that you are able to *keep yourself*. You must every day repeat the petition that you may be kept from temptation, and be able to overcome, *if tempted*. Remember this, my brother.

And now, Thomas, I have come on purpose to provide a home for you, where you can be settled, and become, for a time, a useful citizen; for Captain Treadwell speaks of the important influence you can now exert in reclaiming others."

"And does father still hold on in advocating the law?" inquired Thomas.

"Indeed he does," replied Mrs. Blair; "and never was a man more thoroughly converted to the doctrine of total abstinence;" and she narrated the history of knocking out the bungs at the palace, much to the amusement of her brother.

But to look upon the changed aspect of her brother filled the heart of Mrs. Blair with a thrill of transport. He was so relieved of that bloated exterior, of that blotched face, and of those swollen and watery eyes, that she could hardly credit the rapid progress which a temperate habit had induced. And then his nature seemed alike altered with his external appearance; and Captain Treadwell and his family spoke in such flattering terms of his behavior, that she could not but be more and more established in the doctrine of *total abstinence*, which had produced such a transformation.

And why should not Thomas Beals be settled in a home of his own? There was General Roby, about to leave this country for Australia; and he was desirous of renting or selling his farm and utensils, together with his

furnished dwelling, as his family would board in his absence; and the captain suggested, that Thomas might be most pleasantly situated where the tempter had lost his foothold.

It is needless to add, that Thomas Beals and his wife felt as if they should be the happiest of mortals, *to be* thus situated; for he could not but love one who had made such heavy sacrifices for him; and as to *woman*, why, the song says, that, "when she loves, she loves forever."

Mr. and Mrs. Blair had no misgivings with respect to their father's approval of any measure they might carry into execution; and, in less than a fortnight, the whole business was arranged, Mrs. Blair remaining, "to put things to rights."

She now looked out upon this happy community. There was no strife; there were no furious competitions, no swaggering demeanor, such as intemperance often engenders, but an industrious thrift, a cleanliness, and an air of sobriety which plainly showed the power and potency of the law which regulated their movements — all clearly attributable to the presence of *temperance as their rule of life.*

Upon Mrs. Blair's return, she narrated to her father the pleasing change which was effected in his son. It filled the old man's heart with delight; and he could only exclaim, "If such are the regenerating influences of total abstinence; if such comfort is permitted to descend into

my heart by the contemplation of *my* son who is thus rescued, how *many thousands of hearts may be cheered in like manner! since what has effected the salvation of one prodigal son may be applied to scores of others; and where all entreaties are vainly urged, and all our efforts are ineffectual, and we are led to deplore the day that such offspring ever saw the light, then comes in the potency of Law. The poison is not to be found, and the disease is subdued, and a renewal of life again blesses the parental heart.*"

We cannot omit the following letter, which was written by Thomas Beals to his father when Mrs. Blair returned, leaving them eligibly situated in their new home: —

DEAR FATHER: I hardly know how I shall find words to express my gratitude to you for your repeated acts of kindness? I feel I have been a disobedient son; that I have yielded to a depraved appetite, which nearly destroyed all the generous instincts of my nature. But, father, I have reformed; and I know you will only ask that I should hold out as I have begun. I know I am impulsive, and used to break all promises of amendment; but it is not so now.

My heart goes out to rescue others. For the delightful home you have furnished me I am truly thankful, and my wife daily blesses you; but I can never tell you the freedom I feel as a rescued man. I want to urge you on to

press the necessity of advocating the total abstinence principle, as the only saving one. Did I not try every other, and then fall? Reason will not always avail a besotted man. Promises made in good faith are often broken. *Nothing* but the *removal of the temptation can effect the cure.* Do not dally about a *license system.* It was that system which gave me as much liquor as I needed; and all law must be inoperative where it works.

Father, your influence is great. It used to be in the old ranks. It may be doubly so in the new field you have entered.

Captain Treadwell and I have chatted a great deal together upon the appropriation of so much wealth as you possess, being the result of your traffic. When awakened to the sin by which it has been accumulated, ought not a portion of it to be devoted to relieving from degradation all whom we can by the power such wealth confers?

These are questions you would never have supposed me to have asked; but when a man is thoroughly reformed, he looks at *principle*, rather than *self-interest;* and I should be glad to know that you have devised some way to benefit those who have become total abstinence men. A little encouragement ought to be furnished them by a fund which could be appropriated to give them a start, if they have spent all their substance. I hope, one day, to do something to gladden the hearts of those who

have emancipated themselves from the thraldom which intemperance produces.

Keep easy about me, father. I feel an inward assurance I shall never again yield to the temptation to taste of liquor in any form.

Your affectionate son,

THOMAS.

Uncle Sam took the above letter to his chamber, and read it over and over again; and whenever he was reproached for leaving his old party, he always took out this letter, and inquired "if such a son was not worth the saving."

CHAPTER XX.

Reflections suggested by taking Leave of the Proprietor of the Palace. — A Vision of the Night. — The Reigning King dethroned.

During Mrs. Blair's absence, Mr. and Mrs. Tims had been much at the palace. We need not be surprised, therefore, to hear that a dissolution of copartnership now took place in the firm of "Tims, Budd, & Co.," and that Mr. and Mrs. Tims are about to make a European voyage, as it is hinted, solely at Uncle Sam's expense; for as he now considers himself accessory to his continuing in "the bad business, with heavy profits," he probably feels the desire to remunerate him for the qualms of conscience which he has encountered in consequence; for Mr. Tims believes in the expediency of the workings of the law as much as Uncle Sam, and will never resume his traffic.

And now the old gentleman proposes an alteration in his will. The new situation in which he finds himself renders the act obligatory; and out of his abundance, undoubtedly, his interest in the cause of temperance will prompt him to give more efficiency to the subject to which he daily acknowledges his indebtedness for his present comfort; and he means to act upon his son's suggestion.

Every week brings the most gratifying intelligence from Thomas Beals; and when the full force of the law is executed in his native state, he will undoubtedly return to it a reformed and useful citizen.

It is pleasant thus to take our leave of the old proprietor of the palace. We call him a *personification of public opinion.* Taking the bitter and violent opposition which he first sent forth, that there should be no law, as the sense of the greater part of the community when it was *first broached,* his half-awakened conscience is that same opinion still fighting against light and evidence, and his final surrender to the awakened community who are roused to the necessity of a law which involves their domestic peace in its faithful execution.

We, too, see the temperance cause depicted in the character of Mr. Blair; for while he is a full believer in the doctrine of total abstinence, he is so fearful of incurring personal ill will, that he does not resolutely set himself about carrying forward the great enterprise; and in Mr. Tims we have the enslaved victim who is held in the meshes of his despicable traffic, because he is bound to protect his pecuniary interests, which are staked at the mercy of the millionnaire.

But this is the past; and may it stand as a fearful beacon of warning for the future.

And, now, when our ears shall be assailed by furious antagonistical principles, "that the rights of property

are hazarded," and that an innovation, unwise and illegal, has struck a death blow to the traffic in ardent spirits, wherein thousands are forced to sacrifice their calling, let us still bear up the ark of our moral safety, and remember that all great evils, to be exterminated, demand a sacrifice commensurate with the stupendous weight of the sin; and let us derive an encouragement, that, if some pecuniary interests are involved in the issue, the degraded condition of millions who are thus perilled without law is as a sand upon the sea shore, compared with the mighty heap which surrounds it.

Are we not wearied and worn with the degrading pictures of intemperance, as we hear of their blighting influences upon the *hovels of the poor?* Do we not cast out such victims, and satisfy our consciences that we have provided for them temporary asylums, and then go on, with an appeased conscience, to swell still higher the catalogue of poor inebriates? *Now* let us turn to the *palaces of the rich;* and tell me how you solve the problem, that he who is sleeping off the fumes of the last night's debauch, or reeling under the excesses which he poured down from yonder dinner table, is any the less reprehensible or amenable for *his conduct*, because, forsooth, he lies upon his luxurious bed, which is canopied with gorgeous drapery, than he who, in the same state of intoxication, lies upon his pallet of straw, with an upturned gaze, on whom the light of heaven falls through the chinks of his

dilapidated roof. *We* may make distinctions *here;* but how stands the record *above?*

We are commanded, by sanitary laws, to clear our premises from all obnoxious substances which may endanger our health; but when thus obedient, let us remove, or hermetically seal over, the deleterious influences which come from that receptacle we call "the *wine cellar;*" and if no law *is, nor can be,* provided which forcibly ejects those "quarter casks," and "old labelled and cobwebbed bottles," which have sailed round the world, to give to them a "higher zest and greater body," let the force of public example so far neutralize such influences, that *alone, and unseen* by human eyes, it may be quaffed by its rightful owners, while they shall shrink abashed from *public* exposure.

We must turn with hope to the generation to follow after the inmates of such palaces; but give to us but a law which cuts off the *supply,* and we may soon hope to stop the *demand,* since only the craving of a perverted appetite is the difficulty which obstructs our path; for God has given us bodies which require no inordinate stimulus but such as freely gushes from every sparkling rivulet that gently trickles beside our daily pathway.

And, in a vision of the night, three grim spectres stood before me. One was of boastful exterior; and he detailed his mighty acts upon the *battle field.* He had slain

his thousands; for he was a victorious chieftain, who had sent desolation into many innocent hearts. He had kindled what he called "the fires of patriotism," and, incensing his followers to yield to his mandates, the thirst for territory, and the false ambition that sacrifices the masses for the glory of the few, had achieved the object for which he thirsted; and he pointed me to his trophies. There were fields red with blood, over which the grass of centuries had now grown; and beneath that soil were buried victims by scores, who fell in one fatal encounter with the enemy; and there were yet other more painful sights, inasmuch as, after the reign of what we call "the Christian dispensation," the same spectre still held his undisputed sway. He had only to appeal to his false standard of honor, to his instinctive love of country, and make others feel that bullets were but playthings, which would cover the victor's head with a garland of glory, and his potent decree to fight was still obeyed. And then he pointed me to our national pride, our high monuments, our admired paintings, in which artists had embodied their most consummate skill to portray the sickening and revolting spectacles anew; and "these," said he, "*these are the boast of my advocates.* I have truly earned the name of 'Conqueror;' for my love of dominion and power has subjugated mighty empires; and I am still waiting to arouse other fires, and victims, by thousands, shall fall under my

imperial reign." He wore a helmet, and upon its front was inscribed, in legible letters, "WAR."

A few paces behind this hideous fiend stood yet another spectre. The philanthropist had long since dipped his pen, to write an inscription upon *his* tombstone; but he lingered on, acknowledged by the historian as the great blot upon our national freedom; and even the noble-hearted planter conceded he was an "entailed curse," which he could not cast out, because his pecuniary resources would be thus withdrawn, and the master and slave would be alike beggared; for his soil was worn and unproductive; yet he could market its present toiling gangs, and with the proceeds he could still maintain his princely proprietorship, and fatten upon this commodity. The low-crouching child of misery looked vainly in his face, and entreated him to desist from sending him to a foreign or distant market. The woman who clung to what she called her husband, in distracted agony, begged that no separation might come upon them; and as she clutched her blue-eyed, laughing infant, she tremblingly inquired, "*Why, O, why is he not mine own?*" But the planter looked out upon his cotton fields; the trader urged his claim; the sum which parted them was compromised; "the chattels" were chained, and driven to another territory, ignorant of whose lash they should become the prey, but certain that all they had once called "mine and thine" was henceforth to be forever cruelly separated. And the

spectre saw the big tear of resentment, and he heard the warning expostulation, and yet stood before me with his *seared humanity*, but with the lineaments and figure of a *man;* and upon *his* crest was written, in golden characters, "SLAVERY."

And yet another, more destructive, and, if possible, more hideous and revolting, rose to my view. "I," said he, with a vaunted air, "I am the great destroyer. The other spectres may boast of having slain and carried terror and dismay to the hearts of thousands, but I have slain my *tens of thousands.* In yonder palace, in the distant cottage, in the marts of commerce, in the home of industry, in the saloon of fashion, in the mighty places where talent and genius do congregate, on the bench of justice, and amidst the cry of the populace, I inthrall my victims. *I* resist the widow's tear, the orphan's wail, the great cry of humanity, which seeks redress for cruel oppression. *I* sit at the board of the sumptuous entertainment. *I* ride triumphant in yonder gilded chariot. *I* tread my heel, with crushing effect, upon the home of innocent mirth, and cause infancy and age to be down-trodden by my potent spell. *I* laugh at oppression, sneer at the cry of humanity, ride rampant upon the necks of subjugated millions, and in all lands, and in all ages, my power is acknowledged as the 'mighty conqueror, the universal bondman, the triumphant king.' *I am* INTEMPERANCE."

And a sweet, enchanting nymph, by her magic spell, sought to drive out this furious monster. He stood abashed at her presence, and seemed awe-stricken by her lovely exterior. She brandished no vindictive sword that slew her captives. She only uttered melodious sentences; and, by her magic wand, she caused a new Eden to appear; and the old serpent had no place in *her* garden of delights; for she sang a song of joyous melody, and the chorus rang loudly, so that all under the canopy of the new paradise caught the sound, "THE LAW HAS TRIUMPHED; THE REIGNING KING IS DETHRONED!"

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